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December 24, 1938

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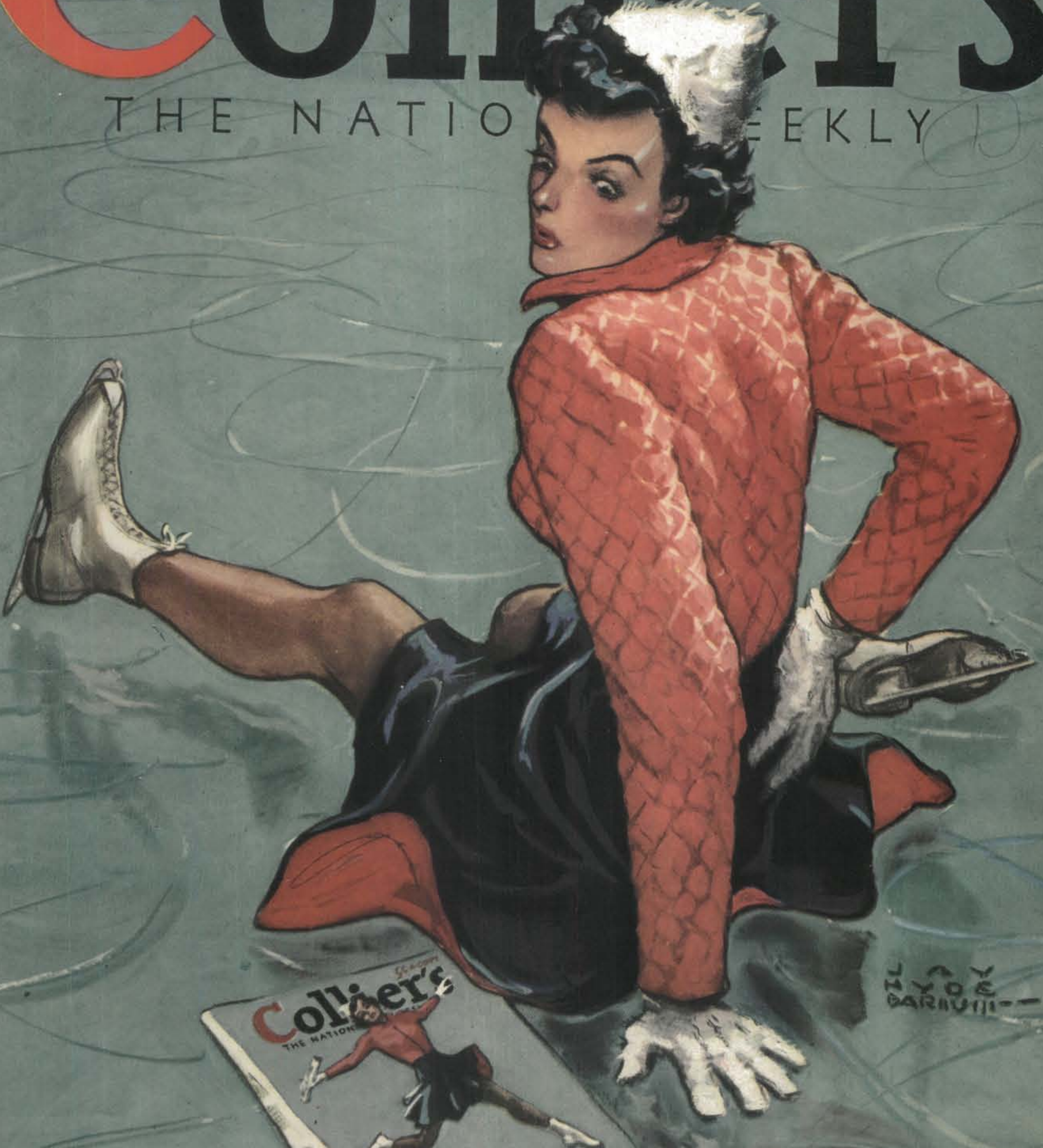
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY


JAY HYDE BARNUM
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
PALM BEACH SANTA CLAUS
BY DAMON RUNYON

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BY DAMON RUNYO

DEC. 24, 1938

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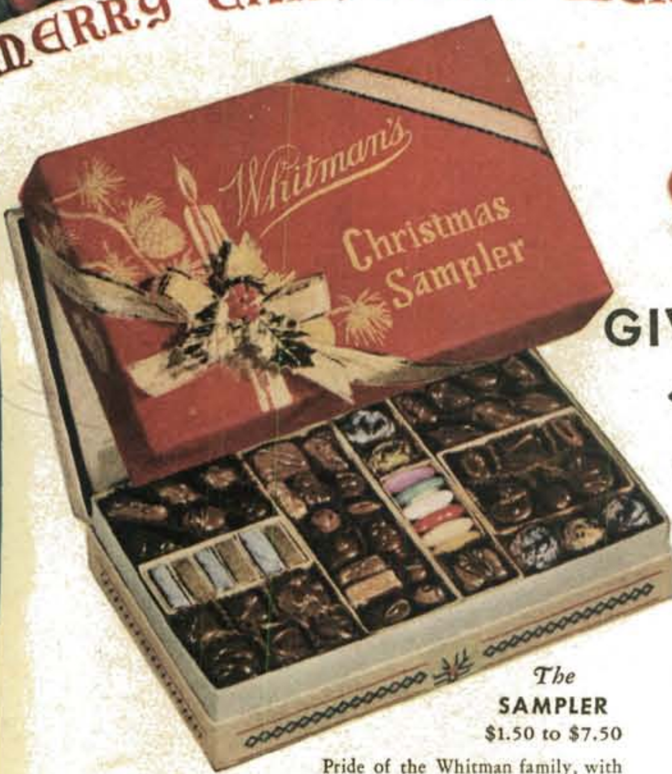
MERRY CHRISTMAS MERRY CHRISTMAS MERRY CHRISTMAS

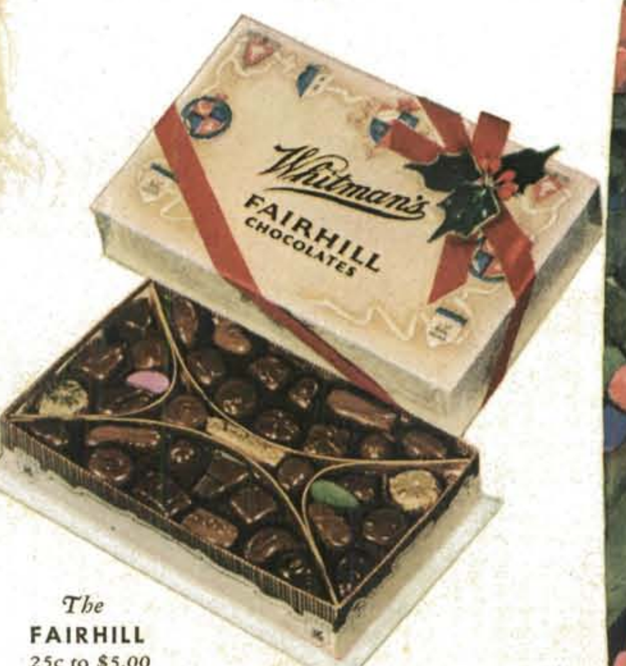
GIVE *Whitman's* CHOCOLATES

For every name on your gift list there is a Whitman's package, rich in traditional quality, beautiful in its gift array, so heartily conveying your holiday wishes that selecting is a safe, simple and very sensible answer to *"What shall I give?"*


Whitman's
Christmas Sampler

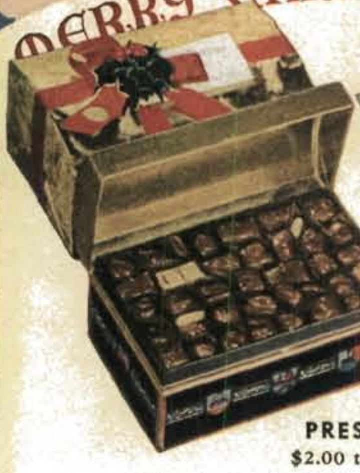
The
SAMPLER
$1.50 to $7.50

Pride of the Whitman family, with a personality all its own. Fruit, nut, caramel, cream, marshmallow, crisp and chewy centers in Whitman's famous chocolate. 17-oz. Sampler (35 kinds—100 pieces) $1.50. Also 2, 3 and 5 lbs.


Whitman's
FAIRHILL CHOCOLATES

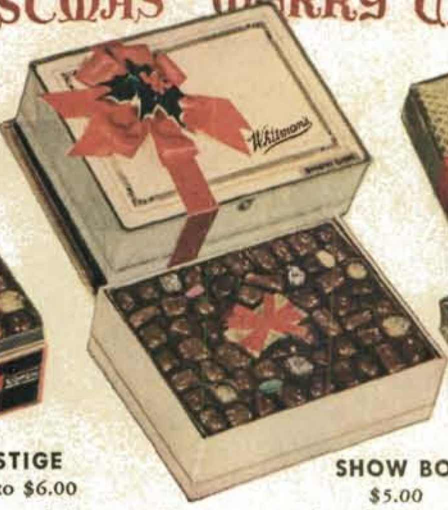
The
FAIRHILL
25c to $5.00

Here is America's outstanding box of candy at $1 a lb. Rich in gift appearance, captivating in its contents, the Fairhill should be prominently on your list. 1 lb. size—$1.00. Also 25c, 50c, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 sizes.



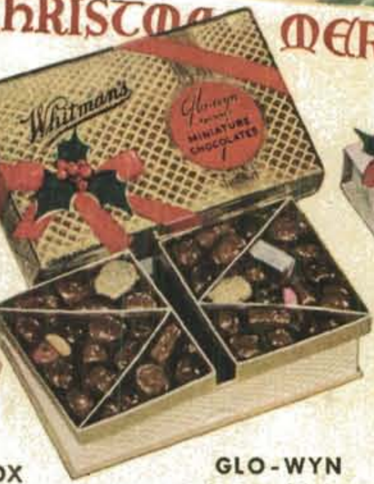
PRESTIGE
$2.00 to $6.00

Dainty hand-made chocolates — fruits, nuts, fudges, nougat and other popular pieces. Women prize the sturdy metal chest. In 1, 2 and 3 lbs. at $2.00 lb.



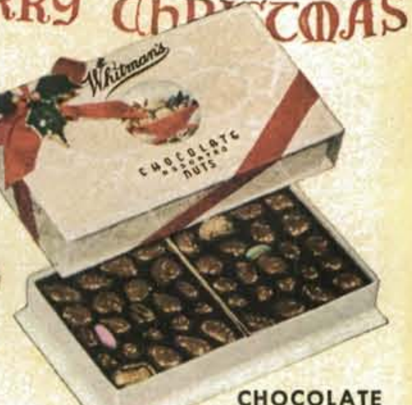
SHOW BOX
$5.00

The newest member of Whitman's family—a useful metal box, filled with taste-tempting confections, mostly miniature pieces. One size (3½ lbs.) $5.00.


Whitman's
Glo-wyn
MINIATURE CHOCOLATES

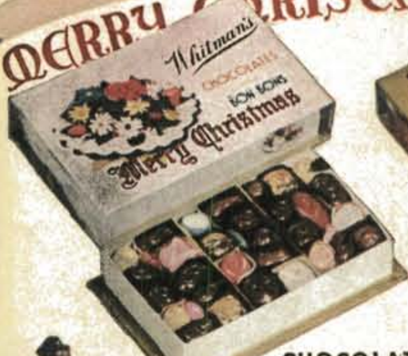
GLO-WYN
$1.50 and $3.00

Captivating miniature chocolates, in four removable trays (ideal for bridge!)—fruit and nut centers, creams, truffles and other good things. 1 and 2 lbs.—$1.50 lb.


Whitman's
CHOCOLATE ASSORTED NUTS

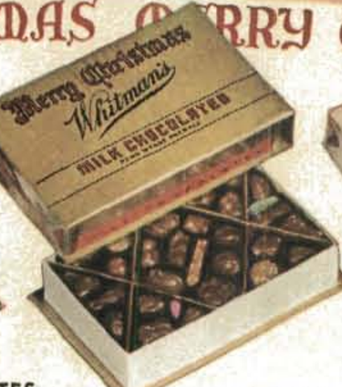
CHOCOLATE ASSORTED NUTS
$1.50 and $3.00

Those who prefer the crisp, crunchy goodness of whole nut-meats will revel in this assortment. The 1 lb. size (121 enticing pieces) $1.50. 2 lb. size $3.00.


Whitman's
CHOCOLATES
BON BONS
Merry Christmas

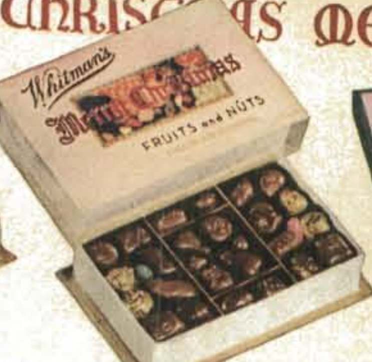
CHOCOLATES and BON BONS
$1.00 and $2.00

This popular package is filled with hand-made, fork-dipped Bon Bons, choice center Chocolates. In 1 and 2 lbs. at $1.00 lb.


Merry Christmas
Whitman's
MILK CHOCOLATED

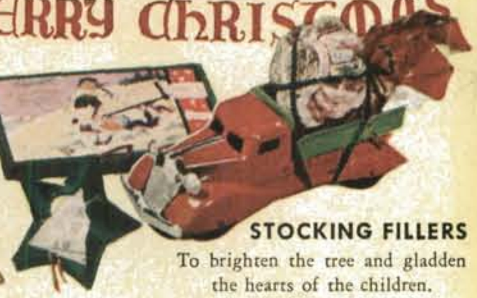
PENN WYNNE
$1.00 and $2.00

Whitman's famous all milk chocolates—a grand variety of delightful centers. In 1 and 2 lbs. at $1.00 lb.


Whitman's
Merry Christmas
FRUITS and NUTS

FRUITS and NUTS
$1.00 and $2.00

World-famous orchards and groves send luscious fruits and finest nuts to make this inviting package. In 1 and 2 lbs. at $1.00 lb.



STOCKING FILLERS

To brighten the tree and gladden the hearts of the children.

Chocolate Stars, 10c Wonderbox, 25c
Toy Truck . . 50c Others at 5c up

SAVE wandering and wondering. Show this page to your Whitman dealer. He will help you select your packages — and see that delivery is made, to your order, by Christmas Day. But — *do it now!*

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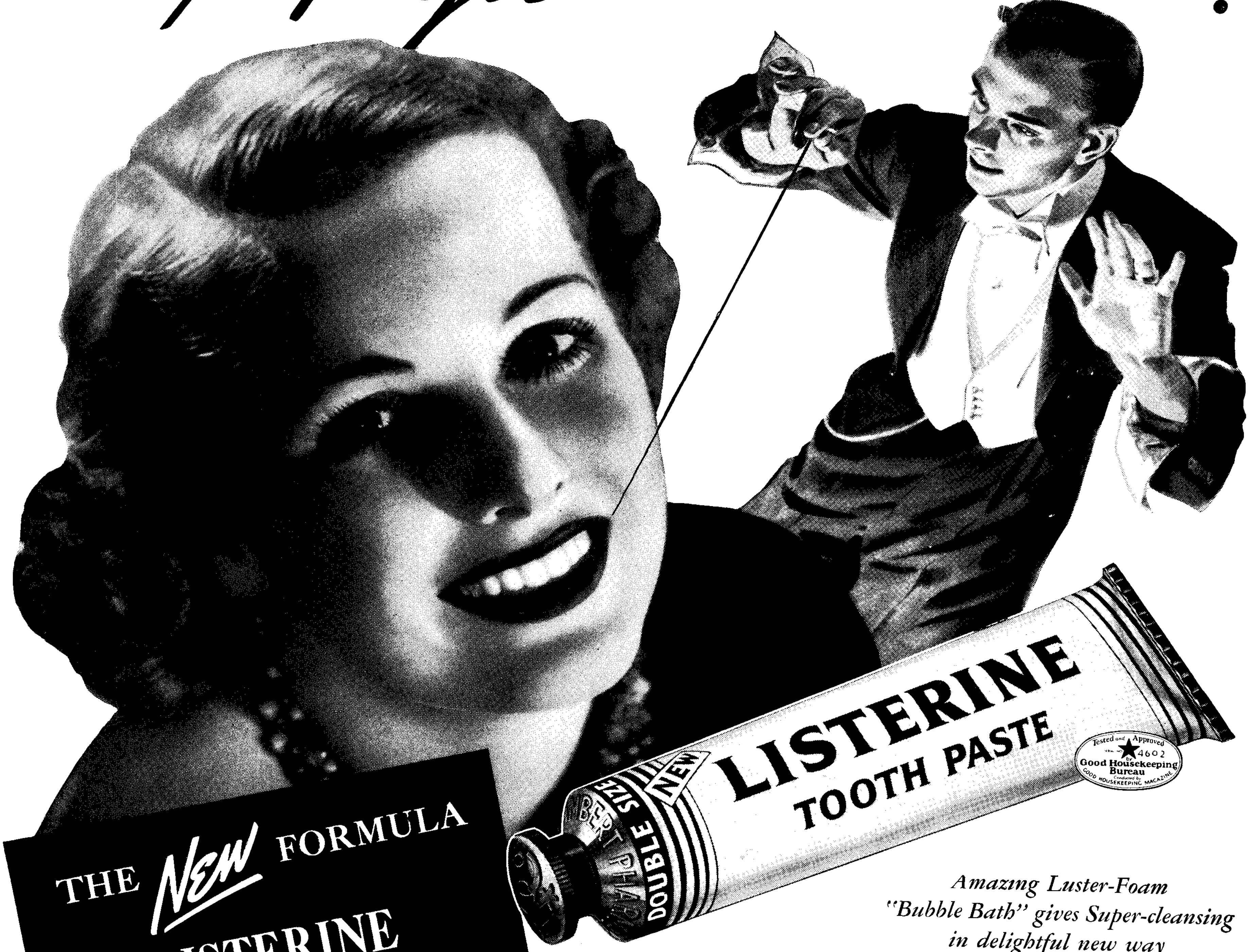
IS IT *Magic*– IS IT A MIRACLE?



THE *New* FORMULA

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

$[C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa]$

MORE THAN 1/4 POUND OF TOOTH PASTE IN THE DOUBLE SIZE TUBE 40¢ REGULAR SIZE TUBE 25¢

Amazing Luster-Foam "Bubble Bath" gives Super-cleansing in delightful new way

MIRACLE? Magic? Strong words, these, but research men say Luster-Foam deserves them. Even more important, thousands of everyday women and men agree. We hope that you will also, when you try the new formula, Listerine Tooth Paste, super-charged with Luster-Foam.

The new, different way Luster-Foam detergent cleanses the teeth is due to its amazing penetrating power . . its startling ability to go to work on the pits, cracks, and fissures on tooth enamel into which old type dentifrices and even water may never penetrate. The very areas where more than 75% of decay is estimated to start.

Into these danger areas, and over other tooth surfaces, surges the gentle, fragrant, foaming bath of Luster-Foam. There it does these 3 things gently and safely:

1. *Quickly sweeps away food deposits and new surface stains.*
2. *Attacks film which dulls the natural luster of the teeth.*
3. *Aids in preventing dangerous acid ferments which hasten decay.*

While such complete cleansing takes place, you are conscious of a feeling of delightful freshness in the entire mouth—and that freshness lasts!

If you want luster that dazzles, if you want to guard against decay intelligently, start using the new formula, Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent.

Get it from your drug counter tomorrow. In two economical sizes: Regular 25¢, and Double Size, 40¢, actually containing more than ¼ lb. of this new, mouth stimulating dentifrice.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
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Collier's

December 24, 1938

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AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

MR. JOSEPH SHEEAN had an idea about the movies: he didn't like them. Unlike most other critics, he knew something about the subject. He had directed the fabulously successful picture "At Dawning." It was, he felt, lacking in reality. Reality was what Mr. Sheean craved and he was going back to find it—in the theater.

Reality found Mr. Sheean first. It found him in the middle of a Mexican river, where his car had stalled, and it found him in company with a very bright and beautiful girl. At first Mr. Sheean thought he had been hit by a sash weight, but it turned out to be no more than a change of focus. Very satisfactory, too, once he got used to it. Marjorie Fischer writes the story.

THOSE who believe that the fiscal difficulties of the state of Colorado or any other conceivable setbacks that old-age pensions may encounter will dampen the ardor of the pension army simply don't know their oldsters. The drama has moved onto the national stage and the pitch has become more strident. Lost in the crowd of his heretical and vociferous disciples, "Uncle Mose" Townsend gives the appearance of an outmoded and perplexed conservative. New and more ambitious schemes blossom hourly, on the principle that the wilder the bid, the greater its appeal. Walter Davenport ushers you through this parade of illogic that, willy-nilly, is going to command the attention of Congress.

MOLLIE KIERNAN was not the woman to refuse shelter to any creature on a night of storm. But if she could have closed her door to anyone it would have been to Lin Sallet, the boy who had involved her son in a fatal holdup. But that's what the wind blew in. In "Christmas Feast," Kathleen Norris tells the inspiring story of what happened next.

BING made a desperate and final attempt to impress his girl. He borrowed an aunt for the occasion; she turned out to be twenty-six and tight. He ordered oysters and couldn't open them. He lit a fire and it smoked. The fire department came and ate the oysters and drank the liquor and were rude to the girl. "Home as Usual" is by Donald Hough.

IN ADDITION you will find offerings by Agatha Christie, Paul Schubert, Octavus Roy Cohen, Frank Condon, Walter Henry, Freling Foster and others.

This Week

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●

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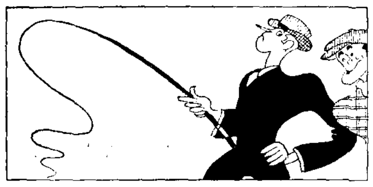
COVER JAY HYDE BARNUM

Any Week

AGAIN opportunity is knocking at our door. We've been invited by Major Binny Walkup of Kansas City, Missouri, to join him in the manufacture of horsewhips. The major foresees no backward trend toward the horse and buggy and warns us that we need expect no considerable business from horsemen. "I am interested," says the major, "only in the revival of American chivalry. There should be more horsewhipping of scoundrels, cads and dastards in public places. Our country is groaning in its need for true gentlemen and better-class blades. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of flowers of American womanhood are sadly in need of defenders. Doubtless there are men who would be gentlemen were the American home equipped with dependable, well-balanced horsewhips. It is practically impossible to be a gentleman of the old (and only reliable) school without occasionally horsewhipping a ruffian. Come, let us horsewhip America back to elegance and prosperity."



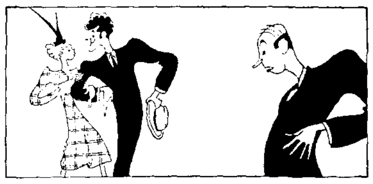
IT IS with some regret that we visualize Mr. Jack Dempsey as one of the first victims of such a venture. Mr. Dempsey, once heavyweight champion and now the boss of a refined gravy parlor, wrote a piece for us not long ago—"Girls Go for Massacres." A number of ladies have advised us that Mr. Dempsey is criminally wrong; that the sex as a—well, as a sex—inwardly shudders at all of the sterner aspects of sport. A Miss Deborah Littler of Des Moines, Iowa, goes a bit scientific, admitting that women "have a tendency to rejoice in the sight of men being hurt because it satisfies a latent desire for revenge upon the male sex for all the wrongs the female has suffered down the ages." But Mrs. Georgie DeBanks of Reno, Nevada, while "always horrified by prize fighting and other mob rackets," would not mind "traveling a thousand miles to see Dempsey slapped down." But what contributed to our little store of faith in the future was a note from Dr. Lemuel L. Dellwater of Washington, D. C. "You, sir," writes the doctor, "should be ashamed to permit a common innkeeper and professional rough to traduce the character of our noble American womanhood."

WE WOULD prefer to continue in this light vein. But Mr. Colby Lyster of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, waggles an admonishing finger at us. "I suggest that all who do not work—either from choice or because of circumstances beyond their control—be licensed. Then we will know exactly why the worker is not working and whether he is worthy of respect. Let us have no more nonsense."

FURTHERMORE, we have a letter from a French gentleman who, throwing caution to the winds, desires to write a little something for this magazine. "Presently," says he, "I am settled at Marseilles, a busy center of primordial importance where the heart of the metropolis beats so rhythmically through an impeccably regular communication with her colonies. You might perhaps, therefore, indicate diplomatically to me the items of general interest for your respectable readers. Holding out a full disposition of courtesies, I beg to remain . . ."

IF EVERYTHING works out in keeping with the apparent aim of Mr. John P. Joyner of Lynn, Massachusetts, his son Philip will never write us such a letter. Mr. Joyner advises us that he is "anxious that my son shall have all the advantages I did not have. Therefore, I shall not send him to college."

HOWEVER, he might do worse than read what Mr. S. F. McDonald of Sacramento, California, has worked out. "If I were a young guy," says Mr. McDonald, "I'd study this new Nazi School of Business stuff. It can't fail. You wait until a better businessman has built up a going concern and then you pass a law taking the business away from him, including his capital, and run it yourself. And just to make it safe, you decree that he can't start again in opposition. Even a Nazi politician couldn't fail at that racket."



"I AM thirty-one, unmarried and practically bald," laments Mr. Melvin Miner of Provo, Utah. "She is blond and idolizes heroes of fiction stories. My rival is dark with a fine head of hair. What this country needs is good fiction with heroes who are bald-headed."

KEEP your hat on. W. D.

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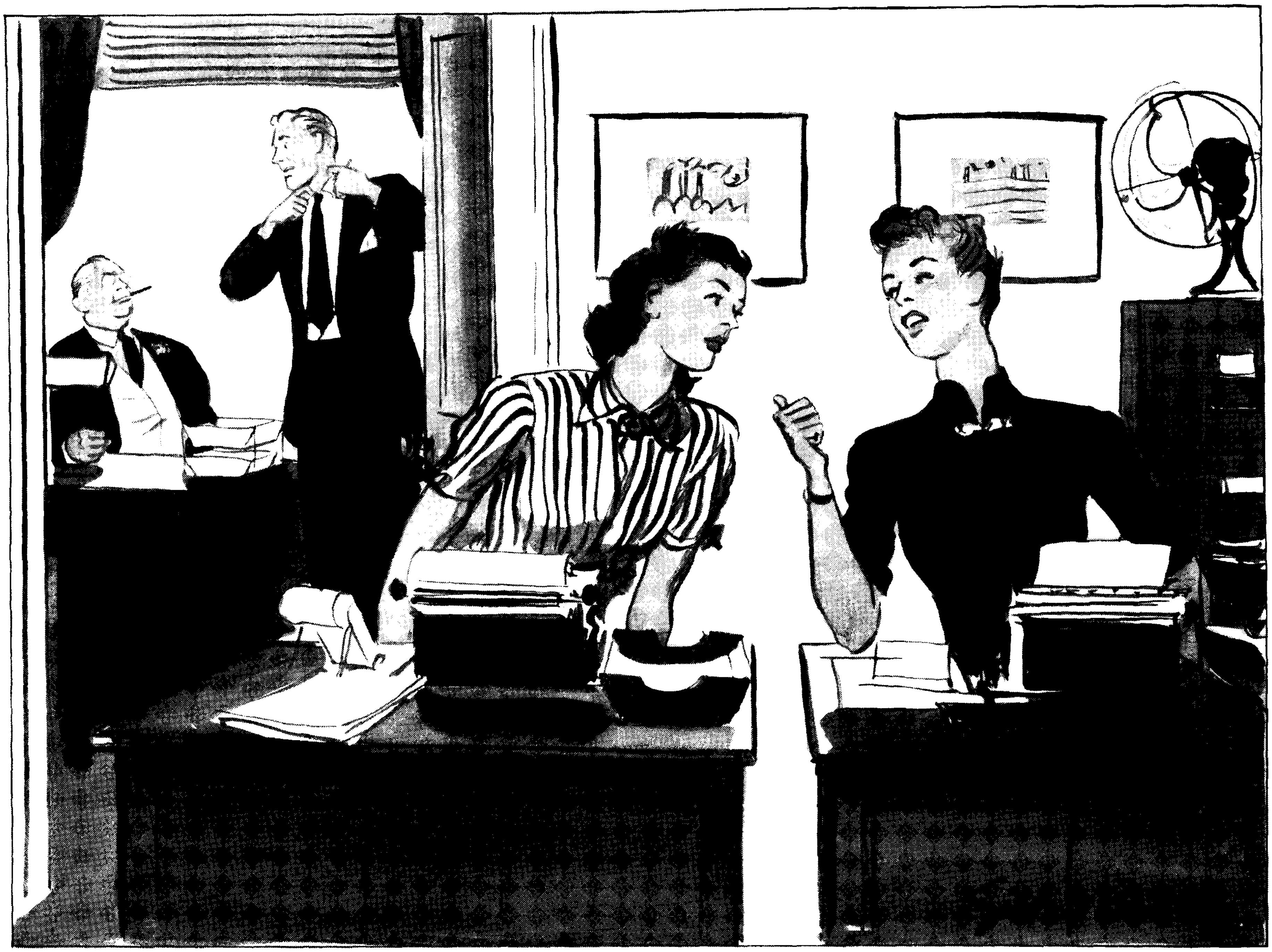


"Looks like Henry has squirmed himself out of a raise..."

SALLY: *Honest, I could cry! Henry's finally got his nerve up to ask for a raise—and look at the boss's face. It's like a thunder-cloud.*

DOTTIE: No *poise*, dearie—that's Henry's trouble. Look at him in there—squirming around as usual, and pulling at his collar—

SALLY: *It's just a nervous habit he's got—*

DOTTIE: Habit, my eye! He's got shrinking-shirt trouble—just like my brother, Pete, used to have.

SALLY: *Why, Pete is a wonderful dresser—always like a band-box.*

DOTTIE: Sure, he is *now*. Mom and I dinged at him until he got some shirts that said Sanforized-Shrunk. And boy, do they keep their fit! You can wash 'em a thousand times and they won't shrink out of size.

SALLY: *But Henry says he buys shirts that have some kind of pre-shrinking done to them—"pre-shrunk" or "full-shrunk" or something like that. Doesn't seem to work, though.*

DOTTIE: "Pre-shrunk"—hooey! My brother says you can't depend on a shirt that just says "pre-shrunk."

SALLY: *They have to be Sanforized-Shrunk, hm? Wonder if I dare tell Henry?*

DOTTIE: Well, if *I* was interested in a man's future, I'd cram it down his throat. I'd tell him the plain facts—how Sanforizing is a special process that takes *all* the shrinkage out of a fabric, within a teeny 1%, *by Government standard test!* I'd tell him how *no* Sanforized-Shrunk shirt can shrink from its original marked size. I'd tell him—

SALLY: *Goodness! How do you know all this?*

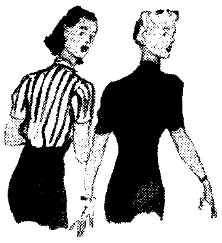
DOTTIE: Mom and I read it in Good Housekeeping Magazine. And the Sanforizing process is so good there are 195 patents on it. And believe me, Sally, that means shrinkage control with a capital K.

SALLY: *But maybe Henry can't afford 'em—?*

DOTTIE: *Anybody* can! You don't have to pay a cent more to get a Sanforized-Shrunk shirt. They have 'em in all prices and all styles. Sh-h! Here comes Henry. Go on and tell him, softie—

SALLY: *All right, I will!—And I wish I had the nerve to tell the boss. Looks like old Sourpuss there could use a few comfortable Sanforized-Shrunk shirts himself.*

"Just a minute, girls..."



Shrinkage troubles are over for you, too! Look for the words "Sanforized-Shrunk" whenever you buy *anything* made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon:

- ***Women's Dresses***
- ***Nurses' Uniforms***
- ***Men's Shirts, Slacks, Work Clothes***
- ***Men's Pajamas, Shorts***
- ***Children's Garments***
- ***Slip-covers and Draperies***

To be sure of permanent fit... look for the words... Sanforized-Shrunk

NOTHING HAS BEEN CHANGED BUT THE PRICE!

NOW YOUR Dollars GO FARTHER

. . . IN THE SHOES THAT GO FARTHER, TOO!

We couldn't improve Florsheim quality—so we pruned the price to give *more for your money!* Always the soundest value in leather, Florsheim Shoes today are a better buy than ever. Nothing has been changed but the price. No sacrifice of style or standards—no curb on care or craftsmanship. Long famous for extra wear that makes them cost less in the end, Florsheims now also cost less at the start! *Illustrated,* The SAXON, S-682, *in tan Norwegian calf. A rugged, full brogue for the "fellow other fellows follow." Sells at $10.*

$8.75
SOME HIGHER

THE Florsheim SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago

HY-WONG
HY-WONG
HY-WONG
HY-WONG
HY-WONG
HY-WONG

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The world's most common family name is Wong or Wang, which is used by at least 150,000,000 Chinese, or one third of the entire population of China.—*By N. L. Coleman, Shanghai, China.*

The importance of properly balanced glands is exemplified by thyroxine, a product of the thyroid, which never amounts to more than 1/2,500 ounce in a normal adult. An excess of this hormone may produce an exophthalmic goiter while a deficiency may cause a cystic goiter.

Johann Gutenberg (1397-1468), the inventor of printing from movable metal types, never imprinted his name on any of his works. The first book to bear a complete imprint—name of the printer, place and date—was the celebrated Latin Psalter of 1457, which was published by a firm consisting of Gutenberg's son-in-law, Peter Schoeffer, and his former partner, Johann Fust.

Of all the animals capable of producing light, the brightest one, for its size, is a marine crustacean of the genus *Cypridina.* One part of its luminous gland imparts a visible glow to about two billion parts of water.—*By Mrs. Joseph Spoettle, Long Beach, New York.*

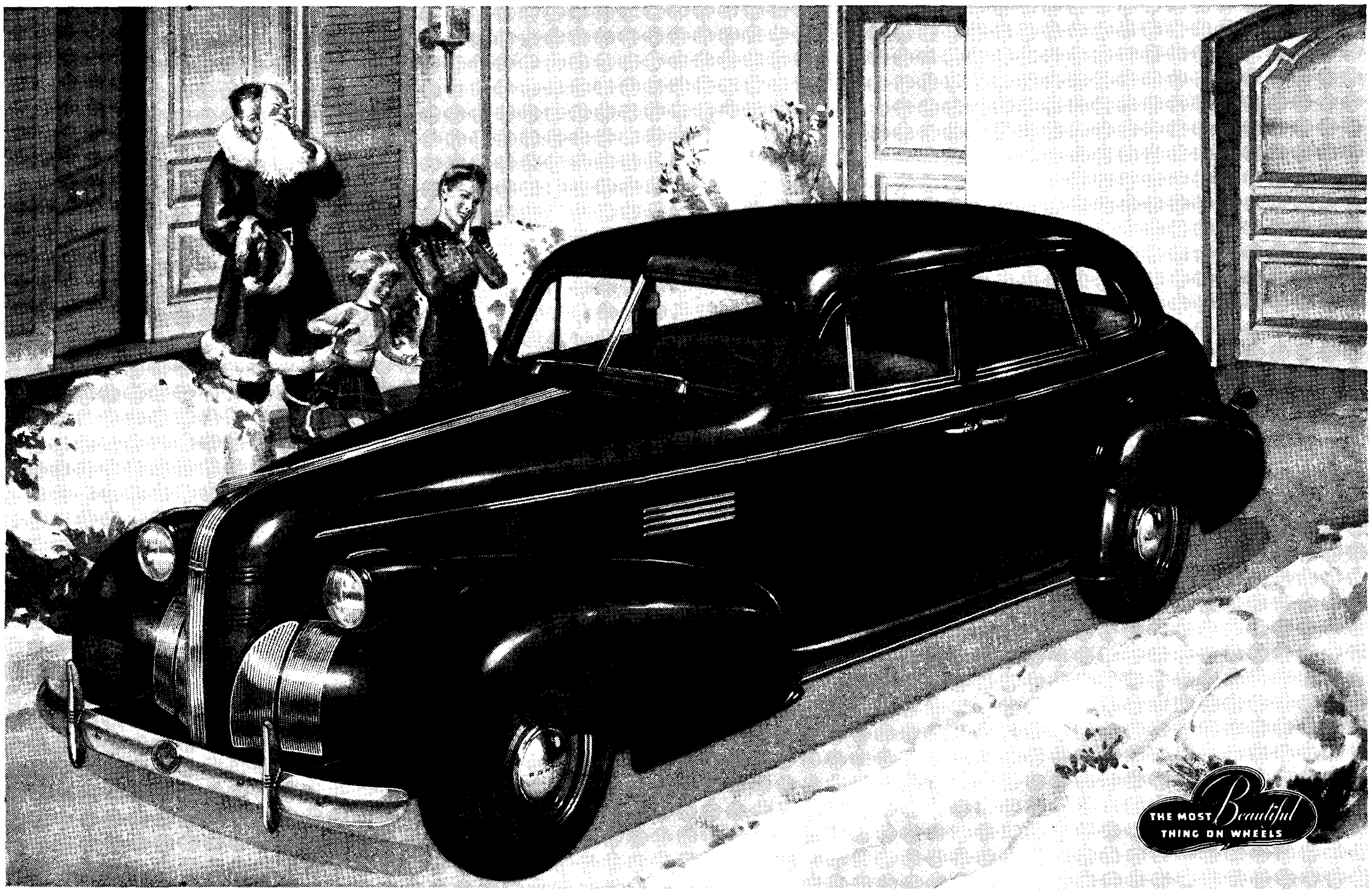
During the period of its most rapid growth, the blue whale, the world's largest animal, increases in weight as much as 150 pounds a day—*By Barry F. Stevens, Kaneohe, Oahu, Territory of Hawaii.*

Although the white colonization of Australia began in 1788, the majority of its aborigines still do not know how to cultivate land, make clothes or build a shelter other than a windbreak. These people have always been looked upon as little more than animals. In fact, up to forty years ago, a settler merely required a permit to "shoot, poison or otherwise kill" them at will.

One of the biggest man-made explosions on record was set off in the Bonawe quarries in Argyllshire, Scotland, on May 31, 1935. Eighteen months of preparation were required for this blast, which brought down 750,000 tons of granite, enough to provide five years' work. Before the explosion, householders in the near-by town of Taynuilt removed their pictures, mirrors and crockery to a place of safety.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

This close to the lowest in price this difference in what you get!


THE MOST Beautiful THING ON WHEELS

GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE

Pay less for a Pontiac this year

and get more of everything your heart desires

UNLESS YOU'VE SEEN the new Pontiac you have no idea how much more your motor-car dollar can buy for 1939. Because Pontiac has gone *all the way* to give you more that's new, more that's good, more that saves you money. Styling is entirely new—fresh and exhilarating as a May morning—and beautiful, folks say, as money can buy. Interiors can fitly be compared with those of cars that moneyed people drive—spacious, gracious, smart. The engines are mettlesome as yearling colts and thrifty to keep as a cat. And not another car can provide a ride like Pontiac's—for Pontiac alone combines Knee-Action and Duflex springs. Yes, the difference between a Pontiac and other low-priced cars is vast—or so you'll think until you ask the cost. Then you'll find that the big difference is all in the *quality*—the *price* is actually so near the lowest that you'll never miss the dollar-difference!

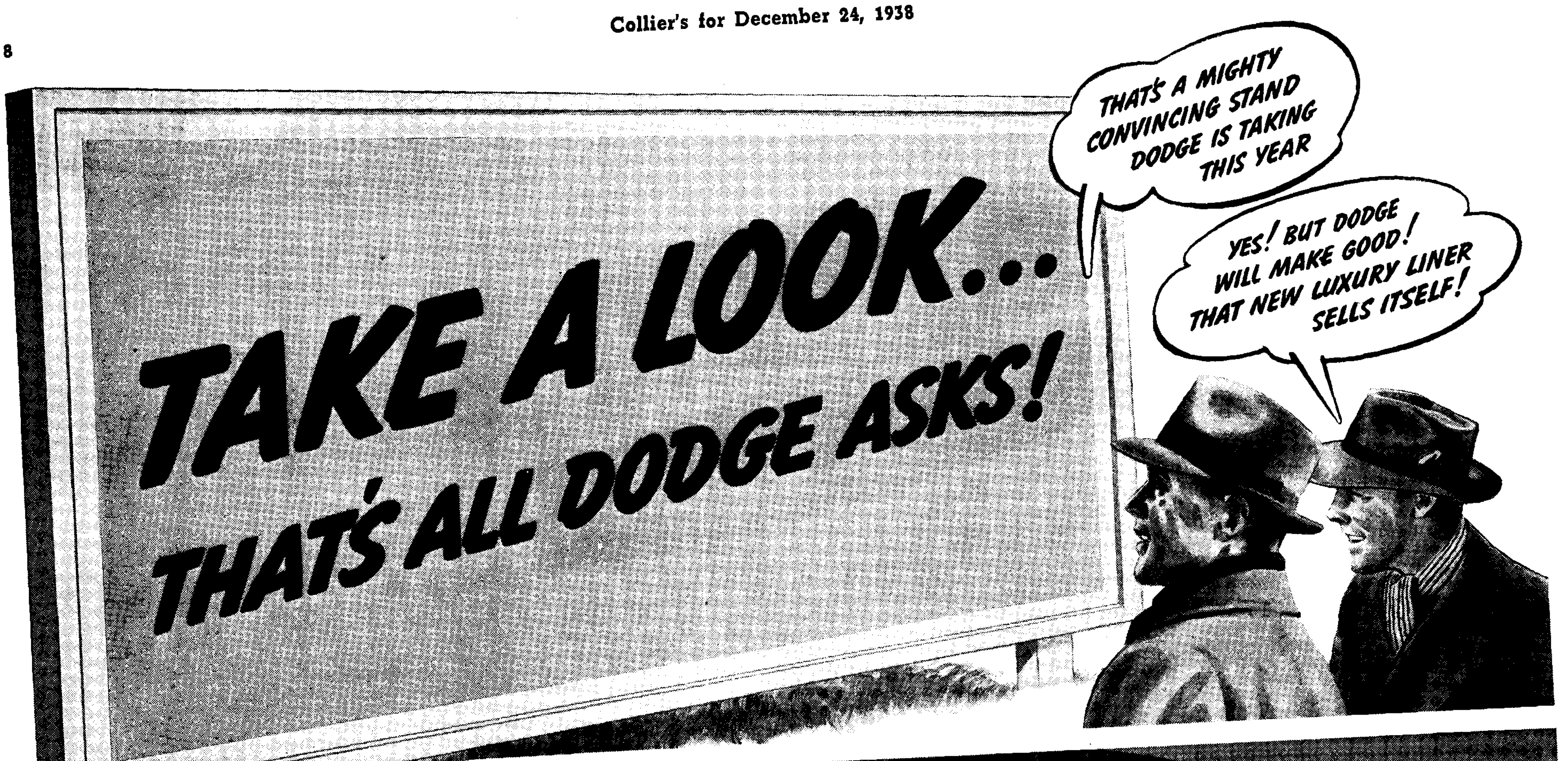
You can't match all these Features in any other low-priced car

• Distinctive New Silver Streak Styling • Newrest Ride with Duflex Springing • Lower, Wider Bodies with Curb-High Floors* • Improved Safety Shift at No Extra Cost • Improved Knee-Action • Thrilling L-Head Engine Performance with Record Economy • 25% More Window Area* • Safety Glass All Around • Extra Large Trunk Space at No Extra Cost • Multi-Seal Hydraulic Brakes • New Self-Cushioning Clutch.

*De Luxe models only

You'll be proud to own a Pontiac

America's Finest Low-Priced Car


TAKE A LOOK...
THAT'S ALL DODGE ASKS!
THAT'S A MIGHTY CONVINCING STAND DODGE IS TAKING THIS YEAR
YES! BUT DODGE WILL MAKE GOOD! THAT NEW LUXURY LINER SELLS ITSELF!

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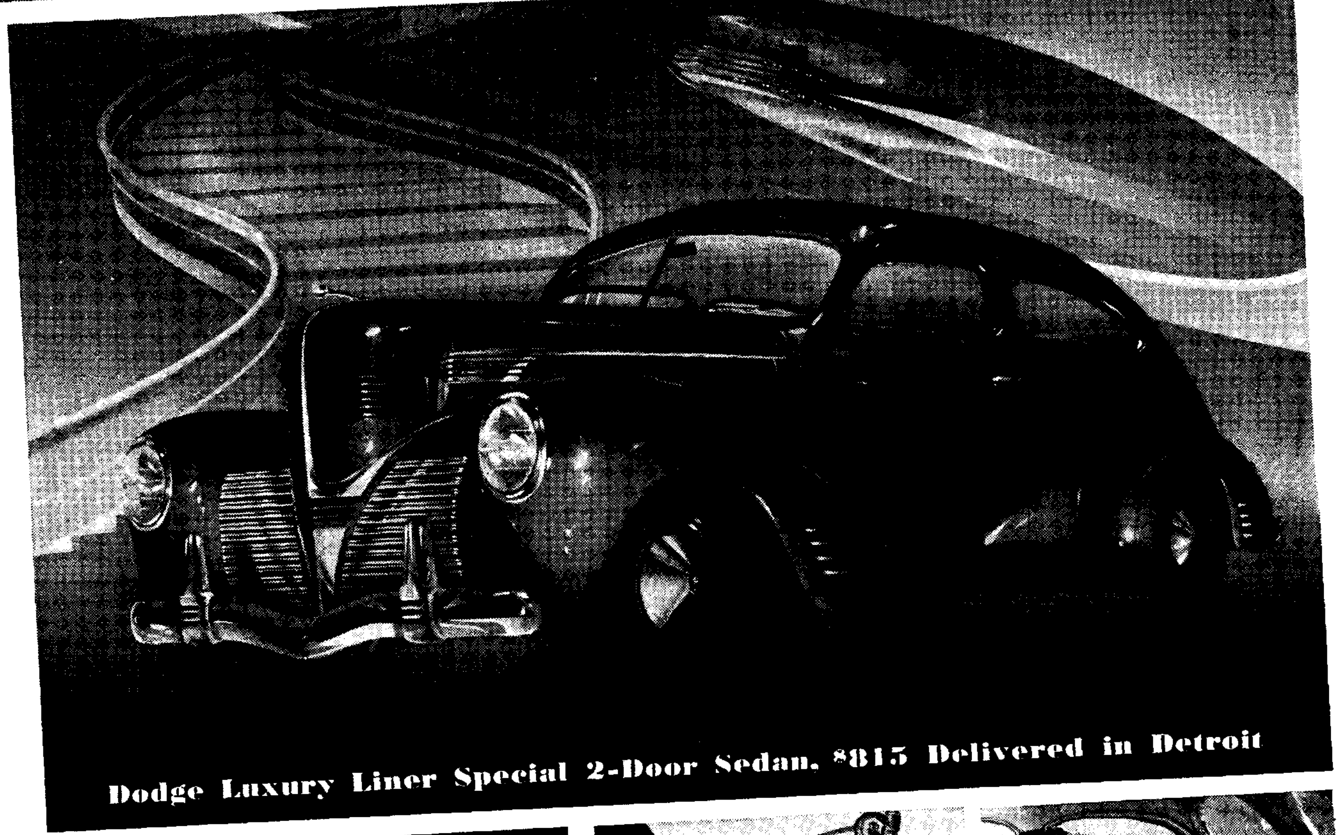
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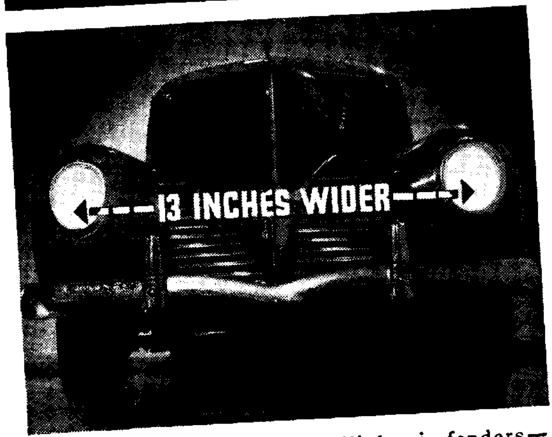

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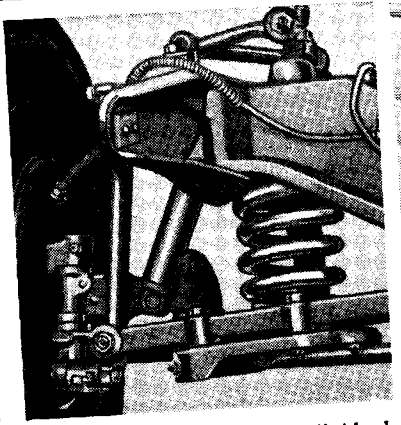

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New 1939 DODGE Luxury Liner

Collier's The National Weekly for December 24, 1938

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Palm Beach Santa Claus

By Damon Runyon

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Mr. Fatso Zimpf, horse player, takes a little flyer in Christmas spirit, and peace and good will take it on the lam

IT IS the afternoon of a hot day in the city of West Palm Beach, Florida, and a guy by the name of Fatso Zimpf is standing on a street corner thinking of very little and throwing so much shade that a couple of small stove lids are sitting on the curb at his feet keeping cool, for this Fatso weighs three hundred pounds if he weighs a karat and as he is only about five feet eight inches tall he is really quite a tub of blubber and casts a very wide shadow.

At that, he is somewhat undernourished at this time and in fact is maybe fifteen or twenty pounds underweight as he does not partake of food for two days, and if the small stove lids know how hungry he is the chances are they will not be sitting so close to him. To tell the truth, Fatso is so hungry that his stomach is wondering if his throat is on a vacation and what is more he does not have as much as one thin dime in his pants pocket to relieve his predicament.

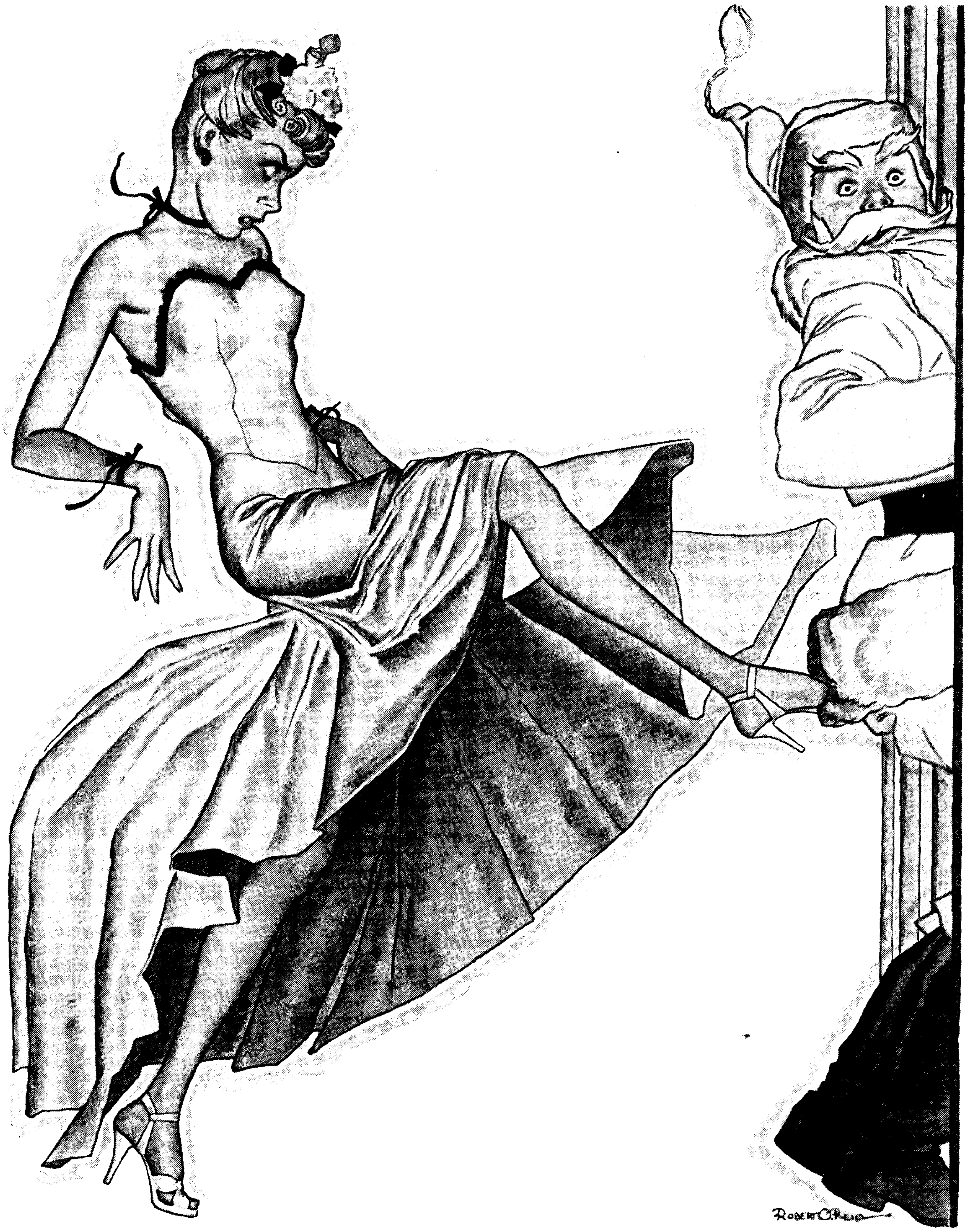
This Fatso is a horse player by trade and he is en route to Miami to participate in the winter meetings at Tropical Park and Hialeah, and he leaves New York City with just enough money to get him as far as West Palm Beach by bus, but with nothing over for food and drink on the journey. However, he does not regret having to leave the bus at West Palm Beach as his strength is slowly dwindling from hunger and he figures he may be able to get something to eat there.

Besides, the bus people are talking of charging him excess fare because it seems that Fatso laps over on both sides in one seat so much that they claim it is just the same as if he has three seats, and other passengers are complaining and the journey is by no means a pleasure trip for Fatso.

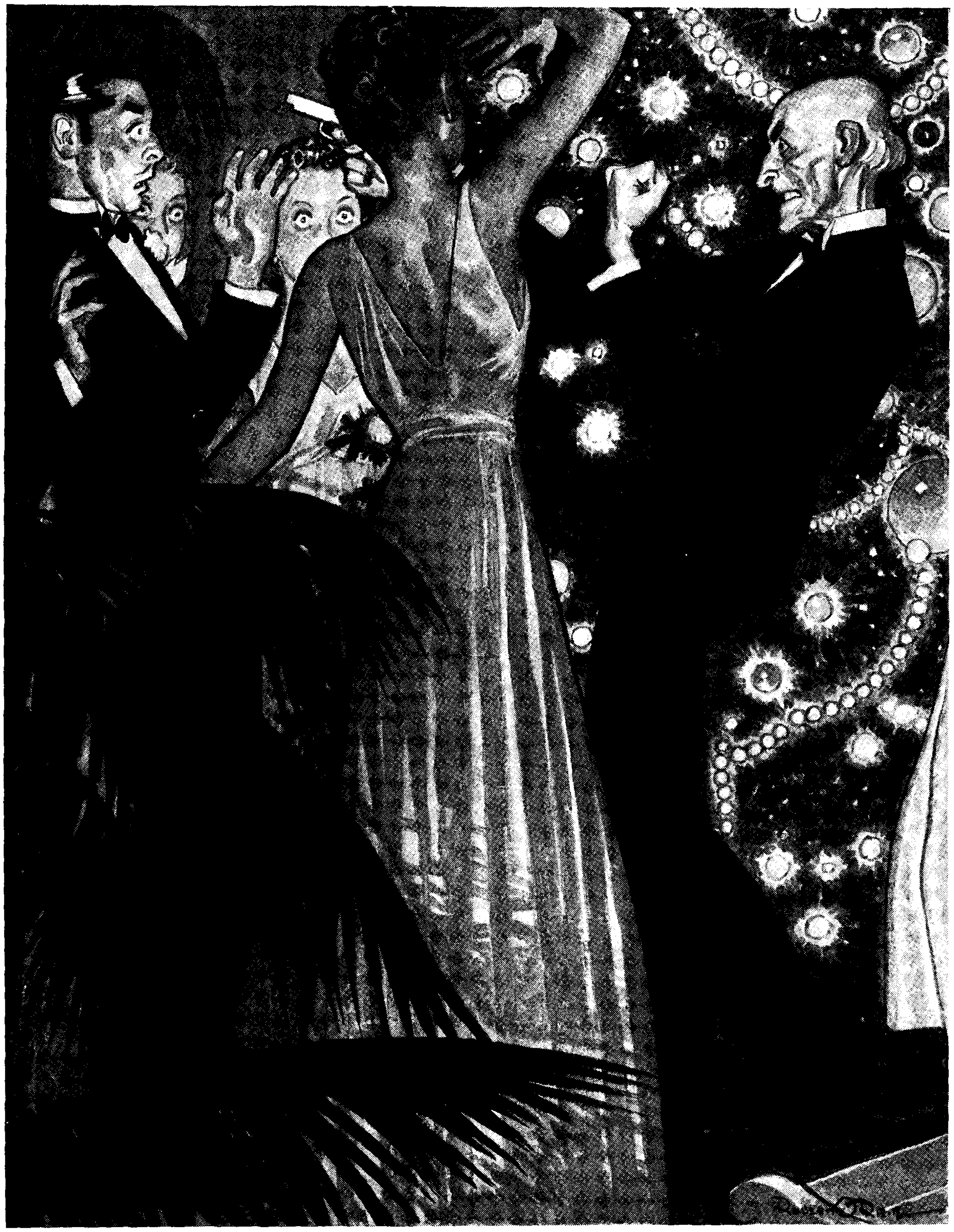
Well, while Fatso is standing there on the corner all of a sudden a big red roadster pulls up in the street in front of him with a good-looking tanned young guy in a sport shirt driving it and a skinny Judy sitting in the seat next to him and the skinny Judy motions for Fatso to come out to the car.

At first Fatso does not pay any attention to her because he does not wish to move around and take his shade away from the small stove lids, as he can see that they are very comfortable, and when it comes to children no kinderhearted guy than Fatso ever lived no matter if they are slightly colored children. In fact, Fatso is enduring no little suffering from the heat, standing there just because he is too kindhearted to move.

The skinny Judy in the roadster keeps motioning to him and then she cries "Hey, you!" in a loud tone so finally Fatso goes out in the street to the car figuring that maybe she wishes to ask



It seems that Mrs. Mimms is forgetting she is a lady and is kicking Fatso severely



"So," he says, "you are making a play for my wife, are you, scoundrel?"

him the way to some place although of course Fatso does not know the way to any place in these parts, and he can see that she is not a bad-looking Judy, though not young, and that she has yellow hair tied back with a fancy handkerchief and a blue sweater and blue slacks and a lot of bracelets on her arms and rings on her fingers.

Fatso can see that this is a party who must be in the money and he can also see that she has hard blue eyes and a bossy way about her because as he goes up to the side of the car with the small stove lids following in his shade she speaks to him in a voice that seems to scratch on her tonsils coming up, as follows:

"Look here," she says, "are you out of a job?"

Now this Fatso is always very courteous to all female characters even when he can see that they are nothing but mountain lions and he bows and says:

"Well," he says, "not to give you a short answer, ma'am, but who wants to know?"

"I do," the skinny Judy says. "I am Mrs. Manwaring Mimm."

"I am Elmore Zimpf," Fatso says, though up to this time he never before mentions his first name in public for fear of arousing criticism.

"Never mind who you are," Mrs. Mimm says. "Do you want a job or are you on relief?"

NATURALLY, Fatso does not want a job, for jobs are what he is keeping away from all his life and furthermore he does not care for Mrs. Mimm's manner and he is about to back away from this situation when he gets to thinking how hungry he is. So he asks her what kind of a job she is thinking of and she says to him like this:

"I want you for my Santa Claus," she says. "I am giving my annual Christmas Eve party at my place in Palm Beach tomorrow night and as soon as I see you I say to the count here that you are the very one for my Santa Claus. My Santa Claus suit will just fit you," she says. "We always have to stuff it up with pillows for my butler Sparks and he never looks natural."

At this Fatso remembers that Christmas is indeed close at hand and naturally this makes him think of Mindy's restaurant on Broadway and the way they cook turkey there with dressing and cranberry sauce and with mashed potatoes and turnips or maybe baked squash to come along and thinking of these matters causes him to sigh heavily and to forget where he is for the moment until he is aroused by hearing the young guy driving the car speak as follows:

"This fat bum is dead from the neck up, Margaret," he says. "You better find someone else."

"No," she says, "I must have this one. Why, Gregorio, he will be a sensational Santa Claus. See here," she says to Fatso, "I will give you fifty dollars."

Well, on hearing the young guy speak of him as a fat bum, Fatso's thoughts return to West Palm Beach at once and he takes a good look at the young guy and he can now see that he has a piece of a mustache on his upper lip and that there is something about him that is quite familiar.

However, Fatso cannot place him as anybody he knows so he figures it is just the type that makes him seem familiar because of course there are thousands of good-looking tanned young guys with pieces of mustaches on their upper lips running around Florida at this season of the year, but he is greatly displeased with this particular young guy for calling him a fat bum.

In fact, Fatso is insulted because while he does not mind being called fat or even a bum he does not care to be called both at the same time because it sounds unrefined. He is figuring that maybe it will be an excellent idea to reach over and tag this young guy one on the chops, when he remembers hearing Mrs. Mimm mention fifty dollars.

SO HE takes this matter up with her to make certain his ears do not deceive him and sure enough she is willing to give him half a C to be her Santa Claus with two boffoes in advance so he can get across Lake Worth to an address she gives him without walking, provided he will proceed there at once, and Fatso accepts these terms and dismisses the small stove lids from his shade with a nickel apiece and the chances are they figure he is Santa Claus already.

Now this is how Fatso Zimpf comes to be at Pink Waters which is the name of Mrs. Manwaring Mimm's estate in Palm Beach and this estate is about the size of Central Park and faces on the ocean and has many palm trees and fountains and statuary and a swimming pool and a house that reminds Fatso of Rockefeller Center, and with enough servants running around to form a union.

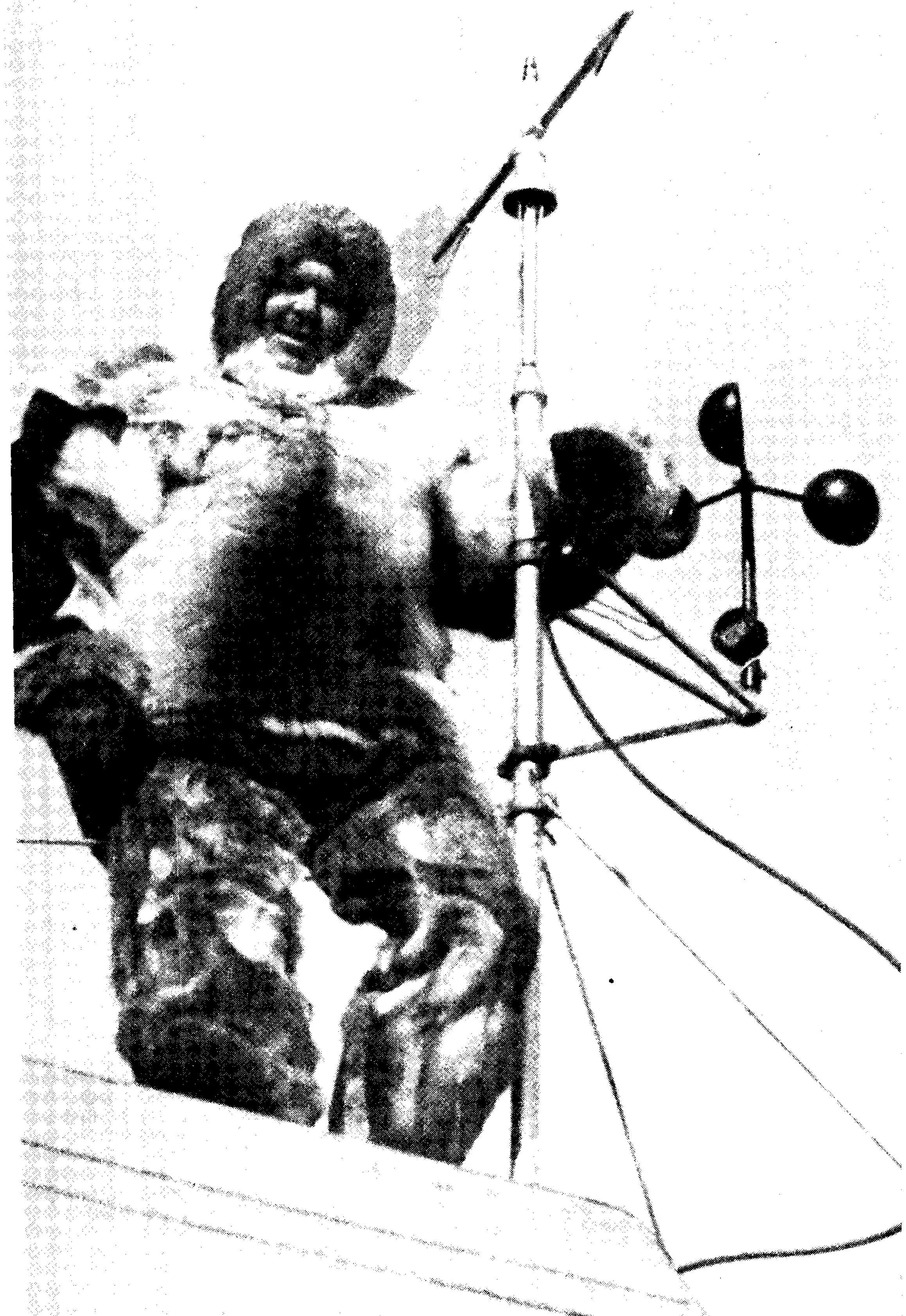
Fatso reports to the butler Sparks and it turns out that this Sparks is very glad to see him when he learns that Fatso is to be Santa Claus because it seems that Sparks always considers it most undignified for a high-class butler to go around being Santa Claus with pillows stuffed down his pants.

Furthermore, it turns out that Sparks is a horse player at heart and when he finds that Fatso is familiar with the gee-gees he becomes very friendly to be sure and supplies him with plenty of information and scandal about one and all in the best circles of Palm Beach and several surrounding spots.

He explains to Fatso that Pink Waters is one of the biggest estates in these parts and that Mrs. Manwaring Mimm is richer than six feet down in Iowa, with money that she gets off her papa, who makes it out of the oil dodge years back, and that she marries any time she feels like it and that she feels like it three times so far and is now feeling like it again. In fact, Sparks tells Fatso that she is now feeling like marrying a young guy by the name of Johnny Relf who also has plenty of dough or will have when his parents kindly pass away.

Sparks says that personally he does not approve of this marriage because there is a slight disparity in age between the parties concerned. He says Johnny is only in his middle twenties and not too bright for his years, at that, while

(Continued on page 27)



Captain MacGregor on the roof of the meteorological station at Reindeer Point, Greenland (78° 10′ north latitude). Hourly observations were made during the year the expedition spent here

Weather in the Making

By Captain Clifford J. MacGregor

© MAC GREGOR, FROM WIDE WORLD

Captain MacGregor, a United States Weather Bureau meteorologist, has spent two years locked in Arctic ice. One of these expeditions took him to Point Barrow, Alaska; the other—from which he has just returned—to Reindeer Point in the most northwesterly corner of Greenland. The Arctic, he maintains, is the breeding place for the Northern Hemisphere's weather. Besides being an explorer and weather observer, MacGregor has been a fruit-store clerk, football player, sailor and high-school principal. He also has a law degree, but has never practiced. In his thirty-four years, he hasn't had time

THERE is a general disposition to think of weather in terms of minor inconveniences; in terms of wet feet, ruined picnics and postponed golf games. This is a childish approach to a staggering problem. Weather might better be thought of in terms of war. This battle between man and the elements takes thousands of lives annually and imposes crushing burdens of debt. Yet all this is accepted complacently.

Too bad, we say, when drought in an average year destroys 135 million bushels of wheat, 200 million bushels of oats and 543 million bushels of corn in the United States alone. Too bad, we say, when frost destroys 200 million bushels of grain, and floods wash another 400 million dollars' worth of property into the sea.

After these tragedies strike with monotonous regularity we all pay the huge bill for rehabilitating the farmer. We must go on eating. Willingness to pay this toll is closely akin to our willingness to pay for rehabilitating a country after a war. We pay to restore war-torn countries, all the time recognizing that it would have been better to spend a fraction of the necessary money in avoiding the war in the first place. So with weather. We cannot, of course, prevent costly weather. But the meteorologist today has available knowledge with which he can forecast weather weeks and possibly months in advance. With this forewarning, a great portion of the damage weather does could be avoided.

If farmers knew frost was on the way they could harvest early. If a dry year was scheduled they could plant drought-resisting crops. Damage by flood, hail and hurricane could be minimized.

The Northern Hemisphere's weather is born in the Arctic. This writer knows. He has watched weather brewing on the arctic ice cap which would cause rain in Berlin, snow in Oslo and drought in Iowa weeks later. The Arctic represents the key to long-range forecasting.

As a youngster, I became interested in meteorology, the science of weather, by an indirect route. At fifteen, I took up amateur ballooning. Five other boys and myself sewed up hundreds of yards of rubberized balloon cloth on an ancient sewing machine in the basement of my Detroit home. We stitched together a leather harness to carry the passenger and persuaded the local utilities company to give us illuminating gas to inflate our crude jumping balloon.

We learned how to "weigh off" the jumper: several of us would hold shroud lines until the balloon would just begin to lift the passenger. Then we would valve gas until the craft had a negative buoyancy of about half a pound. In other words, the balloon would lift all but a half pound of the rider's weight.

A good push with the legs would send the jumper up 500 feet and a slight wind would carry him along a quarter of a mile. We knocked chimneys off houses, frightened cows into withholding their milk and urged one horse into a runaway that did $16 worth of damage. But we learned about weather: how downdrafts could be expected over forests where trees had absorbed moisture and cooled the air; how there was generally an updraft over a plowed field. We learned of the importance of sunlight in expanding the gas and making our balloon more buoyant, and about the dangers ahead when the barometer began to fall. Presently weather became a more absorbing subject than ballooning. When I finished college I joined the United States Weather Bureau.

"Let's Look at the Record" Forecasting

Exciting things were happening. For years weather forecasting had been based on history. Observers would note that a certain pattern of high and low pressure areas prevailed. They would look through the files until they found a similar "family" of highs and lows at some previous date. Very well, they said, if that pattern produced rain in Omaha in 1896, it would produce it again. Anyone who could read a barometer passed as a meteorologist and weather predictions were filled with such meaningless absurdities as "probably rain tomorrow." It is either going to rain, or it isn't.

All this was being changed, a job that unfortunately hasn't been completed yet. The Weather Bureau still has much of the complacent mustiness about it of the Metropolitan Museum's mummy room. Still, brighter and younger men were coming in who were willing to use their brains instead of their civil service certificates for advancement. These young men were willing to pay attention to the revolution in meteorology that was taking place in Norway.

During the war Norway was cut off from the world. Its meteorologists were unable to get information from other North Sea nations about the high and low pressure areas that hug the earth and march in an easterly direction like so many pompous aldermen in a parade. Norway's weather-forecasting service faced a complete breakdown until Professor Bjerknes devised his theory of the movements of the great masses of air. Here, said Bjerknes, was the real source of weather; the small highs and lows were only eddies in a much greater stream. Bjerknes proved his contentions by giving Norway far better forecasting service than it had ever enjoyed before.

Eskimos and dog teams assist an exploring party up a glacier in northwest Greenland, less than 700 miles from the North Pole

There is nothing mysterious about these great air masses that make our weather. Regard them as balls on a vast billiard table and you will get the idea. What happens when one ball strikes another is dependent on the weight of the ball, and on its velocity and direction. So with the masses. These masses may be only a few hundred miles diameter or they may be over a thousand miles across. Seven hundred miles is a good average figure. One of these masses may contain cold, dry air and may bear the name Polar Continental, and another may be wet and warm and pass as Tropical Atlantic. The designations of the masses or complexities of their structure is not important here. We are interested in what happens when one crashes into another. And very definite things do happen.

Possibly a warm, moisture-laden mass will wedge its way under a cold mass. The warm air rises, chills and produces a hard rainfall. Under different conditions a gentle drizzle, a line squall or even a hurricane may result. Track down the masses, find where they are going and at what rate, and you can determine where a collision will take place. Knowing this, you can predict weather at that spot at some date in the future.

At Reindeer Point, Greenland, I watched these masses grow, storing enough energy within themselves to start moving southward We carried instruments to measure temperature, pressure and humidity aloft in a plane; and sent up small balloons, which we followed with a telescopic instrument, to detect drift and velocity. In the Arctic night, with the sky lighted only by a brilliant moon, we watched one of nature's miracles: the gaseous avalanche that takes place when a great mass of air slides off the ice cap and starts its meanderings over the earth. It was exciting to realize the potentialities of these masses we had watched grow to maturity; how they might drench one of Mussolini's triumphs or give Budapest a white Christmas.

Bjerknes pointed out the role the Arctic plays in making weather. I wanted to go and see for myself. So, after working for a while at Newark Airport establishing an airways weather reporting service, I eagerly took a Weather Bureau commission to do a similar job for the Alaskan air lines.

Air Drifts at the Arctic

In 1932 I was assigned as meteorologist to the Second International Polar Expedition, a co-operative venture sponsored by 43 nations. I spent the winter on the North Star, the vessel contributed by the United States, which was locked in the ice at Point Barrow until the middle of 1933.

Facts that we brought back indicated the importance of the Arctic in governing weather in the Temperate Zone. I wanted to go back to the Arctic again; to have another opportunity to use the better instruments that had been developed meanwhile. And another chance to gather information that meteorology so sadly needed.

The spot chosen for this second trip north was Reindeer Point at the most northwesterly tip of Greenland; a spot approximately the same distance—seven hundred miles—from the North Pole that Byrd was from the South Pole.

I organized and financed my own expedition, preferring not to have it tangled with government red tape.

When I found the vessel I wanted for my second polar trip I named her for the leader of the tragic Greely expedition of 1882. The Greely, bought for $10,000 at a bankruptcy sale in Louisburg, Nova Scotia, had seen service in the West Indian trade and as a twice-apprehended rumrunner. A three-masted, auxiliary schooner, she was excellently built for Arctic work. Her hull was covered with 4-inch planking. Next came 10 x 10-inch ribs spaced 4 inches apart, then 3-inch inside planking—making a total of 17 inches of nearly solid wood, ample to withstand almost any conditions the Arctic could impose.

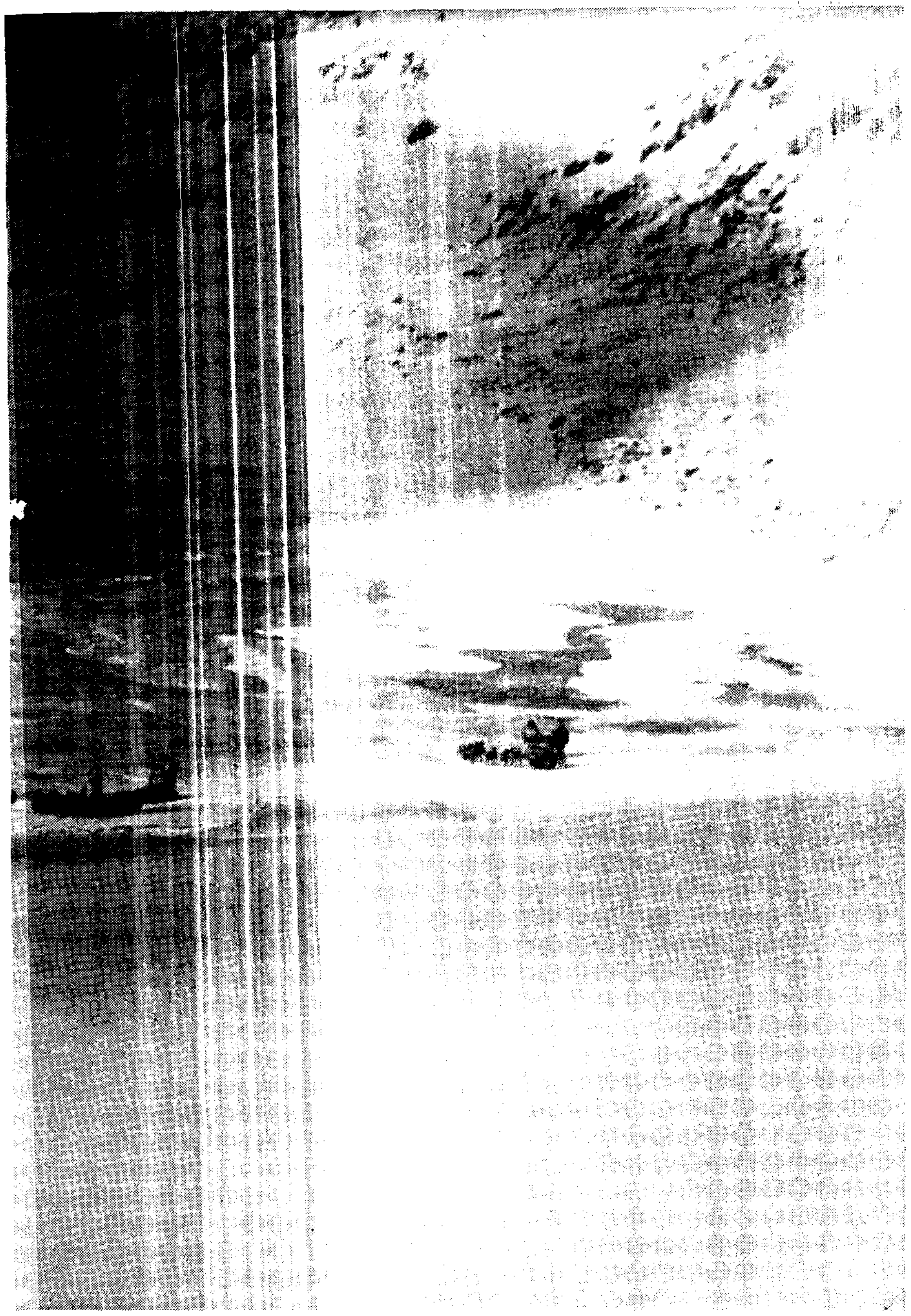
Planning a trip to the north polar regions entails more than a year of endlessly tedious work. Letters by the hundred must be written to manufacturers, asking for donations of food and supplies of various kinds. As payment the expedition offers to supply photographs that may be used in advertising. There are a thousand other details to attend to. We bought some sled dogs in New York —at $40 each—and had sleds built from models in museums. Fur garments—parkas, polar-bear pants, and seal boots —were purchased from the Danish government. We needed an airplane for survey work, electric generating apparatus, a radio broadcasting outfit, meteorological equipment and 500 latex balloons for upper-air observations. A crew of nine men had to be recruited; men competent to take observations of weather, terrestrial magnetism and the aurora. These men, fortunately, are always willing to work for science— without remuneration. Otherwise, few expeditions could ever be organized. All this advance work was eventually completed and the Greely sailed from Port Newark, New Jersey, on July 1, 1937.

Greenland Has Its Problems

Getting a landing permit for Greenland is inordinately difficult. And for good reason. The Danish government prohibited anyone from landing there after parties of fishermen, fur traders and explorers had introduced syphilis to the Eskimo natives. Having no natural immunity to the disease, they died by the thousand and the population of Greenland was threatened with extinction.

Those who are permitted to land today must undergo a rigid physical examination. Rather than risk race pollution and production of a stock unable to withstand the bitter weather, the Danish government has adopted a realistic attitude toward sex. Sterile Eskimo women are provided trading parties who request them. Inasmuch as the country we intended visiting was completely unpopulated, none of these things presented problems.

Our trip north was probably as eventful a journey as anyone would care to make. Dodging icebergs, we had to tack forty-six times in one six-hour period. Caught in an uncharted harbor with a 10-foot tide fall, the Greely went aground. Twice we were blown out of the bleak harbor at Reindeer Point, after starting to unload provisions on the beach. The tide came in and spoiled



quantities of food. Then one of the engines exploded and for a few tense moments we were in danger of having our ship burn. Finally, however, ice began to form around the ship: first a gossamer film, then solid, brittle ice, 6 feet thick.

The coast line at this point is rugged, rocky and almost completely barren of life. There is some grass, moss and lichens, and the Arctic willow whose trunk is the size of a stevedore's thumb. The trunk of this tree trails along the ground like a vine. Such scant vegetation supplies food for the large arctic hares, and the hares in their turn represent the chief food of the foxes. Beyond this there is little life, except for an occasional bird.

We got lumber ashore for the shanty in which we were to live in close confinement for a year. Life aboard ship in the Arctic is all but impossible because of condensation of moisture. We chinked the cracks in the shanty, perched on the shore a quarter of a mile from the Greely, insulated it carefully and nailed double windows in place. We then settled down to work in the brief Arctic afternoon that precedes four months of darkness; darkness broken only by the moon and the aurora borealis.

Life in the Arctic must be carefully organized to prevent monotony. Strict routine is imperative. We served breakfast at 8 A. M. and dinner at 3 P. M.—only two meals a day. The radio men went immediately to work rigging their 40-foot tower and the airplane men began assembling their ship. Meteorologists began sending balloons up daily, and making other observations. When anyone had spare time on his hands he was detailed to hunt food: ducks, ptarmigan and the arctic gull, which makes excellent eating.

Whenever people think of the Arctic they habitually think of cold and bitter weather. Working in the north, one rarely notices the temperature. The picturesque fur garments that photograph so well are generally worn only when sleeping on the ice. While working or driving a dog team, three thin sweaters and a windbreaker furnish all the warmth needed. In the shanty, where the coal cookstove maintained a temperature of 60 degrees, we wore ordinary business clothes. The radio brought us swing music from Pittsburgh, news programs from Prague and lectures from Kansas City; and allowed us to talk to people as far distant as British Guiana. For food we had polar bear, which tastes like beef; seal, which tastes like veal, as well as our strings of birds. We had oranges, potatoes, and eggs frozen hard as rocks, as well as our tinned foods. So, within four hours flying time of the North Pole, we managed a thoroughly comfortable existence.

The Serious Aim of the Trip

Had all of our efforts gone to prove that man can live comfortably in the Arctic, the expedition would have been meaningless. That fact had already been proved dozens of times. Our job was to show that routine observations can detect the upbuilding of the great masses of polar air that move off in a southeasterly direction to make fog for London and showers for Berlin.

It was unfortunate that the marvelously ingenious radio meteorograph had not been perfected when we set out. This instrument is carried aloft by a balloon and automatically broadcasts temperature, pressure and humidity observations that may be picked up by ground sets. These are the facts needed to show that a mass of polar air is forming. The whole compact apparatus weighs but a pound and a half. A small hydrogen-inflated latex balloon will lift the instrument twenty miles into the air. Since it was not available, we made the best of the tools on hand. Our plane furnished a great deal of information on conditions in the upper air. Free balloons furnished other facts. To give the highest degree of visibility, these balloons come in various colors. With a telescopic instrument we could follow them miles into the sky and determine in what direction and at what rate a mass was traveling.

The importance of this information is apparent. It gives us material to predict where a collision with a mass of air of tropical origin will take place.

Birth Pains of Air Masses

We observed the birth pains and the first toddling steps of dozens of these masses, some as large as Alaska. Had there been other stations on shipboard and on land to observe their progress and determine their velocity and direction, there would have been no difficulty in predicting where they would have crashed into similar masses born elsewhere. And to have foretold weather at that spot.

With only one station we could not, of course, issue forecasts. We needed reports from dozens of stations like our own. And that is precisely what the world needs if it is ever to solve the problem of weather.

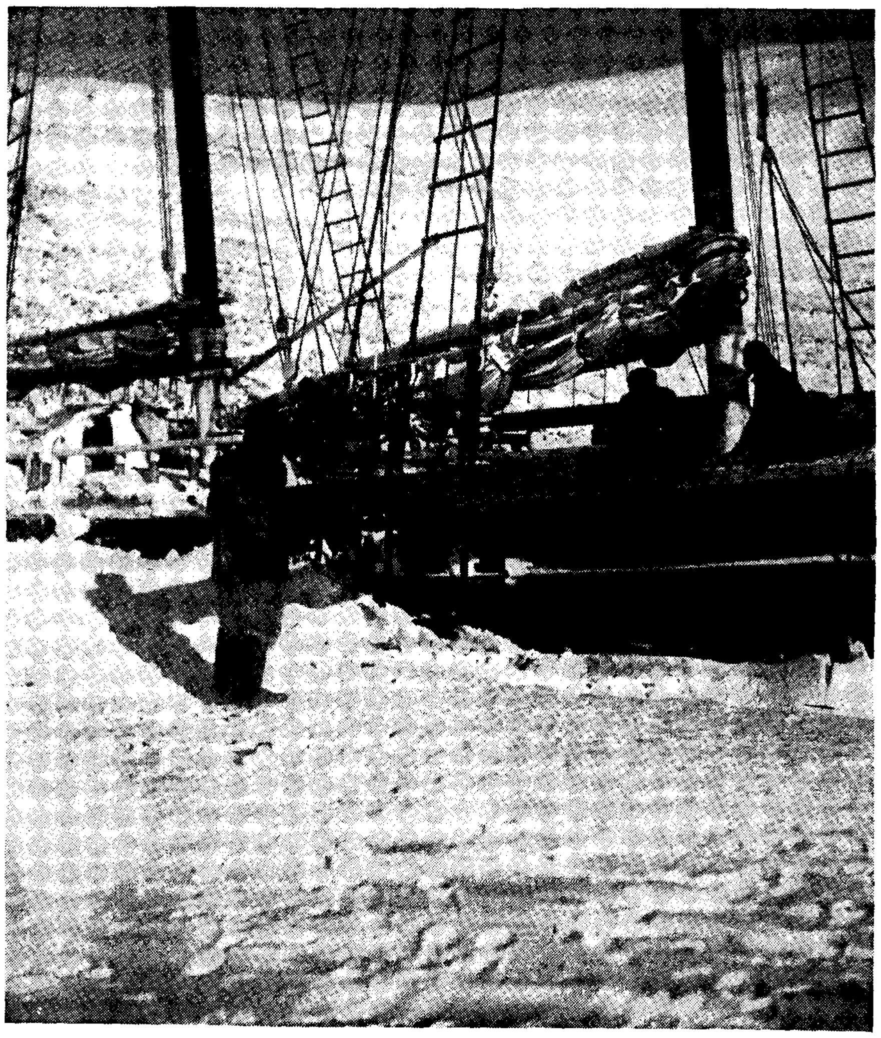
Our weather bureau gives us 36 hours of warning. That isn't enough. Weeks of warning are needed to prepare for things to come. Let me again stress a point. Knowledge of meteorology—the science of weather—is such today that this warning can be given. It involves no magic; just a few simple facts about the great masses of air that move high over the earth.

Over the continental United States we should establish a checkerboard of meteorological stations not more than a hundred miles apart. Stations are also needed in the West Indies and in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, where there are only three at the moment. International co-operation would probably be required to establish the chain of Arctic stations that are so badly needed. The cost of such a venture at first appears prohibitive. About a thousand dollars a month would be needed to run each of the stations in the United States. Say we require 500 stations on our checkerboard and that adds up to a total yearly maintenance cost of $6,000,000. If this sounds high, note that frost destroys corn worth twice this much each year.

The Arctic stations would be more expensive to maintain. But, it wouldn't be necessary to have them so close together. Spaced four hundred miles apart, they could do an excellent job. These stations would have other functions in addition to their weather work. Observations of terrestrial magnetism might help solve many of radio's problems. And they could be of invaluable assistance in predicting the amount of ice to be encountered in the transatlantic trade lanes—something that would save the International Ice Patrol time and money. Our expedition did a job of this kind.

The chain of stations I have visualized here would send up radio meteorographs twice a day. Observation of the velocity and drift of these balloons would show the direction and rate of travel of the air masses. When all this information was correlated we would *know* what weather would be two weeks in advance. This knowledge would be worth millions of dollars a year.

We have the knowledge to do these things; to make meteorology a respectable science instead of a bad guessing game. All that is needed is money and men to put this knowledge to work.



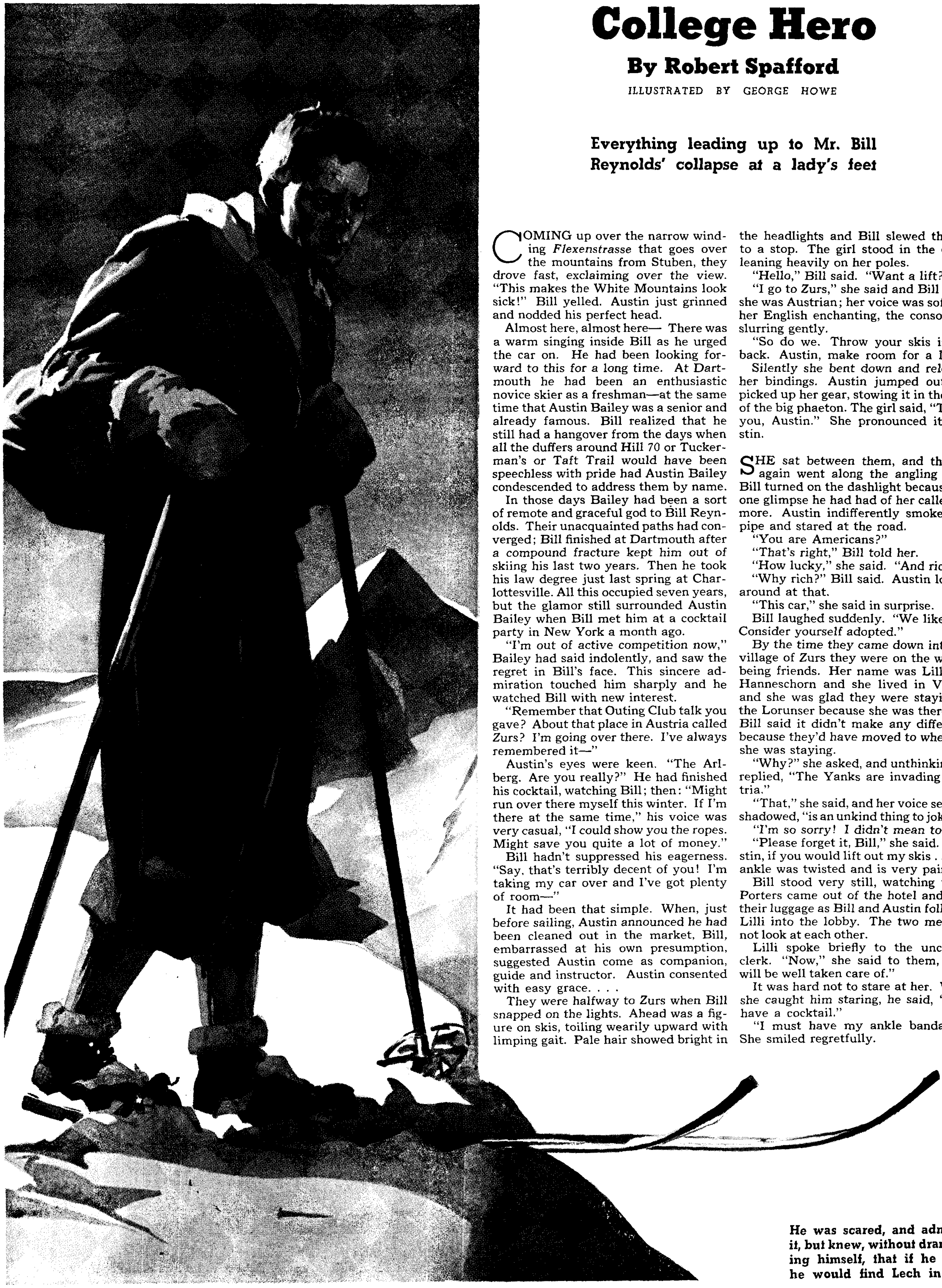
With the Greely fast in seven feet of ice for the winter, supplies are moved to the shore camp. A knocked-down plane comes first

College Hero

By Robert Spafford

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Everything leading up to Mr. Bill Reynolds' collapse at a lady's feet



He was scared, and admitted it, but knew, without dramatizing himself, that if he lived he would find Lech in time

COMING up over the narrow winding *Flexenstrasse* that goes over the mountains from Stuben, they drove fast, exclaiming over the view. "This makes the White Mountains look sick!" Bill yelled. Austin just grinned and nodded his perfect head.

Almost here, almost here— There was a warm singing inside Bill as he urged the car on. He had been looking forward to this for a long time. At Dartmouth he had been an enthusiastic novice skier as a freshman—at the same time that Austin Bailey was a senior and already famous. Bill realized that he still had a hangover from the days when all the duffers around Hill 70 or Tuckerman's or Taft Trail would have been speechless with pride had Austin Bailey condescended to address them by name.

In those days Bailey had been a sort of remote and graceful god to Bill Reynolds. Their unacquainted paths had converged; Bill finished at Dartmouth after a compound fracture kept him out of skiing his last two years. Then he took his law degree just last spring at Charlottesville. All this occupied seven years, but the glamor still surrounded Austin Bailey when Bill met him at a cocktail party in New York a month ago.

"I'm out of active competition now," Bailey had said indolently, and saw the regret in Bill's face. This sincere admiration touched him sharply and he watched Bill with new interest.

"Remember that Outing Club talk you gave? About that place in Austria called Zurs? I'm going over there. I've always remembered it—"

Austin's eyes were keen. "The Arlberg. Are you really?" He had finished his cocktail, watching Bill; then: "Might run over there myself this winter. If I'm there at the same time," his voice was very casual, "I could show you the ropes. Might save you quite a lot of money."

Bill hadn't suppressed his eagerness. "Say, that's terribly decent of you! I'm taking my car over and I've got plenty of room—"

It had been that simple. When, just before sailing, Austin announced he had been cleaned out in the market, Bill, embarrassed at his own presumption, suggested Austin come as companion, guide and instructor. Austin consented with easy grace. . . .

They were halfway to Zurs when Bill snapped on the lights. Ahead was a figure on skis, toiling wearily upward with limping gait. Pale hair showed bright in the headlights and Bill slewed the car to a stop. The girl stood in the ditch, leaning heavily on her poles.

"Hello," Bill said. "Want a lift?"

"I go to Zurs," she said and Bill knew she was Austrian; her voice was soft and her English enchanting, the consonants slurring gently.

"So do we. Throw your skis in the back. Austin, make room for a lady."

Silently she bent down and released her bindings. Austin jumped out and picked up her gear, stowing it in the rear of the big phaeton. The girl said, "Thank you, Austin." She pronounced it Owstin.

SHE sat between them, and the car again went along the angling road. Bill turned on the dashlight because the one glimpse he had had of her called for more. Austin indifferently smoked his pipe and stared at the road.

"You are Americans?"

"That's right," Bill told her.

"How lucky," she said. "And rich."

"Why rich?" Bill said. Austin looked around at that.

"This car," she said in surprise.

Bill laughed suddenly. "We like you. Consider yourself adopted."

By the time they came down into the village of Zurs they were on the way to being friends. Her name was Lilli von Hanneschorn and she lived in Vienna and she was glad they were staying at the Lorunser because she was there too. Bill said it didn't make any difference because they'd have moved to wherever she was staying.

"Why?" she asked, and unthinking, he replied, "The Yanks are invading Austria."

"That," she said, and her voice seemed shadowed, "is an unkind thing to joke of."

"I'm so sorry! *I didn't mean to*—"

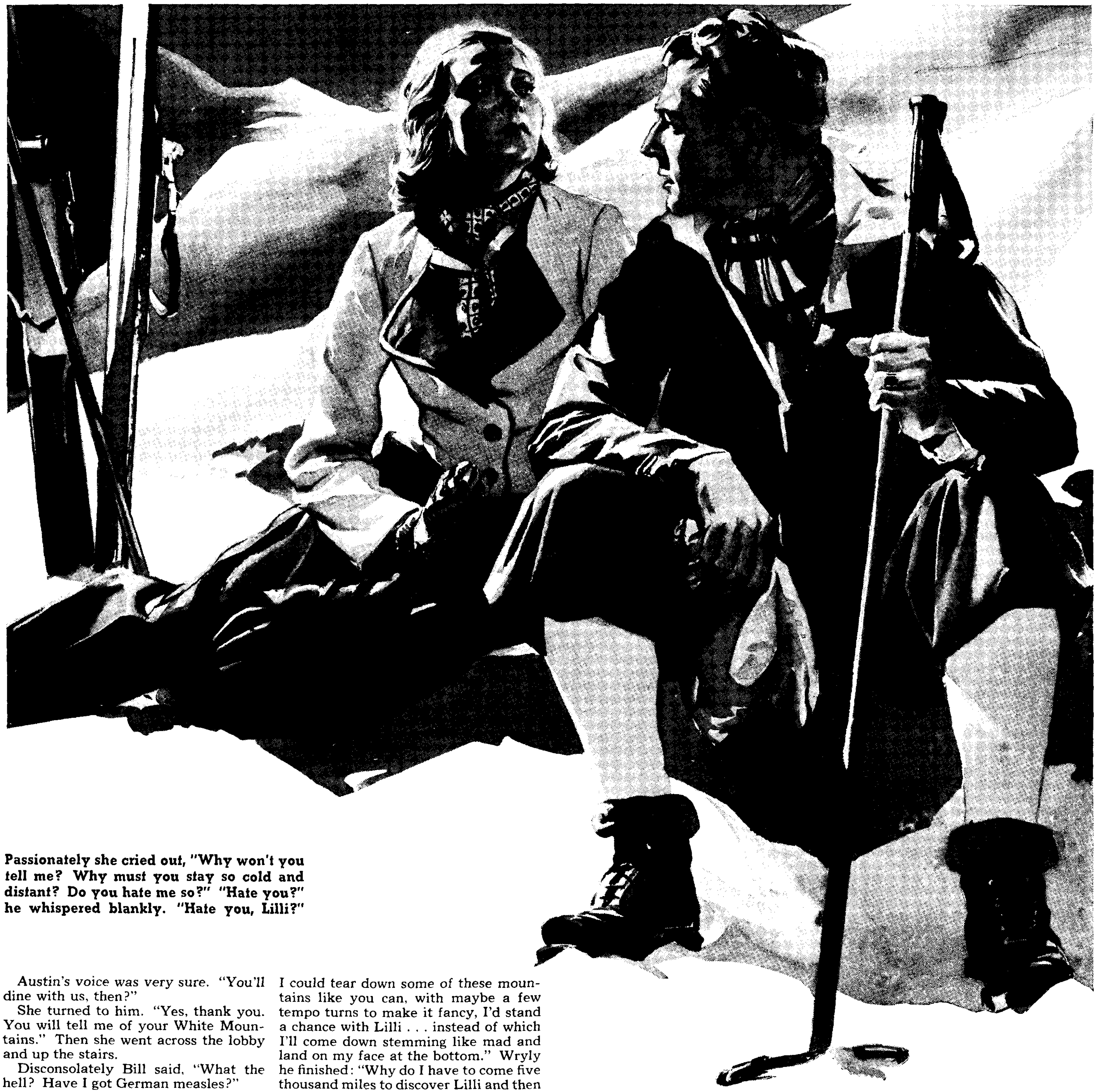
"Please forget it, Bill," she said. "Owstin, if you would lift out my skis . . . My ankle was twisted and is very painful."

Bill stood very still, watching them. Porters came out of the hotel and took their luggage as Bill and Austin followed Lilli into the lobby. The two men did not look at each other.

Lilli spoke briefly to the unctuous clerk. "Now," she said to them, "you will be well taken care of."

It was hard not to stare at her. When she caught him staring, he said, "Let's have a cocktail."

"I must have my ankle bandaged." She smiled regretfully.



Passionately she cried out, "Why won't you tell me? Why must you stay so cold and distant? Do you hate me so?" "Hate you?" he whispered blankly. "Hate you, Lilli?"

Austin's voice was very sure. "You'll dine with us, then?"

She turned to him. "Yes, thank you. You will tell me of your White Mountains." Then she went across the lobby and up the stairs.

Disconsolately Bill said, "What the hell? Have I got German measles?"

Austin's eyes half closed. "I don't know. *Have you?*"

SOMETHING was wrong. . . . Bill signed the register and police forms. The clerk said, "It is hoped everything will satisfy."

"It is hoped so," Bill agreed. "Does Fräulein come here often?"

"Each year, Herr Reynolds, without *fail.* Fräulein von Hanneschorn was Women's Champion at seventeen, but has retired this year."

Austin said suddenly, "What for?"

"One might ask Fräulein," the clerk shrugged.

In their double room Bill opened his shaving kit. "I think I'm going to like it here."

Austin said, "It's a rather bourgeois little hostelry."

Quick irritation—Bill swept it away. "I rather envy you," he said slowly. "If I could tear down some of these mountains like you can, with maybe a few tempo turns to make it fancy, I'd stand a chance with Lilli . . . instead of which I'll come down stemming like mad and land on my face at the bottom." Wryly he finished: "Why do I have to come five thousand miles to discover Lilli and then have her turn out to be a ski champion?"

They waited at the entrance to the crowded dining room: Bill and Austin alone were in business suits and then Lilli came to them, her pale blue flannel lounging suit emphasizing her youth and freshness. . . . She smiled, suddenly shy, and they were no longer all skiers together: they were two men with the most attractive girl they had ever seen. . . . "I have kept you waiting."

Fervently Bill said, "That's all right. I'd have waited all night."

"And you?" she said to Austin.

His eyes mocked her. "You against my appetite? Don't test me!"

The waiter seated them and took Bill's order for champagne. Emphatically Lilli said, "You must be rich!"

He hadn't tasted liquor all day, but he felt a little drunk. "Oh, I am, fabulously!" he declared. "Will you marry me?"

Seriously she said, "I have not known you long enough."

Austin touched her wrist, explained elaborately: "That was one of Bill's jokes, Lilli." There was an edge to that and Bill felt it. Lilli looked at him and said levelly, "I am sorry to be stupid."

THERE was nothing he could say; they had both made him feel a clumsy yokel. He sensed that with each minute Austin was perceptibly drawing Lilli closer. . . . Some instinctive feather of warning brushed Bill: Austin, he felt, had done this many times before—it was a game.

Already she was placing Austin as *the* Austin Bailey and they were off on the single-track subject of downhill racing with Bill shunted off to a siding. Each had won the Kandahar "K" and they discussed the famous run with enthusiasm. Occasionally Bill felt Lilli's eyes on him and when he looked at her he thought she seemed surprised to find him still present. The last time this happened he said: "Lilli, the clerk said you were champion and had retired. Whatever for?"

The excitement went out of her clear face. "There was no choice. My father and Herr Schuschnigg were close friends. It is not good to be an Austrian who opposed *der Anschluss.*"

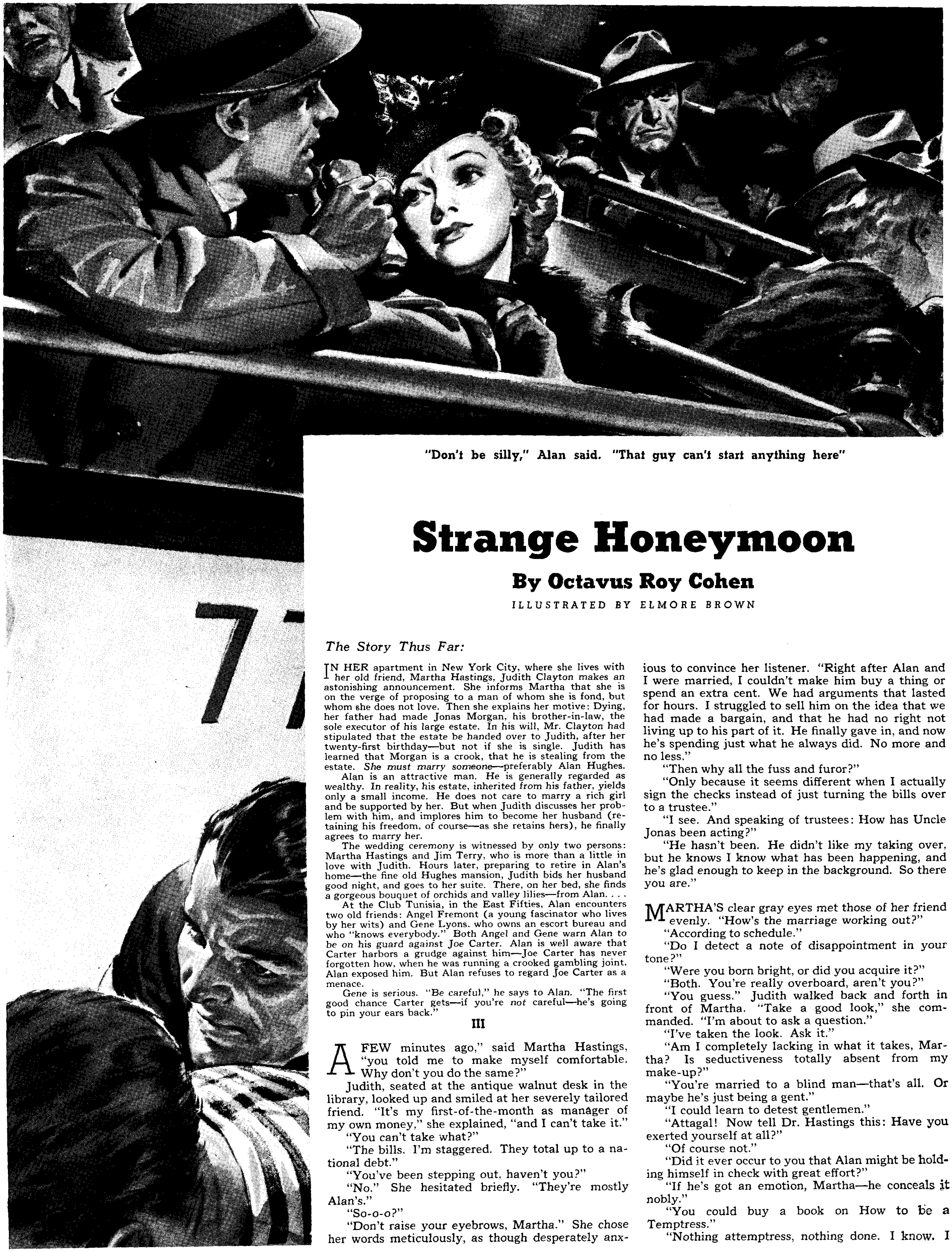
Heatedly Bill began, "You mean they made you—"

"Please—please may we speak of something else?"

Bill paid attention to his food after that, angered at himself for his tactlessness, at the slowly accumulating resentment he felt toward Austin . . . his friend, Austin Bailey . . . the Hero of Hanover . . . "What did you say?"

Lilli smiled at him; her gentle beauty

(Continued on page 49)



"Don't be silly," Alan said. "That guy can't start anything here"

Strange Honeymoon

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

IN HER apartment in New York City, where she lives with her old friend, Martha Hastings, Judith Clayton makes an astonishing announcement. She informs Martha that she is on the verge of proposing to a man of whom she is fond, but whom she does not love. Then she explains her motive: Dying, her father had made Jonas Morgan, his brother-in-law, the sole executor of his large estate. In his will, Mr. Clayton had stipulated that the estate be handed over to Judith, after her twenty-first birthday—but not if she is single. Judith has learned that Morgan is a crook, that he is stealing from the estate. *She must marry someone*—preferably Alan Hughes.

Alan is an attractive man. He is generally regarded as wealthy. In reality, his estate, inherited from his father, yields only a small income. He does not care to marry a rich girl and be supported by her. But when Judith discusses her problem with him, and implores him to become her husband (retaining his freedom, of course—as she retains hers), he finally agrees to marry her.

The wedding ceremony is witnessed by only two persons: Martha Hastings and Jim Terry, who is more than a little in love with Judith. Hours later, preparing to retire in Alan's home—the fine old Hughes mansion, Judith bids her husband good night, and goes to her suite. There, on her bed, she finds a gorgeous bouquet of orchids and valley lilies—from Alan. . . .

At the Club Tunisia, in the East Fifties, Alan encounters two old friends: Angel Fremont (a young fascinator who lives by her wits) and Gene Lyons, who owns an escort bureau and who "knows everybody." Both Angel and Gene warn Alan to be on his guard against Joe Carter. Alan is well aware that Carter harbors a grudge against him—Joe Carter has never forgotten how, when he was running a crooked gambling joint, Alan exposed him. But Alan refuses to regard Joe Carter as a menace.

Gene is serious. "Be careful," he says to Alan. "The first good chance Carter gets—if you're *not* careful—he's going to pin your ears back."

III

A FEW minutes ago," said Martha Hastings, "you told me to make myself comfortable. Why don't you do the same?"

Judith, seated at the antique walnut desk in the library, looked up and smiled at her severely tailored friend. "It's my first-of-the-month as manager of my own money," she explained, "and I can't take it."

"You can't take what?"

"The bills. I'm staggered. They total up to a national debt."

"You've been stepping out, haven't you?"

"No." She hesitated briefly. "They're mostly Alan's."

"So-o-o?"

"Don't raise your eyebrows, Martha." She chose her words meticulously, as though desperately anxious to convince her listener. "Right after Alan and I were married, I couldn't make him buy a thing or spend an extra cent. We had arguments that lasted for hours. I struggled to sell him on the idea that we had made a bargain, and that he had no right not living up to his part of it. He finally gave in, and now he's spending just what he always did. No more and no less."

"Then why all the fuss and furor?"

"Only because it seems different when I actually sign the checks instead of just turning the bills over to a trustee."

"I see. And speaking of trustees: How has Uncle Jonas been acting?"

"He hasn't been. He didn't like my taking over, but he knows I know what has been happening, and he's glad enough to keep in the background. So there you are."

MARTHA'S clear gray eyes met those of her friend evenly. "How's the marriage working out?"

"According to schedule."

"Do I detect a note of disappointment in your tone?"

"Were you born bright, or did you acquire it?"

"Both. You're really overboard, aren't you?"

"You guess." Judith walked back and forth in front of Martha. "Take a good look," she commanded. "I'm about to ask a question."

"I've taken the look. Ask it."

"Am I completely lacking in what it takes, Martha? Is seductiveness totally absent from my make-up?"

"You're married to a blind man—that's all. Or maybe he's just being a gent."

"I could learn to detest gentlemen."

"Attagal! Now tell Dr. Hastings this: Have you exerted yourself at all?"

"Of course not."

"Did it ever occur to you that Alan might be holding himself in check with great effort?"

"If he's got an emotion, Martha—he conceals it nobly."

"You could buy a book on How to be a Temptress."

"Nothing attemptress, nothing done. I know. I didn't expect things to be any different from the way they are. I made the rules, and Alan concurred. So if I'm crazy enough to go off the deep end . . ." She laughed with a show of genuine embarrassment. "Well—Alan's too grand a person for his own good—or mine either. He's scrupulous about everything. He devotes one night a week to me. Beau geste, and all that sort of thing. That's why you're here. To-night's the night . . . but this is particularly funny. I'm hemming him in."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"Dinner at home. Bridge with you and Jim Terry. Cute little sandwiches. Alan staggered when I broke the news."

"Doesn't he play bridge?"

"Surely. With men and at clubs. But I doubt if ever in his life he's been seduced into a domestic bridge session."

"How'd he take the sentence?"

"Like a big, strong man. Stunned but game. He said, 'My life is in your hands.' He said . . ." There was a sound from the hall, and Judith's eyes brightened. "No matter what he said, he's home."

Martha, watching her friend's expression, made no comment. In that anticipatory moment, Judith looked beautiful and more than beautiful. Martha thought, "Alan's a prize dummy, or maybe he's just got an antipathy to any bird in the hand."

Alan breezed into the library, "Hi, Gorgeous," he said to Judith, and "Howya, Martha. You who come to gloat remain to play."

Judith asked, "Frightened, Alan?"

"Scared to death. This might become a habit."

"Of course you've been quivering with eagerness all day?"

"How did you know? I've been champing at the bit, pacing restlessly up and down, counting the hours and chafing at the delay. Now are you satisfied?"

"I'm exalted." Jenkins appeared with cocktails, and Alan asked, "Where's Jim?"

"Working."

The young man's eyes brightened. "You mean the bridge game is off and we can go stepping?"

"No such luck, Prisoner. He'll be here right after dinner, full of high trumps and low desires."

"I knew it," groaned Alan. "The zodiac is never wrong."

NUIT D'AMOUR came yelping into the room, and for ten minutes there was excitement. Then the dog was removed, and the three sat down to a simple dinner, simply served. "Lesson Number One," said Alan, smiling across at Judith, "in What a Young Man Ought to Know."

"You seem happy," said Martha.

"Why not? A gorgeous wife and plenty of leisure: What more could any man ask?"

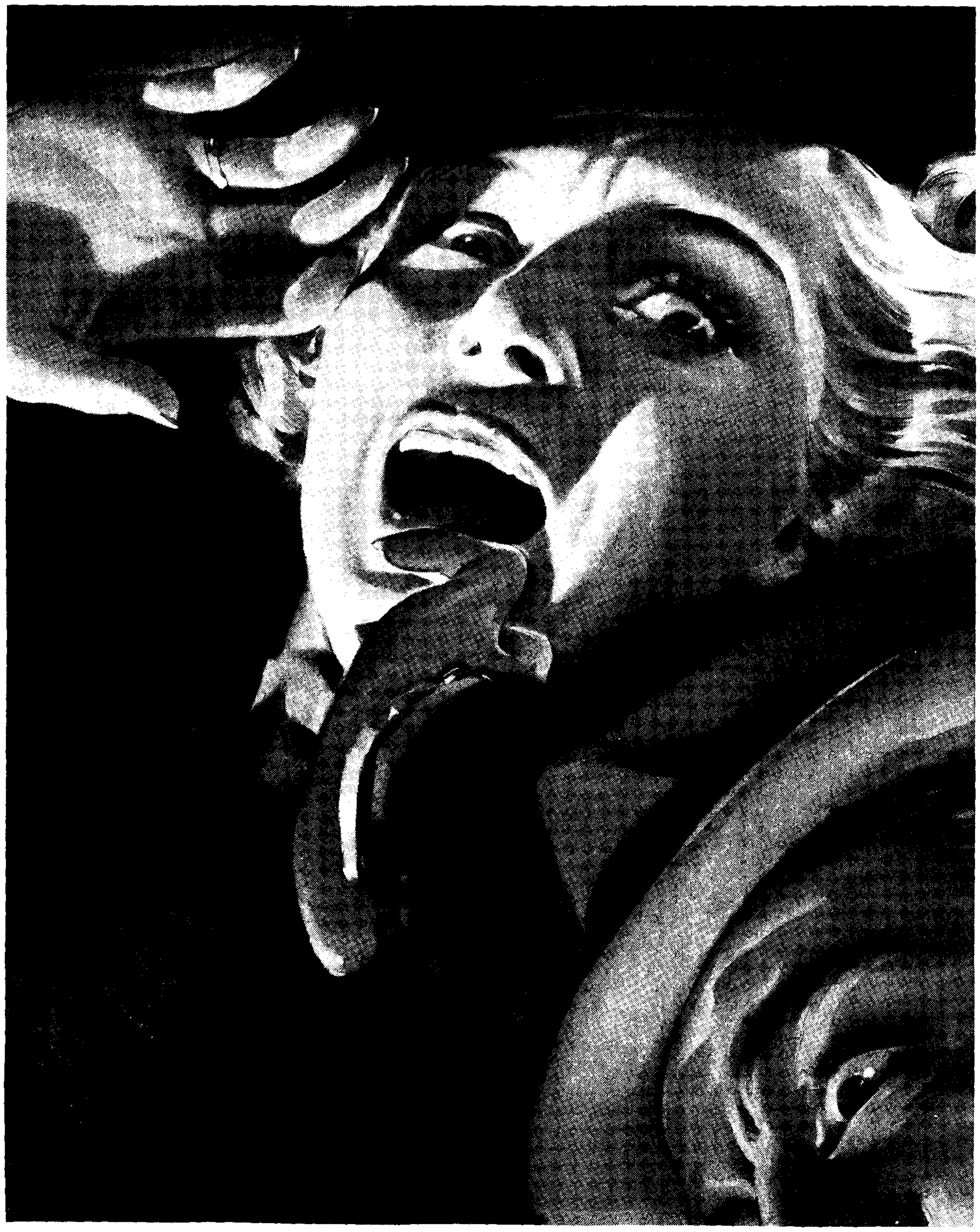
"I don't know. You tell me."

Alan looked at her sharply. "You've got a way of saying things, Martha."

"I always have had. It's an art and a virtue."

Judith stepped in quickly, "How's the advertising game, Martha?"

"Same as usual: Campaigns. Slogans. Conferences. Study of media. Consumer appeal. Shall I deliver a lecture, or is the subject already sufficiently changed?"



He heard a crash, a wrenching of steel, a scream from Angel

Judith and Alan laughed, the former a trifle self-consciously. She said, "You're so brutally direct. Maybe that's why I like you."

Jim Terry arrived in time for coffee and liqueurs. The table was set up in the library. "Now," said Alan, "the sentence begins."

"Is it that terrible?"

"It's tough to be cozy."

"Just the same, you'll stay right where you are, Mr. Hughes. Your king is high. Red or blue deck?"

"Blue. And what system do we play?"

"Which is your favorite?"

"Free-wheeling. One-over-one. Culbertson. Lenz. Chiefly instinct."

"Okay," answered Judith. "That's the system we'll play."

Much to Judith's surprise, Alan played well. He was not overly attentive, but he had card sense. He talked incessantly, told some excellent stories, and kept the game from becoming grim. "It isn't natural," said Jim Terry. "Husbands and wives are supposed to fight over the bridge table."

Alan grinned. "How about it, Judith. Shall we?"

"A Clayton never refuses a challenge. And perhaps the best way of starting is to inquire why you led a queen from a doubleton?"

"Hunch."

"It wasn't exactly conventional."

"Neither am I. And it worked, didn't it?"

"We-e-ell, yes . . ."

"Then what? You see, honey—that is always the answer to any problem: Try it and see how it comes out. If it works, you were right."

"And if it doesn't?"

"There's nothing lost. But doing whacky things . . . they're fun because they're uncertain."

"You're incorrigible."

"But otherwise nice."

Martha tried to close the bidding of the next hand at four spades. Jim Terry jumped it to six, played desperately, and went down one. His laugh reverberated through the room. "Alan's got me doing it."

"It's good for your soul," promised Alan. "Take it from one who knows."

MARTHA was smiling. "Apparently there's some hope for you, Brudder Terry."

"Hope of what?"

"Of doing the unexpected occasionally."

"You have a gleam in your eye, me gal. Better be careful. Don't forget I'm taking you home."

"My heart flutters."

"I'm liable to start making passes."

"I wouldn't understand. But I'd be interested."

"You've been challenged, Jim," said Judith.

"And if you need a substitute," suggested Alan, "my services are available—night and day."

Martha looked at her hand and said, "Pass." Alan said, "Her mind dwells on it. Two hearts."

He won the contract at four hearts and made it. "Rubber," he said. "Shall we call it an evening?"

Judith glanced at the efficient little wrist watch she wore. Eleven o'clock. "You tire easily, Alan."

"I was thinking . . ."

"Say it."

"If you folks would like to hop in the car and go places—"

"Not tonight."

"Oke." There was a hint of disappointment on Alan's face. He mixed a highball for himself. "I had fun," he lied valiantly.

"Sure. You were almost hysterical with glee."

"Can I help it if I'm the impassive type?"

"It's a job tearing him away from the bridge table," Judith explained to the others. "He's a positive maniac about the game. I wish he'd give it up."

"Just for your sake, darling—I shall. But it will be a terrible sacrifice."

Jim Terry glanced significantly at Martha. "Shall we be travelin'?"

"Not yet . . ." Alan really meant it this time. "We can talk."

"Busy day ahead."

"And I'm not exactly loafing," said Martha. "Come on, Large Man—fetch yo' coat."

There was laughter and lightness as they chatted at the front door. At eleven-thirty Martha and Jim had gone, and Judith and her husband walked slowly back to the library. Alan seemed genuinely distressed. He said, "Let's have it, Judith."

"Have what?"

"Did I crab things?"

"Don't be silly."

"I didn't mean to—really. I thought maybe you'd all enjoy going places."

(Continued on page 41)

IFOR THOMAS

Improved oxygen tents like this one aid pneumonia victims in the critical phase of their illness

Death to the Killer

By J. D. Ratcliff

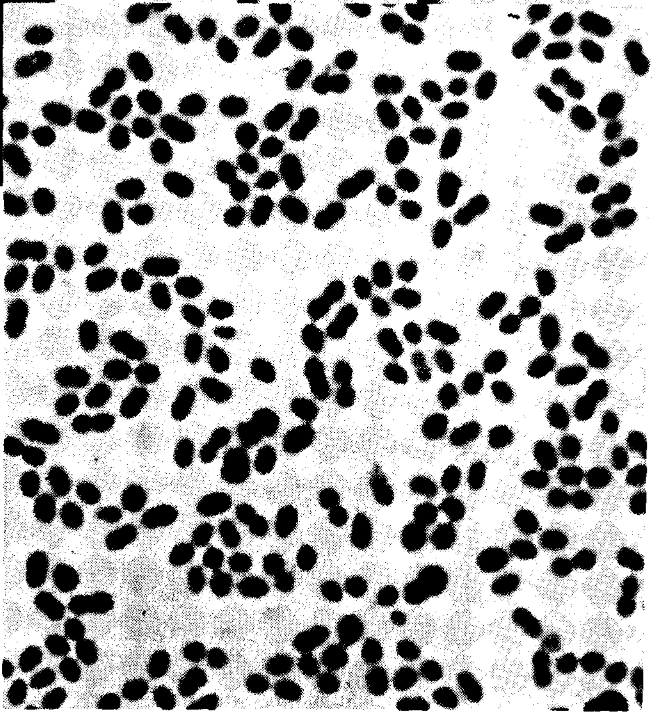
At last a chemical agent has come to the aid of medicine in its battle against the tough and murderous germ that causes pneumonia

THE most killing creature at large on this earth bears the name diplococcus pneumoniæ. The name is forbidding, as it well should be; but it isn't so bad when taken apart. Diplococcus derives from two Greek words which mean "double berry." And that is what the microbe that causes pneumonia looks like—two gooseberries drawn together.

This insignificant-looking man-killer takes more lives than scarlet fever and typhoid fever, malaria, influenza, diabetes, meningitis and automobile accidents put together. It kills at a faster rate than the Civil War did, and destroys Americans more rapidly than the highly efficient German army was able to during the nineteen months we were in the World War.

When it invades human lungs they engorge and become hard and liverish, instead of pliable and spongy. Much of the havoc caused by this deadly microbe traces to the fact that it is encased in a tough armor. The body's protective forces have difficulty cracking this hickory-nut shell and getting at the microbe itself. So people have gone along dying—nearly 100,000 of them a year in the United States. Research men have tried without success to stop this shocking toll. If we can trust the alluringly hopeful word that now comes from England, they have at last succeeded. Laboratory men have found a means of penetrating the microbe's shell and in so doing have cut pneumonia mortality rates seventy per cent. If subsequent checks bear out these early figures, one of the most brilliant chapters in modern medicine has been written.

A new life-giving drug has worked on hundreds of people who were almost beyond repair. Take the little old lady who was carried into St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London last summer. She had type III pneumonia, which is particularly lethal for elderly people. Had only one of her lungs been involved she would have had one chance in five of surviving. Since both were involved she had nearly no chance. Yet she is alive today. So are three youngsters who had pneumococcal meningitis; who had the killer microbes attack the linings of brain and spinal column membranes. Previous recoveries were so rare that this disease was regarded as a hundred per cent fatal. But the story of this wonder-working white pill which represents the most hopeful approach so far made to the problem of pneumonia begins a number of years back. It begins in fact with that singularly brilliant German researcher, Paul Ehrlich.

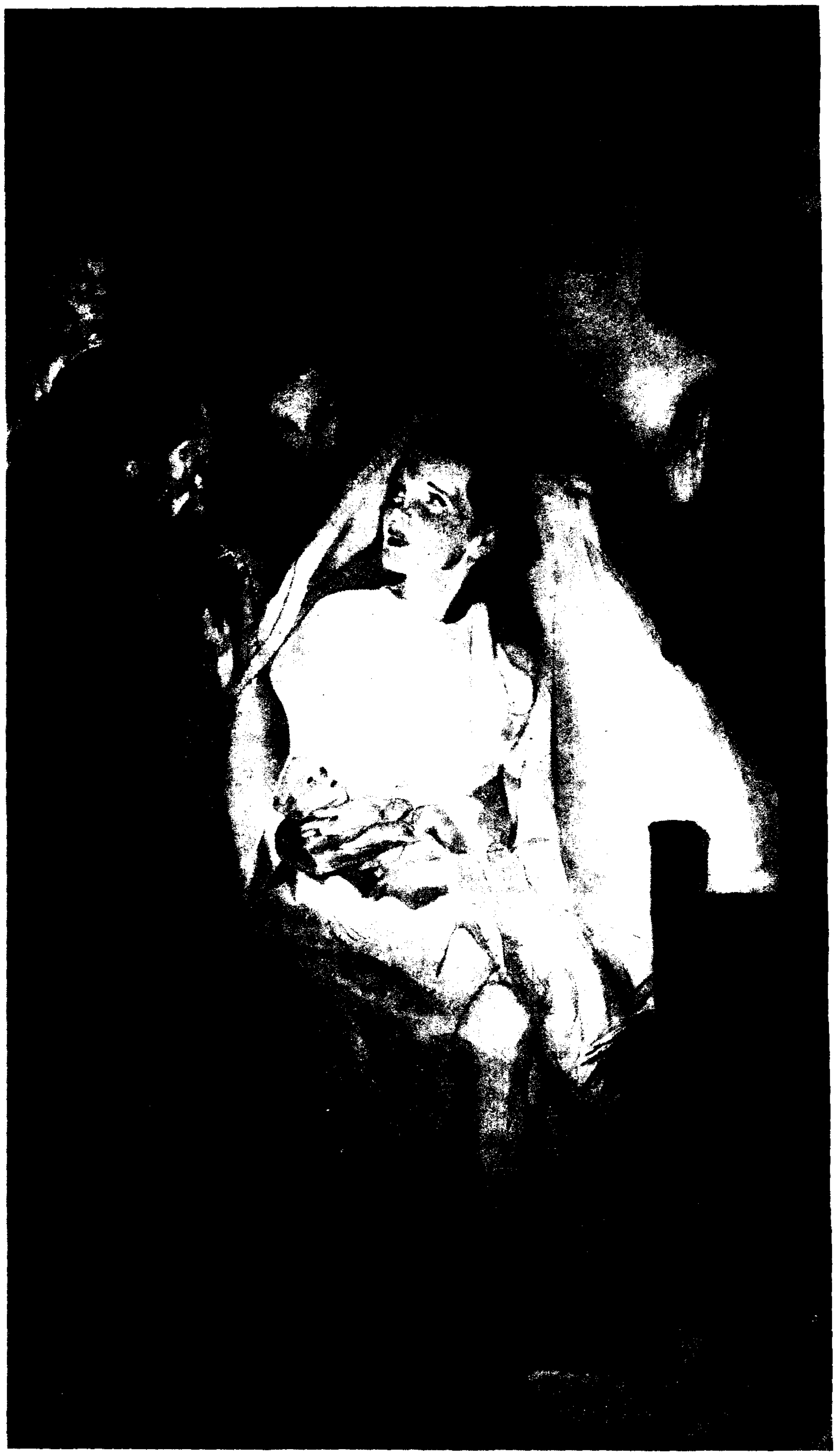


A remarkable photograph of a two-year-old colony of Type II Pneumococci, made by ultraviolet light at 1,800 diameters of magnification and enlarged three times in reproduction. Culture and preparation were by Dr. Margaret Hotchkiss of New York Medical College. Photographed for Collier's by Dr. Francis F. Lucas

There must be chemicals, said Ehrlich, which will kill microbes inside the body of a man without killing the man himself—chemicals which will have a selective action on bacteria. His search for something which would work on syphilis led to the discovery of salvarsan. Ehrlich found this arsenic compound in 1910. The announcement of his success set the research world ablaze. *(Continued on page 52)*

White Shawl from Cairo

By Frederic Mertz



SHE awoke with the merchant Jebal's hand shaking her shoulder, and in her ears the thin whimpering of a baby off somewhere in the dark. Behind the flame of the earthen lamp, the short-bearded brown face of the merchant Jebal had a grim look. But his voice held something besides resentment. Fear.

"Put on your cloak and sandals," Jebal said in a low and hurried voice. "Those three who rode in from the desert yesterday to our camp outside Sychar—I have been watching them in secret all night. Desert raiders, palming themselves off as holy men—"

He paced away down the narrow inn room, checking over its clutter of boxes and bales. "We push on as soon as the inn gates are opened," he said. "And I make a vow never to bring any camel train of mine through Judea again."

The girl sat up, drawing the long white shawl about her shoulders. Even in that harassed hour the merchant Jebal felt an instant's hot pride in his ability to find and bargain for beautiful things. He had picked out this girl in smoky torchlight, behind the shutters of a house close by the brawling wharves of Tyre. Her shawl he had snapped up long before, one breath-choking noon in Cairo. He had known that sometime he would bring them together—two treasures held for no profit except his own subtle enjoyment. He looked at them now, fingers hardening over the hilt of his knife. There were some possessions he did not intend to give up without a fight.

The Tyrean girl's young mouth smiled a little, though her eyes had grown still and attentive. She said, "Those three are holy men."

His lips twitched under the beard. "How do you know?"

"All this day when they rode with you, not one of them looked at me. Not one of them was even thinking about me. These are things a woman notices."

She spoke so quietly that some of the unease went out of him.

"A while back," he said, "down in the courtyard, those three stood aside and talked together. Then they took the merchandise they had bought from me into the stable. Perfumes and a gold chain into a stable! Does that make sense? Not after yesterday, when they greeted me with the story that they were commanded by the stars to choose royal gifts. What else was that but a trick to make me show them my goods?"

"Did they not pay you for those gifts?"

He brushed the question impatiently aside. "If they plan to ambush me, they expect to steal back their own coin along with everything else. And unless they plan robbery, this is surely the beginning of some rebellion. They have bought my spices and gold chain for an upstart chief of theirs, who has come in secretly from the hills. If he lies hidden with his men at arms in the stable of this inn, Herod's soldiers are certain to get wind of him by sunrise. And my goods will be found in the stable, to bear witness that I was implicated."

The Tyrean girl stood up. The merchant Jebal made an unexpected, fumbling move that cupped her chin in the hollow of his hand. He said, "I would not exchange you, as you stand here, for Egypt's richest emerald. And by all the gods I do not intend to lose you!"

His fingers were swift and harsh, covering the cloudy gleam of her shawl with a dark cloak. He went to the door and signaled two of his porters, stationed to guard this end of the passage. For such big-bodied men they moved softly, transporting boxes and bales. But to the Tyrean girl it seemed that all around them the air was restless, as if the merchant Jebal's words had stirred up a rustling of great wings.

She drew near to him, the Cairo shawl held closely about her. This hour before the dawn was cold and exceptionally quiet, save for the wailing infant near by, refusing to be stilled. "You will see," she whispered to Jebal. "Those three may yet be holy men, with no plans except to follow the signs they read in the heavens."

He made a warding gesture with two fingers of his right hand. "These nights the stars come too close in the heavens of Judea. I tell you, this is haunted country."

THEY found a dim stairway leading down into the courtyard. She stood against the inn wall, watching Jebal and his men dip in and out of shadow, like shapes in a dream. There seemed to be no sound in the world except the whimper of a baby.

The crying came from across the courtyard. Over there, a straggling lean-to served as entrance to the hillside cave that was the inn stable. A strange place for a young child. She stood listening while that small, valiant stubbornness went on with its complaint. And all at once she knew that she might use this crying to set at rest the doubts of the merchant Jebal. A woman could walk easily and naturally into that stable, to help another woman whose infant refused to be comforted.

She crossed through lantern light spilling across the stable doorway. Another lantern beyond it made a dusty, bright smudge on the earthen floor. From the far side of that lighted circle, two faces watched her come toward them—a weatherbeaten-looking man, and a young woman with a troubled gentleness in her eyes. She held a whimpering baby under a coarse and shabby cloak.

Bewilderment was what the Tyrean girl read in the look of those two who bent above the crying child. And not because of its crying. For beside them, on the wide edge of the manger where straw was still hollowed to the shape of a little body, rested the gifts that the three strangers had bought yesterday from the merchant Jebal. Those two caskets, one of myrrh and the other of frankincense, were unmistakable. And the gold chain lay between them.

Some look of recognition in the Tyrean girl's face must have prompted the man to guess that she had seen these things before. In his soft, provincial patois he began to explain matters that he himself seemed to find in want of explanation. She could not understand the Judean dialect, and there was no need that she should understand it. For she was remembering again those three who had ridden in from the desert, their eyes austerely fixed on far horizons. They had not noted her, for they were busy spelling out a secret written in the stars. So they had come upon an infant fretting in a drafty cave used for a stable. And from what they had done then, the Tyrean girl knew that these were not men to lie in ambush for a passing camel train. She could go back with this assurance to Jebal.

But first there was something to do here. The white shawl was warm against her shoulders. She slid it out from under her cloak, and in its soft splendor she enfolded the mother and child. The woman spoke some breathless word of thanks. In the sudden stillness, the baby lay quieted.

THE merchant Jebal was waiting, eyes alert. He said at once, "You have lost your shawl."

She shook her head. "It was a gift I left. Was that too high a price to pay for knowing that we ride in peace?"

He looked intently at her. "You have found out something?"

She smiled. "Those were holy men and wise," she said. "Their thoughts were on nothing except the stars. And the stars may tell wise men what gifts to make ready for a king. But it takes a woman to know what is needful for a baby crying in the cold."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Hollywood Sweepstakes

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILL CONNELL

Where are tomorrow's Myrna Loys, Carole Lombards, Norma Shearers? In Hollywood, of course, waiting for a break. Mr. Reynolds casts a practiced eye over the field and names his favorites

ONCE upon a time there were a lot of little girls living on coffee and doughnuts and hopes in a place called Hollywood. No one had ever heard of them, but one and all were determined that someday everyone would hear about them. Well, they worked hard one way or another and eventually some of them got a break here, a break there, and suddenly everyone was hearing about them.

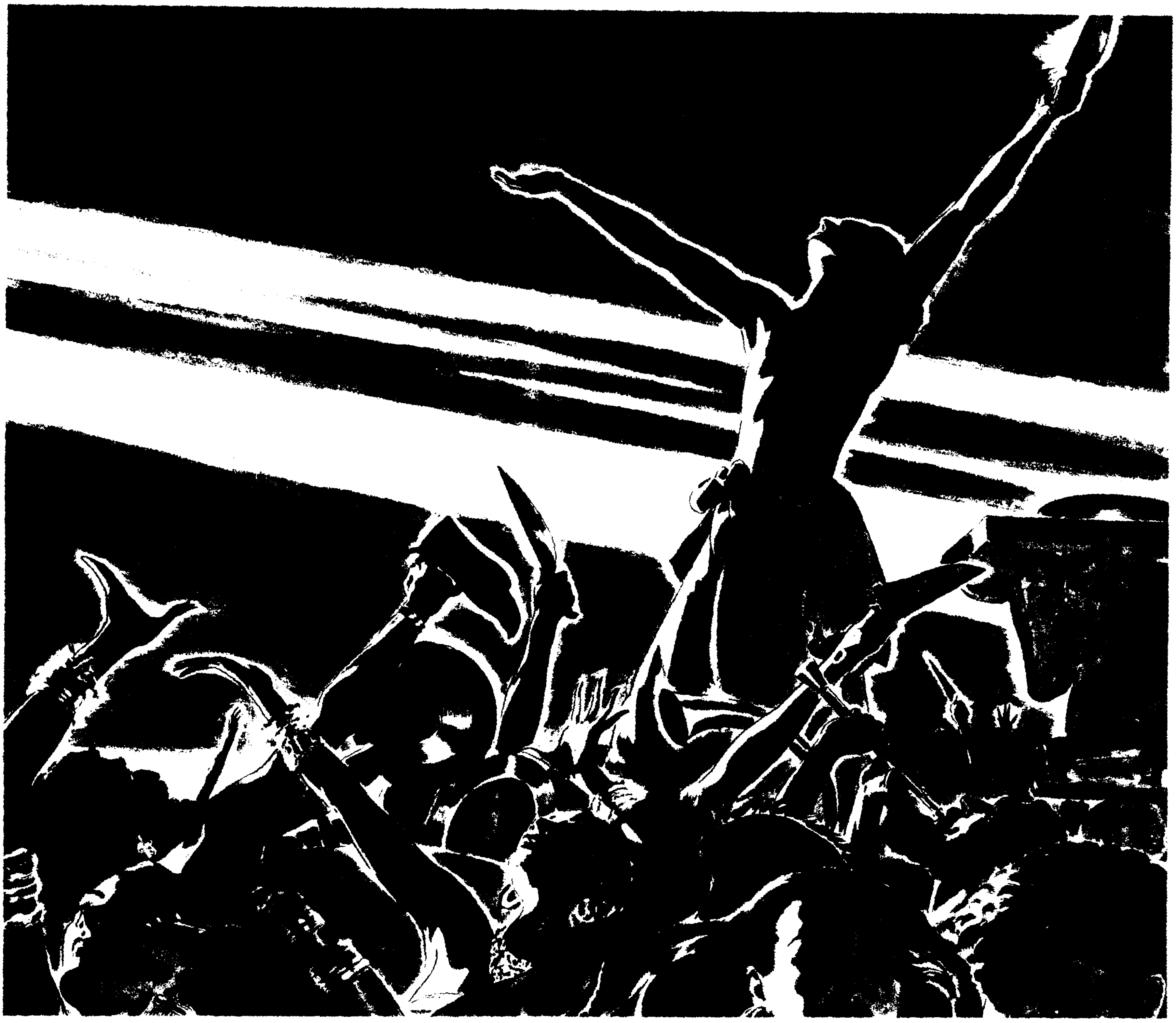
A few of them were famous and they had endorsed face creams and cigarettes and had homes with tennis courts and swimming pools and all in all were quite satisfied with their lot. Today they have a lot of fun calling the government names because the government takes so much money from them. Still they all have plenty left. The names of some of these girls are Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, Bette Davis, Carole Lombard, Joan Bennett and Ginger Rogers.

Today there are several hundred little girls living on coffee and doughnuts and dreams in a place called Hollywood and someday some of them will be as famous and as wealthy and have just as large swimming pools as Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer and the others. No one knows which ones will emerge from the pack. No one knows where lightning will strike next. Now suppose we play a guessing game. Let's look some of these girls over; let's talk to producers and directors and publicity men about them and see if we can't spot a few coming champions who will be the Myrna Loys or the Norma Shearers of the future. You probably never heard of most of the girls we'll talk about, but a few years ago you never heard of the stars of today.

There is, for instance, a youngster named Jean Rogers who came to Hollywood via the very hazardous beauty-contest-winner route. The mortality among Hollywood girls who have won beauty contests is about as high as the mortality among mosquitoes when the first frost comes. Jean Rogers had another handicap to overcome—she was and is an intelligent girl, and producers are always wary of girls whose mental age is more than thirteen. She came from Boston, which gave her a low, resonant voice—something a microphone likes. When she won the contest she was guaranteed two or three weeks' work in pictures. Usually this constitutes the entire picture career of beauty-contest winners. Jean knew this but decided to take the chance.

She had a quiet assuredness that made a hit on the set. She didn't giggle aimlessly when a director snapped, "Give us a smile." She was a cameraman's delight because, unlike even most established stars, she photographed well on both sides of her face. They could train those terrifying camera eyes on her from all angles and the headlights *(Continued on page* 44*)*

From Left to Right:
LYNN CARVER
JEAN ROGERS
CAROLINE FISHER
SHIRLEY ROSS
MARTHA SCOTT



"It takes one back to ancient rituals—to blood sacrifices, to the anointing with the blood of the sacrifice"

Murder for Christmas

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

WEALTHY old Simeon Lee—who, with a partner, Ebenezer Farr, had accumulated the nucleus of his fortune through diamond deals in South Africa—lives in retirement at Gorston Hall, in England. In his bedroom is a safe containing a bagful of uncut diamonds.

A short time before Christmas, Simeon Lee is murdered in his bedroom, just after he had announced to his assembled relatives that he might change his will. Although his door is locked and the windows are secure, someone succeeds in entering and, in the course of a terrific struggle, cutting his throat. At the height of the excitement following the discovery of the body, Superintendent of Police Sugden arrives. He has, he says, come over to investigate the disappearance of Mr. Lee's diamonds—as reported to him, over the telephone, by the old man. A few minutes later, Colonel Johnson, chief constable of the county, reaches the house; he is accompanied by Hercule Poirot, Europe's most brilliant detective.

The three men examine the body and the bedroom. After that, they interrogate the members of the household. Assembled in the house—in addition to Mr. Lee's son, Alfred, and Alfred's wife, Lydia, who have lived at Gorston Hall for years—are old Simeon's two other married sons and their wives: David, an artist, and Hilda; George, a member of Parliament, and Magdalene. Also, Harry Lee (a son who, following the embezzlement of funds entrusted to him, has been wandering about the world); Pilar Estravados, Mr. Lee's granddaughter, who, living in Spain, is making her first visit to her grandfather's home; and Stephen Farr, the son of old Simeon's old partner in Africa.

On the terrace of the garden, Poirot and Magdalene Lee have a confidential talk. Magdalene makes it clear that she suspects Pilar Estravados. When she finally walks away, Poirot does not accompany her. He remains on the terrace, seemingly lost in thought.

VII

TO HIM there came Superintendent Sugden. The police superintendent looked gloomy. He said, "Good morning, Mr. Poirot. Doesn't seem quite the right thing to say Merry Christmas, does it?"

"*Mon cher collègue*, I certainly do not observe any traces of merriment on your countenance. If you had said Merry Christmas I should not have replied 'Many of them!' "

"I don't want another one like this one, and that's a fact," said Sugden.

"You have made the progress, yes?"

"I've checked up on a good many points. Horbury's alibi is holding water all right. The doorman at the cinema saw him go in with the girl and saw him come out with her at the end of the performance, and seems pretty positive he didn't leave and couldn't have left and returned during the performance. The girl swears quite definitely he was with her in the cinema all the time."

Poirot's eyebrows rose.

"I hardly see, then, what more there is to say."

The cynical Sugden said, "Well, one never knows with girls! Lie themselves black in the face for the sake of a man."

"That does credit to their hearts," said Hercule Poirot.

Sugden growled, "That's a foreign way

(Continued on page 45)

WHEN YOU DROP WORK THIS WEEK-END...

GIVE YOUR THROAT A REST TOO...WITH KOOLS!

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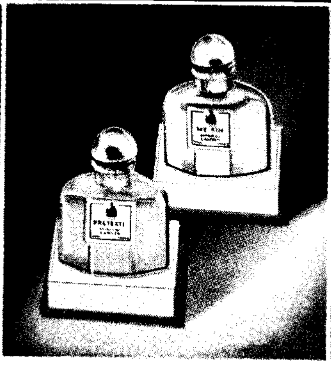

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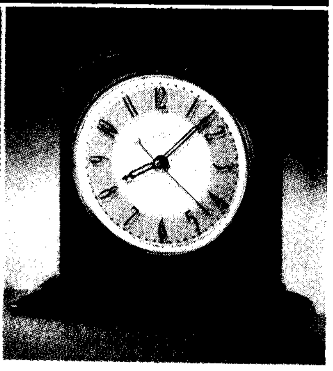

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Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
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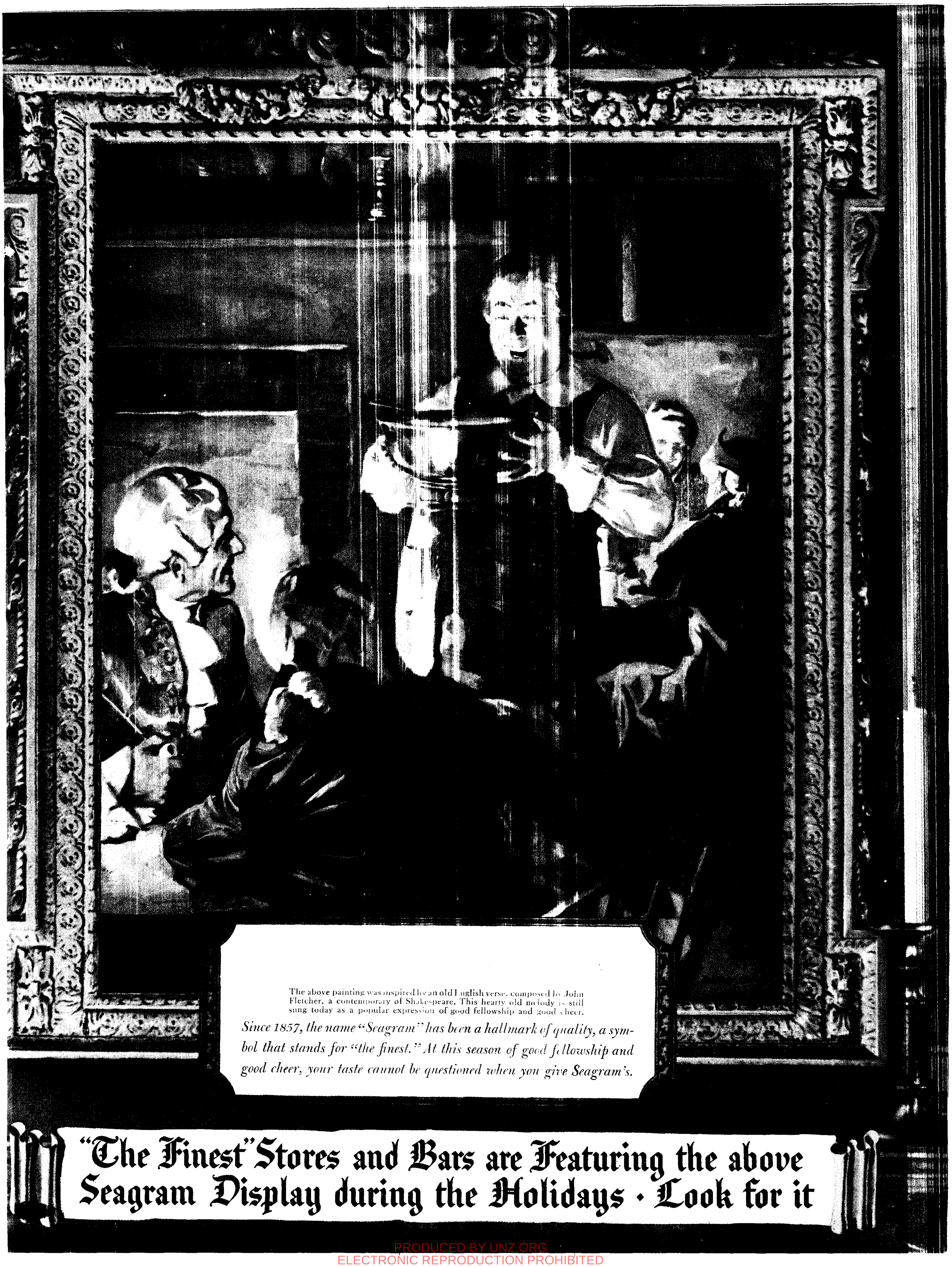

The above painting was inspired by an old English verse, composed by John Fletcher, a contemporary of Shakespeare. This hearty old melody is still sung today as a popular expression of good fellowship and good cheer.

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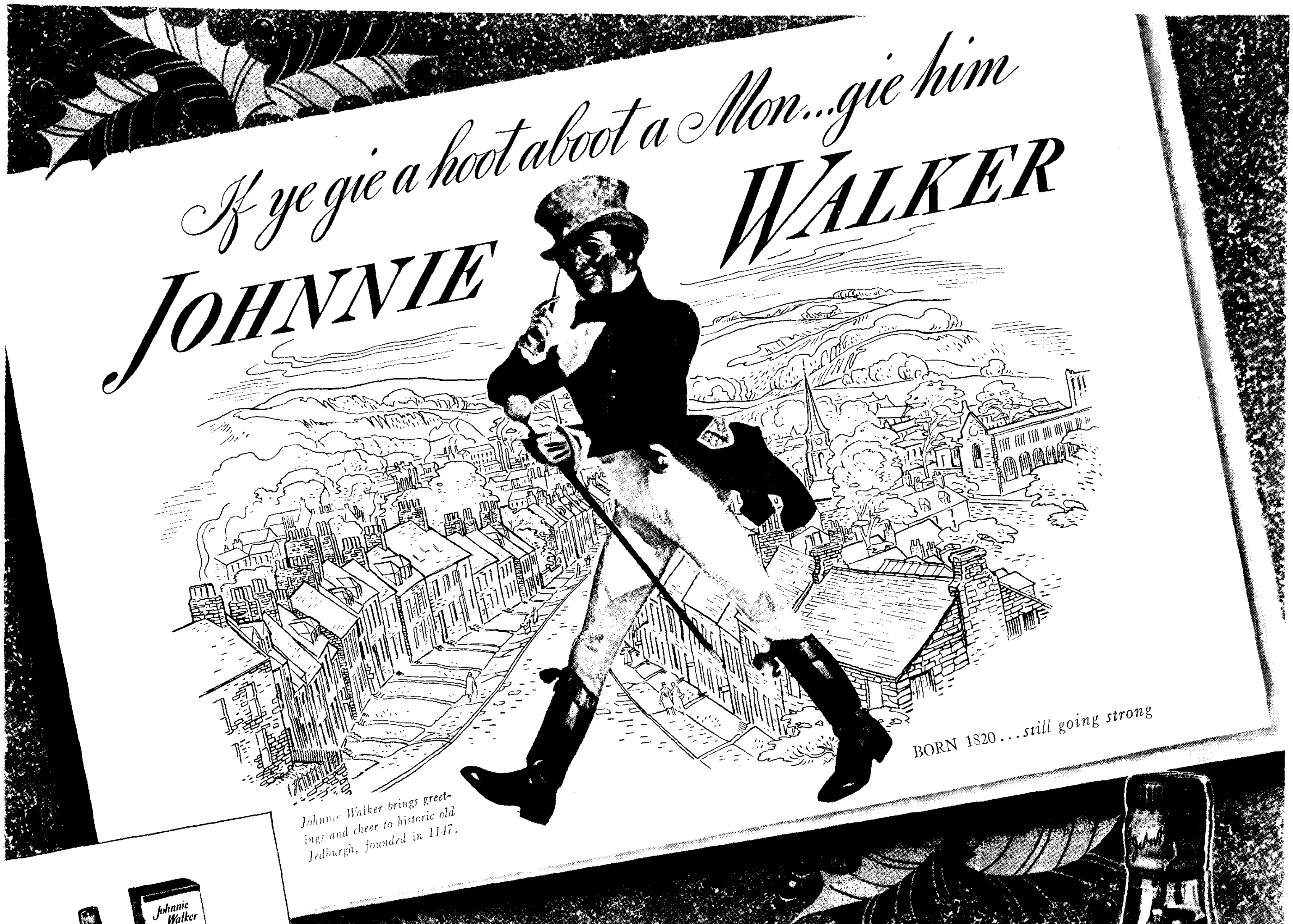
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JOHNNIE WALKER

BORN 1820 . . . *still going strong*

Johnnie Walker brings greetings and cheer to historic old Jedburgh, founded in 1147.

Johnnie Walker

Your gift will be remembered long after Christmas . . . if it's JOHNNIE WALKER Red Label. 8 years old . . . 86.8 proof.

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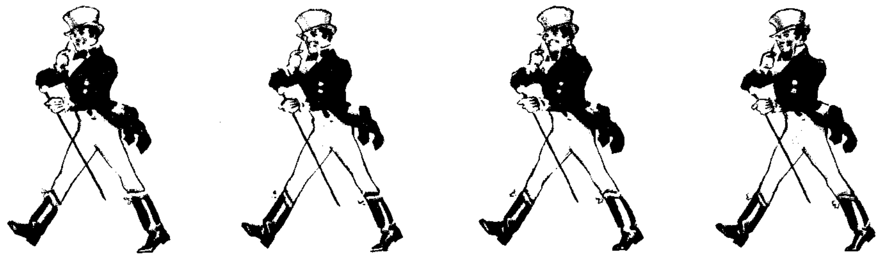
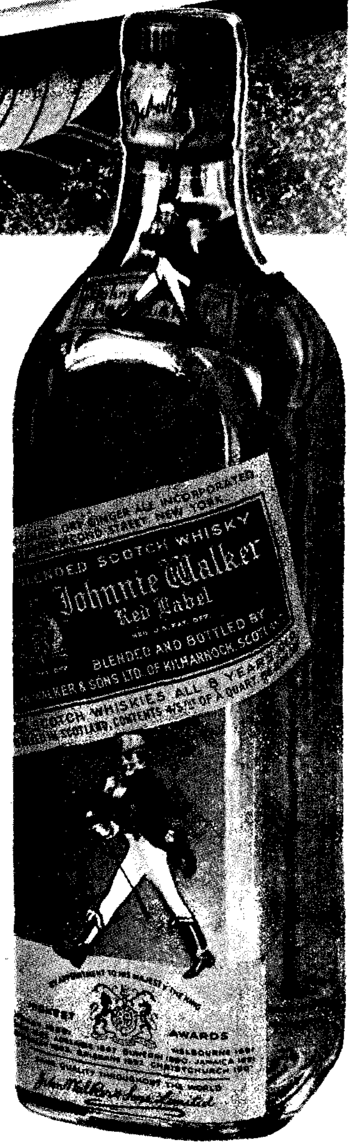
JOHNNIE WALKER
RED LABEL
A Merry Christmas and a good New Year
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

JOHNNIE WALKER in the special Holiday Package containing three bottles of Red Label or Black Label. A supreme gift.

There are gifts and gifts . . . but every buttle o' Johnnie Walker carries wi' it thoosands o' miles o' thoughtfulness! For Johnnie Walker is not only an *imported* gift . . . it's an *important* Scotch! Aye, there's no better whisky than Scotch, and Johnnie Walker is Scotch at its smooth, mellow best! A merry Christmas to ye, from Johnnie Walker. And—Johnnie Walker for a verra merry Christmas to your verra best friends!

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Red Label
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IT'S SENSIBLE TO GIVE

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Copr. 1938 – Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., importers of Johnnie Walker Blended Scotch Whisky.

Palm Beach Santa Claus

Continued from page 10

Mrs. Mimm is two face-liftings old that he knows of, but he says she is such a determined character that he does not think it advisable for him to mention his disapproval of her plan.

Then Fatso remembers the young guy in the roadster with Mrs. Mimm and he asks Sparks is this the party she is going to marry and Sparks says:

"Oh, no," he says. "That is Count Gregorio Ferrone of an old Italian noble family. Mrs. Mimm meets him in New York last summer and brings him here to Pink Waters as a house guest. I understand," Sparks says, "that he is about to contract a marriage that will be most advantageous to him. I do not think," he says, "that the count is in funds to any extent."

"He is very impolite," Fatso says. "He does not talk much like a foreigner to me. He calls me a fat bum without any accent. Personally," Fatso says, "I mark him N. G."

"Well," Sparks says, "to tell you the truth I second the motion. The count is indeed a little brusque at times, especially," he says, "with the servants. He claims he lives in this country off and on for years so perhaps he loses his accent. Mrs. Mimm does not really seem to know much about him."

Then Sparks tells Fatso that he is not expected to do anything at all until it comes time for him to be Santa Claus the next night so Fatso wanders around and about and admires the sights and scenes of Palm Beach and finally he strolls along the ocean sands and there in a lonely spot what does he behold but a beautiful young Judy of maybe eighteen crying as if her heart will break.

NOW if there is one thing Fatso cannot stand it is the sight of a female character in distress, so he steps up to her and taps her on the shoulder and says to her like this:

"Little miss," he says, "are you in trouble?"

"Yes, I am," she says; "who are you?"

"Why," Fatso says, "I am Santa Claus."

"Oh, no," she says. "There is no Santa Claus. I know it better now than anybody else in this world. Anyway," she says, "if you are Santa Claus where are your whiskers?"

Then Fatso explains about how he is to be Santa Claus for Mrs. Mimm the next night and as soon as he mentions Mrs. Mimm's name the beautiful young Judy starts crying harder than ever.

"Mrs. Mimm is the whole trouble," she says. "Mrs. Mimm steals my Johnny away from me and now I must marry Count Gregorio. I hate him even if he is a count. Mrs. Mimm is an old thing and I want my Johnny."

She continues her crying and Fatso stands there putting two and two together and he can see that he comes upon another angle of the situation that Sparks the butler describes to him.

"Tut-tut," he says. "They tell me Johnny is a lightweight. Dry your tears and think no more of the matter."

Well, at this she stops crying and gazes at Fatso who observes that her eyes are a soft brown and he also observes that she has a shape that is worthy of mention, for Fatso is very observing even if he is fat, and finally she says:

"Of course Johnny is a lightweight," she says. "Everybody knows that. In fact," she says, "everybody knows he is a complete nitwit, but," she says, "what difference does that make? I love him. He is awfully good-looking and lots of fun. I love him a zillion dollars' worth. If you are Santa Claus," she says, "you give me my Johnny for my Christmas present instead of the speedboat my papa is getting me. I want my Johnny. I hope Mrs. Mimm drops dead."

Now there are more tears and Fatso keeps patting her on the shoulder and saying now, now, now, and there, there, there, and finally she quiets down and he is able to get a better idea of her story. It is a simple love story such as Fatso often hears before, because a fat guy is always hearing love stories though he never has any to tell himself.

IT SEEMS that she and this Johnny have a big quarrel one night in New York because she wishes to go to the Stork Club and he wishes to go to El Morocco and harsh words are exchanged and they part in bitter anger and the next thing she knows he is in Palm Beach and Mrs. Mimm is taking dead aim at him and then this Count Gregorio Ferrone comes along and her papa and mamma decide that it will be a great idea for her to marry him and give them an excuse to have a villa in Italy.

"Aw, come on back, Vi—you know I didn't mean anything personal"

PERRY BARLOW

Well, it seems that she agrees to do same while she is still sored up at Johnny but when her papa and mamma take her to their own home in Palm Beach for the winter and she learns that the situation between Johnny and Mrs. Mimm is quite serious, she regrets her decision and spends all her time wandering along the sands by herself.

In fact, she says if Fatso does not happen along this particular day the chances are her remainders will now be floating out to sea, because she learns from a jeweler on Worth Avenue that Johnny just buys a square-cut diamond ring the size of a bath rug and that she knows it must be Mrs. Mimm's Christmas present and to tell the truth she hears that Mrs. Mimm picks it out herself and tips the jeweler off to promote Johnny into buying this ring. Furthermore, she hears that Mrs. Mimm is going to announce her engagement to Johnny at the Christmas party.

"And," she says, "I will have to be there to hear it because Count Gregorio is her house guest and my papa and mamma are going and it will be considered very peculiar if I fail to be present. Anyway," she says, "I will hate to have anyone know I am so downcast about Johnny and why I am telling you I cannot think except you are fat and have a kind face."

By this time Fatso is becoming somewhat impatient with tears, so he changes the subject and asks her who she is and she says her name is Betty Lou Marvel and that her papa is nobody but Junius X. Marvel, the big automobile guy.

She says everybody in Palm Beach is afraid of Mrs. Mimm because she can think up very strange things to say about anybody she does not like and that nobody dast stay away from her parties if they are invited, especially her Christmas party. Betty Lou says it is years since anybody has a private Christmas in Palm Beach because Mrs. Mimm makes them bring all their presents to her party and has them given away there by her own Santa Claus and Betty Lou says she is glad they cannot take her speedboat there, and so is Fatso when he comes to think it over.

"Well, little miss," Fatso finally says, "kindly give Count Gregorio no more thought. I am personally giving him much consideration ever since he calls me a fat bum and I will take care of him. But," he says, "I do not see what I can do about your Johnny and Mrs. Mimm and if he is such a numskull as to prefer her to you maybe you are better off without him. Merry Christmas, little miss," he says.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, Santa Claus," Betty Lou says, and then Fatso goes on strolling along the sands wishing he is younger and two hundred pounds lighter.

Well, it comes on Christmas Eve and Pink Waters is all lighted up like Palisades Park with a Christmas tree as tall as a church steeple in the middle of the patio and all the fountains going with colored lights squirting on the water and two orchestras playing one after the other and long tables spread out in the open. In fact, it is as beautiful a scene as anybody could wish to see and very Christmasy-looking except it is quite hot.

When the guests are assembling, Fatso is taken in his Santa Claus suit into the library of the house which opens out into the patio by Sparks the butler and given a little final coaching there.

It seems that the first part of the party is for the neighbors' children and the second part is for the grownups, male and female, and on the Christmas tree in the patio and stacked up at the foot of the tree are many packages containing the presents for the little ones and Sparks explains that it is the duty of Fatso as Santa Claus to distribute these packages.

On a table in the library is a pile of small packages and Sparks says that after he distributes the packages to the children in the patio, Fatso is to return to the library and put these small packages in his Santa Claus bag and go out and stand under the tree again and take the small packages out of the bag one by one and call off the names written on them and hand them out to the parties they are meant for.

"You be very careful with these small packages," Sparks says. "They contain presents from husbands to their ever-loving wives and vice versa and from one sweet pea to another, and so forth and so on. The chances are there are many valuable gewgaws in these packages," he says.

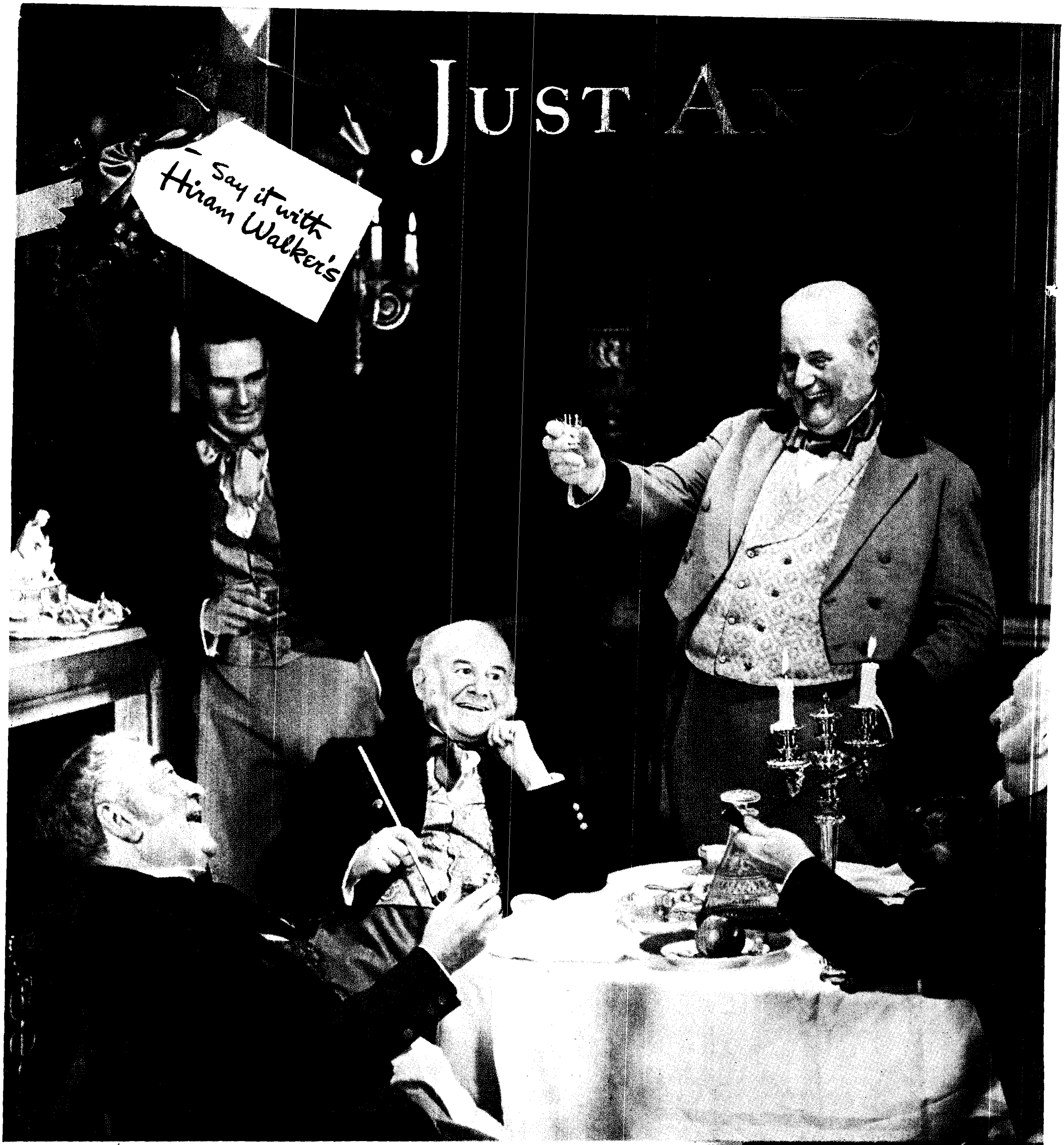
THEN Sparks leaves Fatso alone in the library while he goes out to see if everything is ready for the appearance of Santa Claus and Fatso can observe him through the tall French window that opens on the patio, bustling about through the gay scene, and with nothing else to do until Sparks' return, Fatso takes to examining the small packages and thinking to himself that if he has the money the contents represent the chances are he will be able to retire from horse playing and perhaps find some beautiful young Judy like Betty Lou to love him.

He observes Betty Lou in the patio with the young guy that he now knows as Count Gregorio and he can see that she seems somewhat depressed and then he notices Mrs. Mimm with a tall blond young guy at her heels that he figures must be the Johnny Relf that Betty Lou is crying about and Fatso thinks to himself that from his looks this Johnny must indeed be something of a waste ball.

Finally Sparks returns and says everything is all set and out into the patio goes Fatso jingling a lot of sleigh bells and beaming on one and all and the orchestras play and the little children let out shrill cries of joy. There is no doubt but what Fatso is a wonderful success as Santa Claus with the little children and many of them wish to shake hands with him but after an hour of standing under the tree picking up packages and calling off names, Fatso commences to get a little weary.

Moreover, he commences to get a trifle vexed with the little ones, especially when some of them insist on pulling his whiskers and small boys start kicking him on the ankles to see if he is alive and by and by Fatso is thinking that maybe President Roosevelt is right about the redistribution of wealth.

In fact, Fatso finally becomes so vexed that he takes to quietly stepping on a few little toesies here and there accidentally on purpose and the childish cries of pain are enough to break anybody's heart and probably many of these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Say it with Hiram Walker's

The Spirit of Christmas Present, like the Spirit of Christmas Past—is always Hiram Walker.

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DART'S Rare OLD HIGHLAND
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children stop believing in Santa Claus.

Well, he finally gets rid of all the little children and they are taken away by their nurses and only the grown-ups are left and it is a gay gathering to be sure with one and all in evening dress and drinking champagne and dancing, and Fatso retires to the library again and when Sparks comes in to help him load up with the small packages, Fatso says to him like this:

"Sparksy," he says, "who is the most jealous married guy present at this party?"

"Why," Sparks says, "that is an easy one. The most jealous married guy at this party or anywhere else in the world is undoubtedly old Joel Brokebaugh. He is an old walrus who is married to a young mouse, and," Sparks says, "he thinks that every guy who says good morning to Mrs. Brokebaugh is after her, although," he says, "this idea will make you laugh yourself sick when you see her.

"She is undoubtedly a very low score for looks," Sparks says. "Furthermore," he says, "she has no more spirit than a gooseberry. Old Brokebaugh is so stingy he will not let her buy a new hat or a new dress more than once every few years although he has millions. He does not wish her to dress up for fear some guy may notice her. Personally," Sparks says, "I think old Brokebaugh is touched in the wind for figuring anybody else will ever want his wife, but he has a violent temper and often causes scenes and some say he even carries a pistol in his pocket at all times."

"Brokebaugh, eh?" Fatso says.

"Yes," Sparks says. "They are sitting together under the coconut palm by the big fountain, though why they come to a Christmas party nobody knows because they never give each other anything in the way of presents and take no part in the festivities. Everybody feels sorry for Mrs. Brokebaugh, but," Sparks says, "I say what she needs is some spunk."

WELL, Fatso again goes out into the patio with his bag full of the small packages and by this time what with the champagne and the dancing and the spirit of the occasion and all this and that, everybody is in a lively mood and they give Fatso a big cheer and no one is any gayer than Mrs. Mimm.

In fact, she is practically hilarious and she gives Fatso a large smile as he goes past her and he can see that she is pleased with his efforts and he can also see that she still has this Johnny with her and that Johnny looks no brighter than before, if as bright, and then Fatso spots the couple Sparks speaks of under the coconut palm and he is somewhat surprised to note that Sparks slightly overrates Mrs. Brokebaugh's appearance.

Even from a distance Fatso can see that she is a zero for looks but he can also see that the old guy with her seems to be about as described by Sparks, only more so. He is a tall, thin old guy with a red face and a bald head and eyes like a shark and Fatso observes that the servants tiptoe going past him.

Well, Fatso gets under the tree and starts calling out names once more and giving out packages and there is now great excitement and many oohs and ahs in female voices on all sides and finally he gets down to just a few packages and calls out the name of Johnny Relf and right away afterward the name of Miss Betty Lou Marvel and in fact Fatso calls them so close together that they meet under the tree though all they do is exchange cruel glances.

Fatso does not say anything whatever to this Johnny as he gives him his package, because Fatso feels that he already does enough talking in words of one syllable to the children, but when Miss Betty Lou steps up he gives her a smile and says:

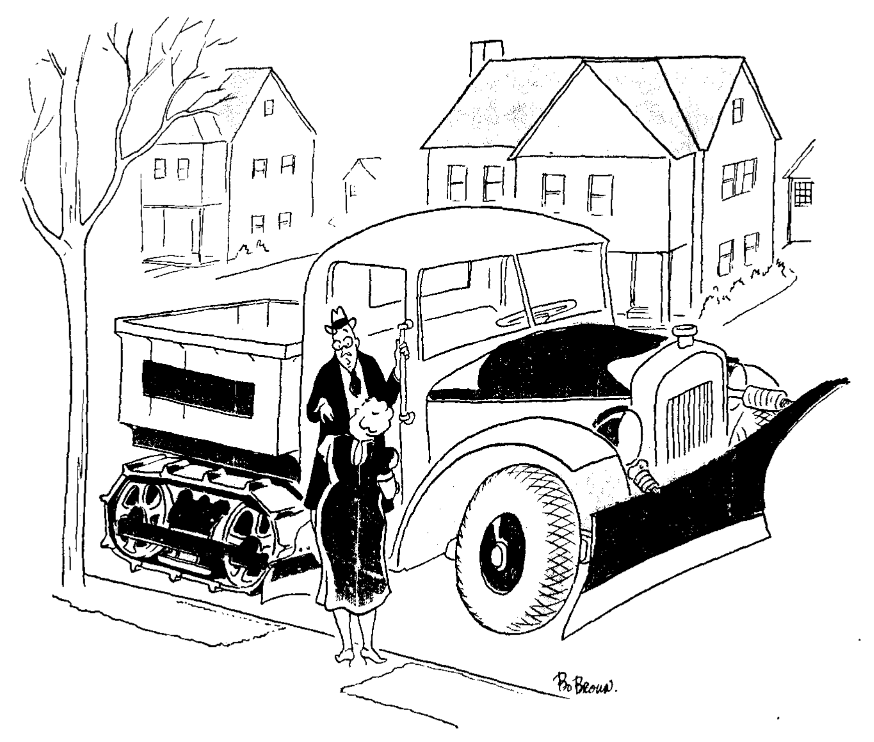
"Merry Christmas, little miss."

"Merry Christmas, Santa Claus," she says, "but I still do not believe in you."

Then she starts walking away opening her package as she goes and all of a sudden she lets out a cry and starts running toward Johnny Relf but by now Johnny opens his own package, too, and starts running toward Betty Lou.

SO THEY meet practically head-on and start taking holds on each other in the presence of one and all, because it seems that Betty Lou's present is a large square-cut diamond ring with a card in the box which states that it is to my beloved from Johnny and that his present is a pair of big black pearl studs with a card saying they are with all my heart to Johnny from Betty Lou.

Of course nobody bothers to look into the matter at the moment, but when somebody does so later on it is considered a coincidence that the writing on the two cards is exactly the same and not very neat, but one and all figure it is just an act of Providence and let it go at that, especially as an act of Providence is regarded as quite a compliment to Palm Beach.



"Well! I went in to buy a snow shovel and one thing led to another—"

ED BROWN

In fact, at this particular moment nobody is paying much attention to anything much but the great happiness of Betty Lou and Johnny, except Mrs. Mimm and she is watching Fatso with keen interest, though Fatso is unaware of her attention as he walks over to where Mrs. Brokebaugh is sitting and hands her a package instead of calling out her name.

Then Fatso returns to the house figuring to get his Santa Claus suit off and collect his wages from Sparks and vanish from these parts before anybody learns that he writes these cards when he is alone in the library and swaps them for cards that will give the ring to Mrs. Mimm from Johnny and the black pearls to Johnny from Mrs. Mimm, in both cases with love.

While he is walking through a long hallway, all of a sudden Fatso gets a feeling that he is being followed, and looking around he observes Mrs. Mimm close behind him. There is something about Mrs. Mimm that causes Fatso to walk a little faster and then he notes that Mrs. Mimm is walking quite a little faster than he is.

So Fatso dodges into an open doorway that he hopes and trusts may lead him elsewhere but he forgets that when he goes through doors it is usually advisable for him to turn sideways because of his great width. He goes at this door frontways and the next thing he knows there he is stuck right in the middle of the doorway and then he becomes conscious of great discomfort to the southward as it seems that Mrs. Mimm is forgetting she is a lady and is kicking him severely and it also seems that these evening shoes that the Judys wear nowadays with their bare toes sticking out in front are capable of inflicting greater pain when used for kicking than just ordinary shoes.

In the meantime, it appears that there is some commotion in the patio because Mrs. Brokebaugh is so startled at getting any Christmas present at all that she cannot open the package Fatso gives her so old Mr. Brokebaugh opens it for her and finds a gold vanity case with a card that reads as follows:

"To my sweetest sweet from Gregorio."

Well, of course old Mr. Brokebaugh has no way of knowing that this is Count Gregorio's present to Betty Lou and that Fatso does not even change the card but only rubs out Betty Lou's name on it and puts down Mrs. Brokebaugh's, though naturally old Mr. Brokebaugh knows who Gregorio is.

IN FACT, he can see Gregorio at this very moment standing near by feeling of his little mustache and looking greatly bewildered at the scene that is still going on at intervals between Betty Lou and Johnny, and all of a sudden old Mr. Brokebaugh lets out a yell and jumps up and pulls a pistol out of his pocket and starts full tilt at the count speaking in a loud tone, as follows:

"So," he says, "you are making a play for my wife, are you, scoundrel?"

Well, of course Count Gregorio has no idea what old Mr. Brokebaugh is talking about, but he has eyes in his head and he can see that Mr. Brokebaugh is making a dead set for him and that he is hotter than a firecracker and he can also see the pistol and from the way the count turns and starts running it is plain to be seen that whatever he may be, he is no sucker.

He knocks over three debutantes and a banker worth ten million dollars making for the patio wall and trying to keep trees and bushes between him and old Mr. Brokebaugh as he goes and all this time old Mr. Brokebaugh is running after him and with surprising speed for a guy his age and waving the pistol and requesting the count to stand still and be shot.

He never gets a really fair crack at the count except when Gregorio is going over the wall and then old Mr. Brokebaugh lets fly twice and misses both times and the sound of this shooting probably saves Fatso many more contusions as it brings Mrs. Mimm running into the patio to find out what is going on and in her absence Fatso wiggles on through the doorway.

So Fatso shakes the sands of Palm Beach from his feet regretting only that he never gets a chance to ask Betty Lou if she now believes in Santa Claus and he goes on down to Miami and a year later he relates the above circumstances to me one day when we are sitting in the rocking chairs on the veranda of the Hotel McAllister hoping to catch somebody going to the races with a couple of spare seats in their car, for things are by no means dinkum with Fatso and me at the moment.

"You see," Fatso says, "tomorrow is Christmas again and this is what reminds me of these matters at this time."

"So it is, Fatso," I say. "It is strange how time flies. But, Fatso," I say, "are you not most severe on Count Gregorio in not only knocking him out of a chance to pick up a few boffoes by marriage but in almost getting him plugged by a jealous husband?"

"No," Fatso says. "By no means. You must always remember he calls me a fat bum. Besides," he says, "old Brokebaugh just spares me the humiliation of denouncing Gregorio as a former bus boy in Vincenti's wop restaurant in West Fiftieth Street and still wanted for robbing the damper of thirty-six dollars.

"I WILL never forgive myself if I am compelled to holler copper on anybody whatsoever," Fatso says, "but," he says, "of course I will do so as a last resort to prevent Gregorio from marrying Betty Lou. It comes to me all of a sudden why his face is familiar when I am strolling on the sands the time I meet Betty Lou. I never forget a face."

Well, at this moment a big limousine stops in front of the hotel and a small-sized lively Judy all dressed up and sparkling with jewelry hops out of the car and runs up the veranda steps with three good-looking tanned young guys with little mustaches running after her and she is laughing and gay and looks like plenty in the bank, and I am greatly surprised when she skips up to Fatso and gives him a pat on the arm and says like this:

"Merry Christmas, Santa Claus!"

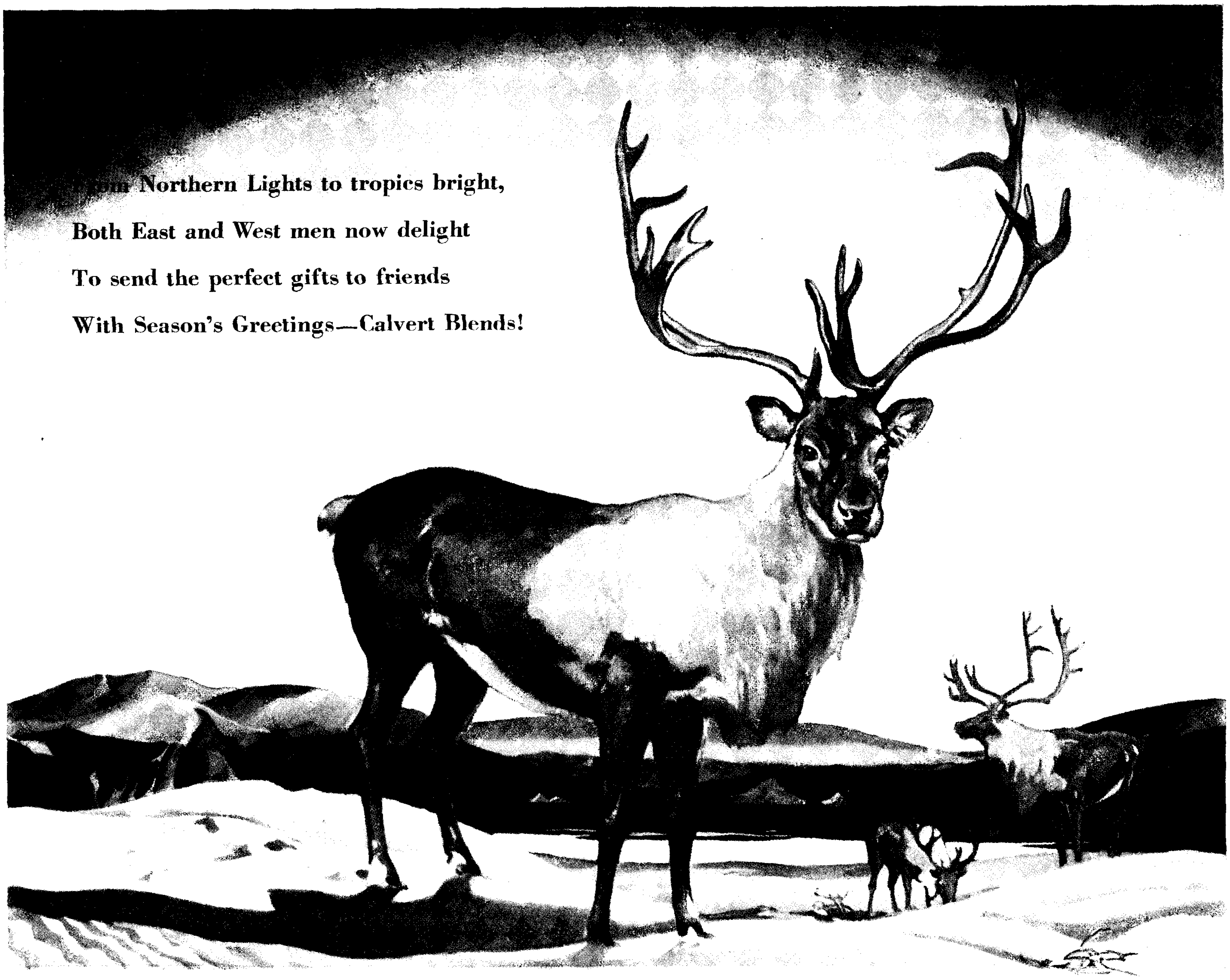
Then she is gone as quick as she comes and the young guys with her and she is still laughing and Fatso is gazing at a fifty-dollar note in his hand with great pleasure and he says:

"She is from Palm Beach," he says. "Anytime anybody from Palm Beach recognizes me they stake me to something because they remember that Mrs. Mimm never pays me the fifty she promises me for being her Santa Claus. I understand," Fatso says, "that it is a public scandal in Palm Beach."

"Is this one Betty Lou?" I ask.

"Oh, no," Fatso says. "She is Mrs. Brokebaugh. I recall now I hear that ever since she gets the Christmas present that she thinks to this very day is from Count Gregorio, she decides she is a natural-born charmer and blossoms out into a life of gaiety, and," Fatso says, "they tell me her husband cannot do a thing about it. Well, Merry Christmas to you."

"Merry Christmas, Fatso," I say.



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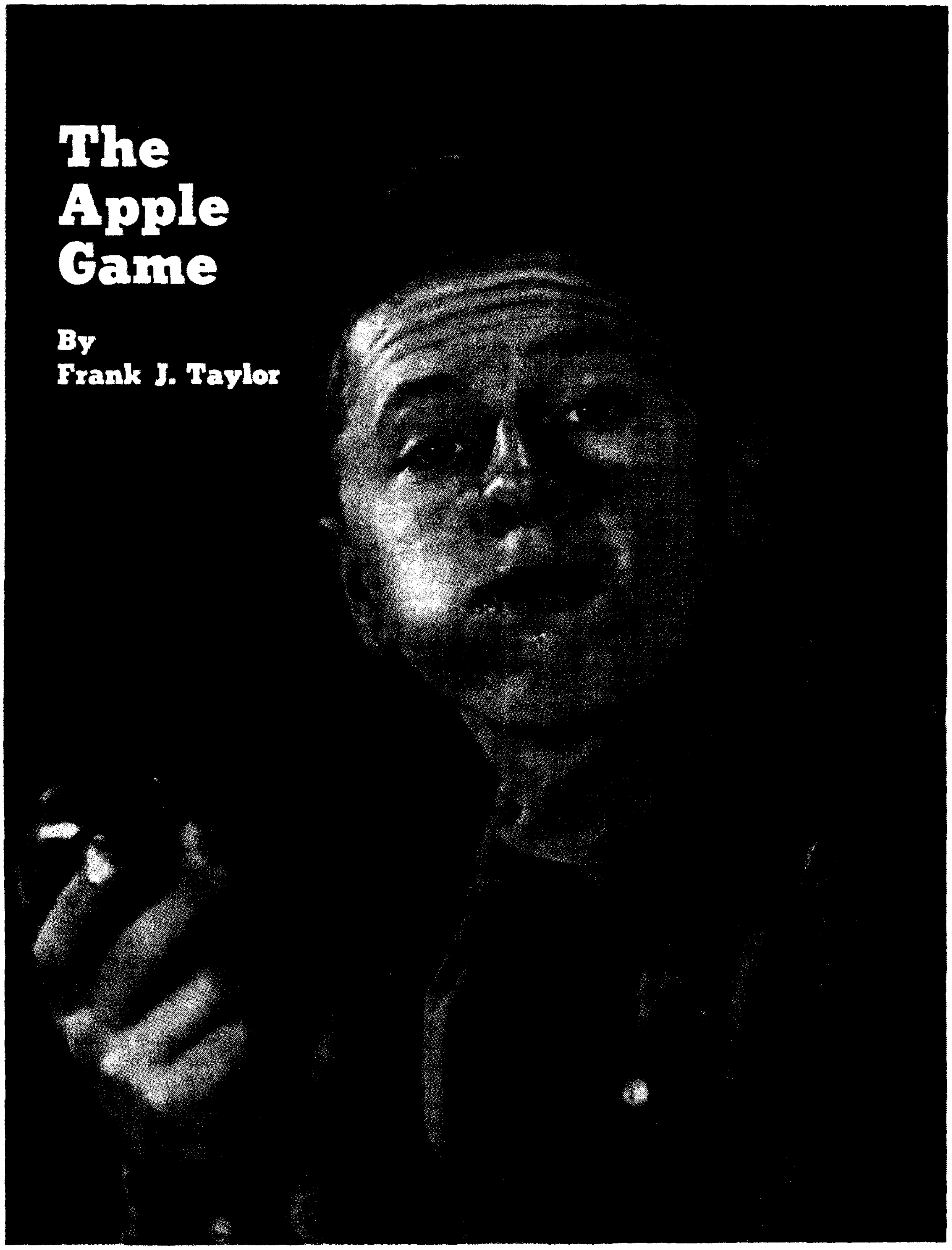
The Apple Game

By Frank J. Taylor



An unbeatable combination—Mickey Rooney, the screen's All-American boy, and the apple, the country's All-American fruit

If their apple crop is good, the farmers own the Wenatchee bank. If it's poor, the bank owns them. That's the seesaw economic experience of the men who grow a fourth of the bushel of apples you and I eat each year

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

MUTTERING something about an old Northwest custom, the major ordered for his breakfast one large baked apple, three slices of apple-bread toast, apple butter and coffee. So we said, "Make it two." When in Wenatchee, do as the Wenatcheeans do.

But the waitress didn't make it two, because, blushing like a ripe Jonathan, she apologized, "Sorry, but we have no apple bread today."

"What?" gasped the major. "No apple bread in Wenatchee?"

From his horrified tones we could see that this was just like finding no beans in Boston, no beer in Milwaukee, no cream cheese in Philadelphia. Only worse, because the major had been hopping back and forth across the country selling the citizens on the idea of an apple a day to keep the doctor at bay. He'd just returned, in fact, from chiding the Missourians for neglecting their apple pie, from taking the Hoosiers to task for skipping their applesauce, from lecturing the New Yorkers, the Clevelanders, the Chicagoans and the San Franciscans for not eating their daily apple. For their health's sake, y'understand. And then to return to his own home town, Wenatchee, Washington, heart of the Apple Bowl, and find they'd forgotten to put applesauce in the bread. Imagine!

Major Cliff Chase, as the earnest, energetic secretary of the Washington State Apple Commission, is the country's modern Johnny Appleseed, carrying on the crusade old Jonathan Chapman, patron saint of the apple men, left off a century ago. The major shares the apple man's traditional faith that everything would be hunky-dory in this country if everybody would only eat his daily apple. Colds, stomach-aches, lazy colons and other ailments that make people grouchy would vanish, and, with everybody feeling good, times would get better and we'd all be on the up and up.

The state of Washington has undertaken the apple crusade as a public service. But Apple Week is not Washington State's private party. The week is sponsored by the National Apple Association, which includes the New York-New England Apple Institute, the Ohio Apple Institute, the Illinois Apple Institute, Michigan Apple Institute, Appalachian Apples, Incorporated, and various other groups.

But the Washingtonians, with their thirty million bushels a year, produce about one apple out of every four in this country, with the New Yorkers and their fifteen million bushels running second, and Pennsylvania, Virginia, California and Michigan, each good for eight million bushels annually, fighting it out for third place. Apples, it seems, are just about our one and only strictly All-American fruit. They will grow in any state, and all but nine states produce them commercially. This year the apple men picked a bushel of apples for every man, woman and child in the land.

Johnny Chapman's Crusade

Just to refresh your memory in the legends about queer Jonathan Chapman, he was, it seems, Massachusetts-born, appropriately enough, because the Pilgrims were the first to bring apple trees from Europe. Johnny launched his crusade in 1801 in Licking Springs, Ohio, where he appeared with his bag of apple seeds from Pennsylvania cider mills, his ax, hoe and Bible, his sack of corn meal and a stew kettle, which he used for a hat. He wore a gunny sack, with holes cut for his head and arms. Alone and with no weapon, and existing largely on berries and roots, he pushed into the wilderness, following the trails of hostile Indians.

Every few miles, he chopped a small clearing in the forest, planted his seeds in neat little rows, built a log fence to protect the seedlings from browsing animals, then pushed along on his strange mission. At occasional settlers' homes he paused long enough to tear pages from his Bible and leave them as current reading matter.

Spring after spring for half a century he returned to tend his nurseries, in which the westward-moving settlers were welcome to apple trees for the taking. By 1851, when he stumbled, old and thin and cold, into a settler's log cabin near Ft. Wayne, Indiana, to lay his head on the hearth and fall asleep for the last time, Jonathan Chapman had plentifully sprinkled a hundred thousand square miles, embracing most of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, with his neat little apple-tree nurseries. His trees lived on and made for him a niche in history.

Johnny Appleseed's weary feet never took him to the land of snowy mountains and the deserts of volcanic ash that, of all places, became eventually the apple mecca of the world. But eastern Washington, where only five per cent of the country's apple trees produce twenty-five per cent of the country's apples, has its romantic and legendary background, too.

About 1828, a French priest, Father Dunjean, exploring up the headwaters of the Mississippi, crossed the Rocky Mountain divide, worked down the Snake River to the Columbia. He too carried, in addition to his Bible, a bag of apple seeds, which he planted along the rivers in what is now Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Some of his trees survived and thrived and first suggested to later American settlers that the Yakima, Wenatchee and other dry valleys, if supplied with water, would yield bountiful apple crops.

The city of Wenatchee nestles in a bend of the Columbia, surrounded by lofty, snow-clad peaks of the Cascade Range. Slim fingers of valleys extend out between the mountains, and the orchards form long ribbons into the Lake Chelan region, Okanogan Valley, the vale of Cashmere, so named because of its resemblance to India's famous vale of Kashmir. Wherever the high-line canals can bring water to the slopes and meadows of rich volcanic ash, there grow the apple trees, crowding one another like the forests into which Jonathan Chapman pushed. Down along the railroad are the enormous packing plants and cold storage warehouses to which the apples are rushed the minute they are ripe. Once an apple sugars in the hot Washington sun, it must be chilled until you eat it, whether it is resting in a storage plant, rolling across the continent, on display at a fruit store, or waiting in your icebox.

Apple Economics

Practically every farmer is a former city man or woman, a former professor or lawyer or merchant or craftsman, whose savings enabled him to get into the apple game. When we had trailed around with Cliff Chase to talk shop with a number of these growers, we understood why that was so. Apples, as the Wenatchee, the Yakima or the other Northwest growers raise them, is a game of wits, or else, as Clyde Merchant says, "The codlin moth is master of us all." Mr. Merchant is the town banker. There have been years when the banks practically owned the Wenatchee apple industry. And other years when the growers owned the banks. The apple game is like that, either up or down.

"Mister, when we make money, we make it fast, I'll tell the cockeyed world," said Mr. Merchant. "In good years some orchards have produced fifteen hundred boxes to the acre. When they're making fifty cents a box net, that runs into money. Why, I've known five acres of apples to sell for $24,500. And worth it.

"Yes, sir, it sure costs money to raise apples. Land, water rights, trees, cultivation, a spray outfit, labor for ten years to bring it into production, runs into $1,500 an acre. You spend your first six years picking off the little apples to let the trees grow. You pour three and a half feet of water over your whole orchard each summer to bring your fruit to size. It takes ninety gallons of spray per tree to lick the pests. First a dormant spray to get the San Jose scale. Then a calyx spray as your orchard comes into blossom before the petals close, in case the codlin moth lays eggs in the bud end of the apple. Then eight applications of cover spray between May and August, because your little apple is doubling in size every three or four days.

"If you've done it right and lived a righteous life, you may get seventy boxes of apples for each normal tree. They've cost you ninety cents a box to grow and pick and wash and pack. Add sixty cents for refrigeration and freight, and fifteen more for selling costs, and that's $1.65 you've got to get for apples just to stay in business."

Now this was the kind of talk we'd expected to get from growers like Charley Hawley, or Claude Zediker or Karl Hendershot or Cliff Chase himself, but not from the town banker. But before we'd been in town long, we discovered it didn't make any difference with whom we talked. Editor, merchant, lawyer, mechanic, they were all brimming with apple economics.

Over at Lake Chelan, we listened to the troubles of Mr. Karl Hendershot, who in addition to being a grower is manager of one of the most successful co-operatives. Most of his grief involved washing and storing apples, not growing them. The big, gleaming red apples on the market that make your mouth water don't come that way from the old apple tree. They're a bit soiled from dust and spray and insects, and must be subjected to a rigorous scrubbing behind the ears.

In Mr. Hendershot's plant, for instance, the apples roll into two long washing machines built at a cost of $5,000 apiece. First the apples plunge into a sodium silica wash, at a temperature of 110 degrees, to cut off any spray residue. Rolling through a rinse, they go into another hot bath, this time with a one per cent hydrochloric acid solution, which removes any additional residue or dirt.

After a final rinse, they roll, shining like a fresh-scrubbed face, through blotterlike flaps of vellum cloth that dry them, to a sorting room where eagle-eyed young women give them a final once-over for defective fruit. Next they slide down long runways where each apple is weighed automatically. As it tips the proper scale it drops into a revolving bin from which it is lifted, along with others identical in weight, by girls who wrap it and pack it in boxes. Less than half an hour after they arrive at the packing plant, the apples are stored in long tiers of boxes in the enormous and chilly storage rooms, to await the call of the distant markets. A good many of them are stored four to six months before this call comes.

Though there are some fifteen hundred distinct types of apples grown in this country, the Washington apple men have concentrated on five varieties known for their flavor and keeping quality. They are Delicious, Rome Beauty, Winesap, Yellow Newton and Jonathan. They have concentrated on a few varieties to assure uniformity of pack.

For a generation after their apple trees came into full bearing, the Washington applegrowers rolled in prosperity. Bountiful crops piled one upon another, and Wenatchee, which had risen phoenixlike out of the desert at the bend of the river, became one of the wealthiest communities per capita in the country. Yakima, to the south, basked in similar success. Most of the applegrowers paid off their mortgages, paid cash for new cars each fall, and headed, when the first snow fell, for southern winter resorts. It was *the* life.

A Doctor to the Rescue

Then the codlin moth, which had hitherto plagued only the eastern applegrowers, discovered the Northwest. Where they had sprayed but once, growers had to spray eight and ten times each summer to control the pest. Markets fell off, as the American breakfast taste switched from baked apples and applesauce to orange, tomato and pineapple juice. To make matters worse, the Germans, who had been great eaters of Northwest apples, launched a roadside apple tree planting campaign to make themselves more independent economically. Other foreign nations that wanted American apples lacked the money to buy them. To cap it all, the depression flattened the home markets and the Northwest apple boom burst.

The Moses who led the apple men out of this economic wilderness was no grower, but of all things, an Oregon doctor. At the University of Oregon Medical School in Portland, Dr. Ira A. Manville, associate professor of medicine and director of the nutritional laboratory, became interested a decade or so ago in old apple legends. Nearly every nation had one or more axioms like the famous old Devonshire rhyme:

NO PARKING
GARDNER REA

"And to think I have to pay taxes for this!" GARDNER REA

"Ate an apfel avore gwain to bed
Makes the doctor beg his bread."

In Silesian and Thuringian folklore one scraped an apple from the top down to cure diarrhea, from the bottom up to cure constipation. Folklore of all lands abounded in sayings associating apples with cures and health.

"There must be something to these legends, or they wouldn't stand the test of time," Dr. Manville told his associates. "I'm going to try them out."

Thus it happened that the doctor unearthed the undisputed scientific background to prove that an apple a day may keep the doctor away. It was he who discovered that applesauce, mixed in the dough, makes the bread keep as fresh for two to three days as when it comes from the oven. The inquiring doctor's findings are the basis of the Washington State apples-for-health crusade. Any day Dr. Manville may find fellow doctors picketing his laboratory with "unfair to organized medicine" placards, but there'll be just as many applegrowers who have reached into their jeans and contributed a thirty-thousand-dollar fund for larger laboratory facilities to enable him to keep up the good work.

Along with Mr. Ruben Benz, one of Yakima's leading apple men, we called on Dr. Manville at his laboratory. It isn't what you'd expect, consisting as it does largely of an enormous room filled with cages of rabbits and white rats. Whenever the ruddy, robust doctor hears of another apple axiom, or apple use, he tries it out on the rabbits. He gives them lead poisoning, for example, then cures them with an apple diet. Or he gives them a diet known to induce diarrhea or constipation, and cures them with apples.

Most of the doctor's experiments have progressed far beyond the rabbit stage, and have been proved in clinics where he worked with humans. He has treated babies for diarrhea and adults for colitis and other intestinal inflammations. He has taken the apple apart and put it together again, and the long and short of it, the doctor says, is that most of the old wives' tales about apples are founded on fact.

All for Your Health

The doctor's main find, he says, is that apples are rich in the uronic acids, which are lacking in most of civilization's diets. They are the acids that counteract toxic poisons that occur in many foodstuffs in minute quantities and that are inhaled in the bad atmosphere of industrial cities. Aside from that, he finds apples rich in phosphorus and calcium, which the body needs more than any of the thirteen minerals found in the human system, and plentifully supplied with vitamin A, which is the enemy of colds. In worth-while quantities apples contain vitamin B, which is good for the nerves, vitamin C, which is the one that keeps bones and teeth sound, vitamin G, which promotes digestion and growth.

For full measure, the doctor finds in apples both iron, which helps the blood, and pectin, which aids digestion. And if you don't believe this means something to you, he suggests that you study the vital statistics, which show that the average Washington boy, who grows up eating apples, has a life expectancy two years longer than the average American boy. With girls, it's a four-year advantage in favor of Washington.

Gift of Prophecy

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

It takes a smart man to know a woman has the answer before he asks the question

HE HAD lost his wife and it had seemed best to turn the ranch over to his sons and their wives and to withdraw himself from those scenes and places that could never be anything more than echoes of an honorable, devoted and satisfying past. He had, it is true, carried on for nearly two years but the loneliness had been too much for him. So he had decided to be an old man and travel and travel and travel. But in deciding to be an old man he had not faced the facts of his case. He simply wasn't an old man. His arteries were young and he was a smooth-moving athlete with rubber in his legs and fire in his eyes.

The thought that it was time to fold up entangled Roger Selwyn with a feeling of self-pity that he was careful to conceal from his family; from his sons, Roger, Junior, and Babson; from their wives; and from the cowboys and shepherds, from Works, the accountant, and from all and sundry who might drop in for a meal or for a day or two.

And he did not even begin to speak of himself as an old man. His word had always been the law of the ranch, of the home compounds and corrals, and of the ranges, the winter range and the summer range, and of the mesas, forests and deserts between. He had merely to state that upon the tenth of the next month he was sailing for England to buy half a dozen Romney rams and no questions were asked. Nettled, he observed that the Romneys, imported from New Zealand some years ago, had not been up to snuff, and the very best would, of course, be none too good for the Selwyn outfit. But as to when he would return from the voyage he made no mention.

On the map it was a long way and a great drop from the Selwyn Ranch, seventy-five hundred feet up in the air, to the sea levels and mild elevations of San Francisco, but the modern air lines had compressed space. And distances that had engaged wagon trains for months, and railroad trains for days, could now be negotiated in hours.

ANY casual observer would have thought Roger Selwyn an old hand at flying. But Miss Collett, the trig hundred-pound stewardess, knew better. He did not know how to strap himself into his seat and she had to do it for him. Thereafter she took him into her especial good graces. The stewardesses of the B & P Lines are especially trained to take passengers who are not air-minded into their good graces, and that is one reason why they, the stewardesses, marry off, and usually well, at the rate of three a month.

The western rim of the continent slid under Roger Selwyn. The Grand Canyon, the great dam built across the Black Canyon and the octopus-armed lake pressing against it. Death Valley passed under him and far off to the right the highest mountain in the United States was pointed out, a pudding-shaped mass frosted with snow. Beyond, the high Sierras seemed to brandish and gnash their white teeth and he was told to look down upon a grove of "big trees." But not even the tree named General Grant looked especially big, and he was unimpressed. The high mountains then sloped off into foothills and there began to be rivers. Then a vast valley checked off into variously colored rectangles of cultivation. The black rectangles were orange groves, and presently the plane, roaring downward, swooped over a region of swamps and marshy islands and twisting waters that flowed or were stationary, and then in a great bowl of hills veiled a little in mist he saw the splendid shape of San Francisco's vast harbor, and the pilot brought the plane to earth in a sweet and happy landing.

The lawyers and bankers took up the rest of that day, and when the day was over they drove him to Fisherman's Wharf and dined him wisely and well. It was almost like old times except that when you had looked over the harbor and had adored the incomparable curves and the lightness and strength of the new bridges and the Arabian Nights' beauty of the newly created Treasure Island, you couldn't help wondering what had become of all the ships that used to come and go in swarms and lie alongside the long, strong wharves in serried ranks; the ships and the shipping that had built San Francisco into one of the great cities of the world.

He fell asleep upon the thought that he could do all of his shopping in one store. His friends had told him so. It was but three blocks down Market Street from the hotel. It was named the Omnium. It presumed to purvey all things to all men and even more things to all women. The prices, his friends had told him, were right. Not that he cared. The main thing was to begin at the top of a long list and to go on to the bottom with a minimum of reflection.

BECAUSE of long habit he waked at five o'clock. An old life cannot be sloughed off and a new one sleeked on at a moment's notice. Nevertheless, instead of frowning and complaining to himself, he inhaled great breaths of the bright, sweet morning that gushed in at the open windows and felt younger.

Either the mirror lied or he actually looked younger. The glance into the mirror had been accidental. It was deliberately repeated. His face was seamed and lined, but his body wasn't. Neither did it bulge in the middle. Furthermore, his eyes were clear and bright. He turned the shower faucet labeled "cold" full on and stepped into the roaring fall of

The Chinese kept referring to the memoranda. "By and by," he said, "you no come, I sell T and T. I buy tobacco. By and by you no come, Big War come and I sell tobacco"

water without a flinch or a twitch. City people, he thought, don't know what cold is. But he remembered enough of city life to ring "room service" and have the morning papers sent up. Being a man with an orderly mind and a realistic outlook, and also a man who had profited by America's fundamental, though now shaken, system of equal opportunities for all and made himself, the news of the day disgusted him, and he gave himself attentively to the less necessary business of a clean shave. He was fond of his old, old-fashioned razor. Once when he had needed a razor badly and could not afford to buy one he had found it lying on a chopping block just outside the door of the cabin where a Chinese's throat had been cut from ear to ear. But for Roger Selwyn, with his realistic viewpoint, the razor was without a shudder. It was a nice piece of steel. Took an edge quickly and held it. That was all.

Except for a change of shirts he put on the same clothes he had worn the day before. He had nothing else presentable, and even these would be thrown into the discard when he had checked off the last item of his shopping list at the Omnium. Socks, ties, shorts, shoes, slippers, wrapper, coats, trousers—gray flannel—tweed suit, overcoat, hat, etc., etc. His daughters-in-law had pleaded with him to go to a tailor and have smart things made to his order. But he could not be bothered. He could not afford the time. From boyhood the sea had called him and he had spent almost the whole of his grown-up life running sheep and cattle among high mountains! No time for the tailors and the bootmakers and the shirtmakers. The call for departure was too loud and insistent. Furthermore, he had one of those broad-shouldered, slender, easy bodies upon which ready-made clothes hang to perfection.

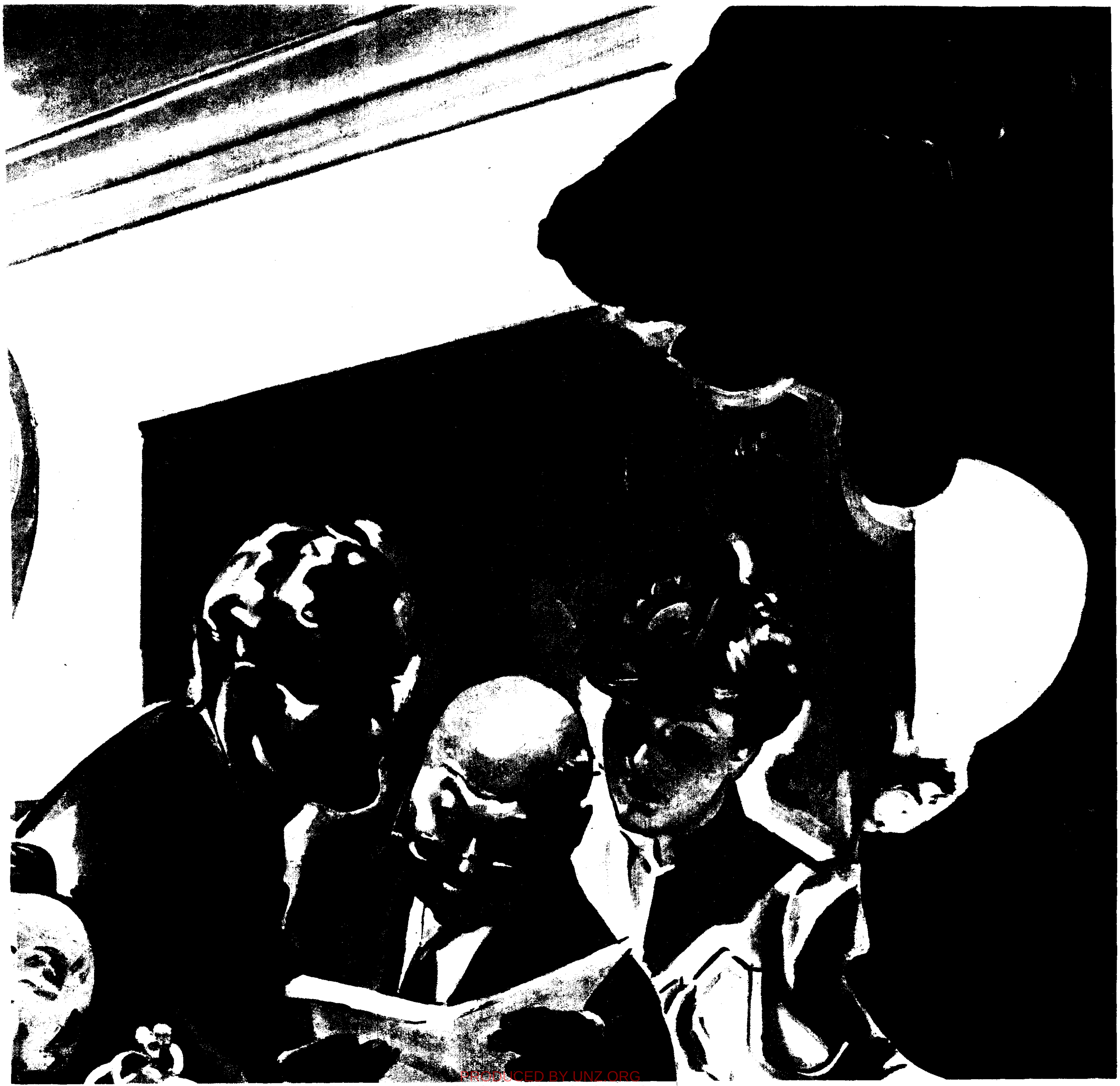
HE DID not go down to breakfast but had it sent up. This was because from his windows he could see a span of the Oakland Bridge, and a steel-blue flash of salt water. And from now on he proposed that the sea and all its myriad scapes and compositions and appurtenances should be as often in his eyes as possible.

He observed the slow progress of the hands of his watch with impatience. Upon returning from San Francisco several years previously one of his daughters-in-law had dropped the remark that the shops did not now open until nine o'clock. And he had remembered.

Strolling happily down Market Street, and window-shopping as he went, he arrived in front of the great, block-long Omnium at a quarter to nine only to discover that it did not open its doors for business until nine-forty-five.

Here was a distinct setback. His shopping list was long, legs and sleeves would have to be shortened or lengthened, buttons shifted, and his ship was booked to sail at four o'clock upon the turn of the tide.

He raged inwardly. People no longer worked to get ahead, he told himself. They worked to get by. Should he continue to walk Market Street and window-shop or should he hang about until the Omnium opened? He compromised. That is, he first window-shopped in the windows of the Omnium itself. In one window set off with brightly painted totem poles were



displayed suggestions as to what the well-dressed tripper would best wear on his forthcoming trip to Alaska. There was even a handsome rifle with a telescope sight in case the well-dressed tripper should suddenly find himself in the company of a bear. In another window were suggestions for June brides. Some of these suggestions, diaphanous wisps of practically nothing at all, embarrassed him and he passed on to the next window in which complete wardrobes for "Tiny Tots" were displayed, together with insufferably self-conscious plaster images of assorted tiny tots themselves.

Having viewed and reviewed the window shows a number of times he paused before the main entrance and looked into the vast spaces of the great store itself. Already a number of persons of both sexes had entered the store, but these were held back from any further advance upon the merchandise for sale by an ornamental blue rope festooned in a great semicircle. To the right was a long narrow stairway where empty steps moved steadily upward. To the left was a similar stairway where steps flowed continually in the opposite direction. Midway between the two escalators, and behind a rectangle of plate glass, was a little booth labeled "Information."

By now there were several dozen persons in the store with nothing between them and their intended purchases but a blue rope with fancy knots and tassels. Doubtless their money burned in their pockets but for the most part their faces were patient and resigned. One of the early arrivals looked to be an artist. He had a Hitlerish mustache, a pair of insolent eyes, and in his hands a thick-leaded pencil and what looked to be a sketchbook.

WELL to the right of the main entrance was a smaller way of ingress through which the employees of the store were already gliding or mincing to their stations. One of them, a young and symmetrical female, moved rapidly toward the ascending escalator. Having shoes with exceedingly high heels, she took exceedingly short steps, but having committed herself to the escalator these motions ceased and, one foot a step higher than the other, she froze into a statuesque immobility and was borne upward. She had beautiful legs. Her stockings were the color of coffee dashed with milk, and the seams were exactly in the middle of her calves. Stately as the Venus of Milo or the Victory of Samothrace, and at a pace that was neither slow nor hurried, but the quintessence of smoothness, she was carried upward. Sneeringly, but with sure, swift and deft strokes, the artist drew an outline replica of her in his sketchbook.

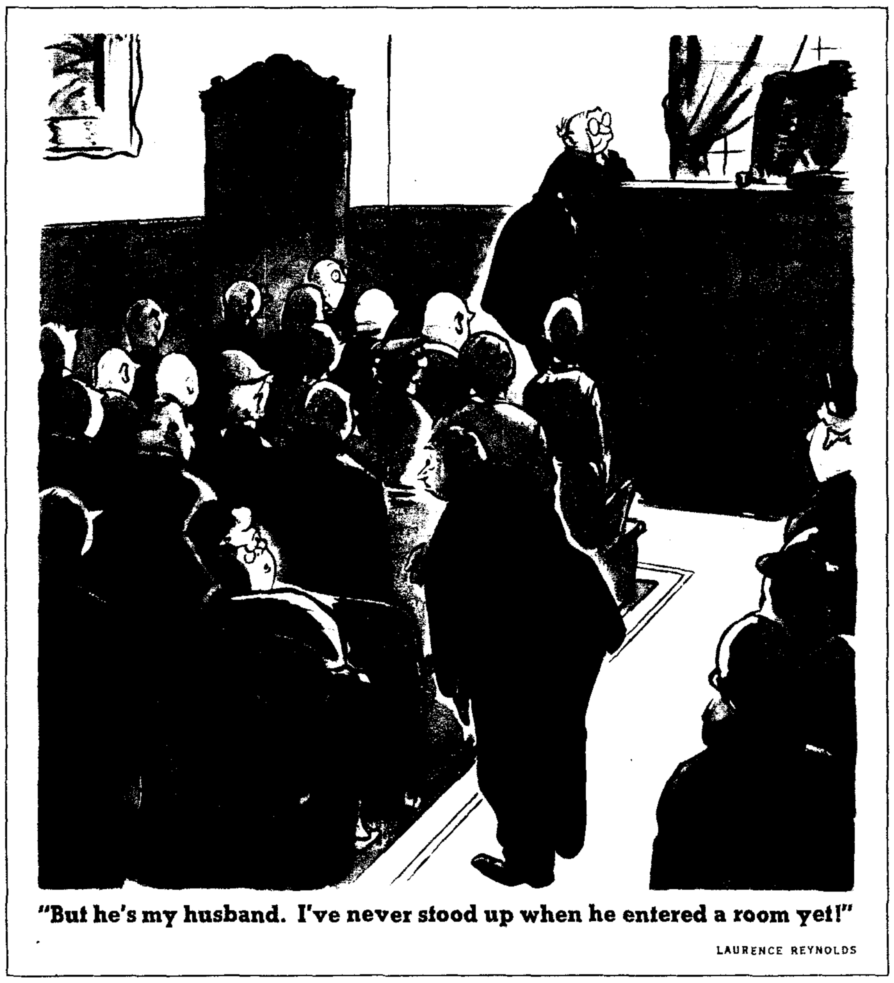
Some of the lady employees destined for the upper stories of the Omnium walked well and others walked badly and jerkily, and some were younger and better shaped than others, but where their own locomotions ceased and were taken over by the escalator, all shared in common a statuesque tranquillity and poise that delighted the eye. And because these ladies well knew of the pitiless inspection that would be upon them from behind at the opening of the store the seam of every stocking was precisely in the middle of every calf. The artist filled page after page of his sketchbook. Later, when persons began to use the descending escalator, he would make studies of the human form divine from in front. He was a clever rascal who never paid out money for a model if he could help it.

Unperceived, at least by Roger Selwyn, "Information" stepped into her little booth from the back and sat down. It was the signal for the blue rope to be withdrawn. The store was open for the day. The shoppers passed into the place and streamed in various directions. Many had a question for "Information" and received courteous and almost instantaneous answers. "Eight aisles to the left and two back." "Fourth floor." "In the basement." And so forth.

When it came Roger Selwyn's turn, Information read and answered his question before he had time to speak it.

"Gents' Furnishings," she said, "four aisles to the right and four back."

And a press of shoppers pushed him on and past the booth, but in his eyes, accustomed to quick and accurate appraisals, there lingered an agreeable and thorough impression of Information. A pin is no neater. She was a little thing, but prettily shaped. Her head was round. Her dark hair drew back from smooth brows in a widow's peak. Her ears, small and delicate, were set close to the sides of her head. Her voice was clear and low, her enunciation precise. She might, he guessed, be thirty years of age. She might be a little more. But she looked younger. And she had smiled at him. He remembered that she had not smiled at just anybody who asked her a question.



"But he's my husband. I've never stood up when he entered a room yet!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

So thinking, conjecturing and remembering, he found himself surrounded by an infinite number of suits of clothes and at the mercy of a youthful salesman who was at once courteous and firm. In an incredibly short space of time the tailor was sent for to make the alterations on four pairs of gray flannel trousers, two tweed coats, four suits of clothes, a dinner suit, an overcoat and a York cape.

The tailor was a dumpy little German who had been a long time at the business of shortening and lengthening, taking in and letting out and button moving. He said that to make the necessary alterations on Mr. Selwyn's purchases in time to catch a steamer that sailed at four o'clock that day would be an impossibility for any other tailor in the city but himself.

"But me," he said, "I do my best."

Selwyn apologized.

"I could have done my shopping earlier," he said, "and given you more time if the store had opened earlier."

The German's brow darkened. His eyes snapped with racial hatred of laziness and inefficiency.

"At nine-forty-five only we open," he said. "Pretty soon we will at ten-forty-five open. And after then we will open in time so the people can go out to eat and come back in time to close up and go home."

Selwyn found his way back to Information. But again he failed to ask his question.

"Men's shoes," said Information, and for the second time smiled, "straight back and keep on going."

"What a woman!" he thought. "What a brain! Regular mind reader."

As with the suits, he bought more shoes and slippers than he had intended. And once more returned to Information.

There was a momentary lull in question-asking and for a moment he had her to himself. This time she did not smile, but knitted her brows and spoke reproachfully, and before the question that was forming on his lips could be uttered.

"You know perfectly well where the neckties are," she said, "without asking me. I saw you looking at them sidewise on your way back from Gents' Furnishings."

Selwyn struggled against this rebuff. "Maybe I wanted to ask you something else," he said.

"Maybe," said she, and again smiled, and turned from him to give information to another.

IN San Francisco even shopping is an adventure. The climate of the city in winter or summer has a lift and urge to it that are unknown elsewhere. The inhabitants are gayer and quicker to make decisions than the inhabitants of other cities. Good nature and friendliness are contagious. Roger Selwyn bought gaily and extravagantly. He had thought to outfit himself with sober grays and browns as became a man of his years, but the season's color suggestions for men filled his eyes with pleasure and he fell for neckties and pajamas for which he would not have fallen at another time and in another place. The truth of the matter is that he was either beginning to forget his years or to remember, in the nick of time, that they were not really so numerous as he had begun to think them. And he kept returning to Information, not for information, but because he wanted to. The precision of her good looks and of her mind fascinated him.

On one of these occasions he had to wait while a lady who looked like an older edition of Information herself asked a question and received an answer. He heard only the latter. Information looked up with that sudden smile of hers and said: "Oh, no, Madame! What nonsense! Life *begins* at fifty."

Information had answered a question Selwyn himself might have asked, for she had named the exact number of his years. Her eyes caught his.

By this time, although neither knew the name of the other, they were at least acquaintances, and it was not unnatural that both should flash smiles which acknowledged and made note of the fact.

"Yes," said Information with a quick, birdlike nod of her head, "and that goes for you, too."

"WHY don't you go on the air," he asked, "as a mind reader and earn fifteen hundred dollars a week instead of whatever it is that you are earning now?"

"That question," said Information, "hardly falls within the periphery of my duties. The telephone booths, if those are what you are looking for, are front right."

"How can you possibly know that I want to use a telephone?"

"You have the telephone look, but of course I don't know why you want to use one."

"It's because this store opens so late that I can't possibly get all the stuff I need together and on board my ship, which sails at four o'clock. It's just possible, of course, that she may not sail till a little later, and I have to find out."

"Front right," said Information.

But he did not ask the steamship company the question he had said he was going to ask them. He simply requested them to postpone his passage until the following month, and explained that he was being detained in San Francisco by a piece of "unfinished business." Then he returned to Information. At the moment she was not busy.

"Does what you said for me go for you, too?" he asked.

"What did I say for you?"

"That life begins at fifty."

"Yes, it will go for me, too, if I ever get to be fifty without having started anything. It won't be long to wait. I'm thirty-four."

"You don't look more than two thirds of it."

"Thank you kindly, sir."

"Listen," he said. "I'm not sailing till a month from today. And I'm a stranger in town."

Color he was unable to control suddenly climbed his neck to his ears.

Her cool eyes appraised him, blush and all, and again she read his question before he asked it.

"It's mighty nice of you," she said. "What time and where?"

"Suppose we meet in the lobby of the St. Francis at seven? Then we can have a cocktail and make up our minds about a place to dine and a show afterward."

"You win the argument," she said, and turning from him gave her highly organized attention to an agitated fat woman who had forgotten what it was that she had come to the Omnium to

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Remember, you spend nearly one-third of your life in bed. A truly refreshing mattress makes a world of difference in your health and well-being. If your department store does not handle Goodyear **Airfoam** mattresses, write **Airfoam** Sales Department, Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, for name of nearest dealer.

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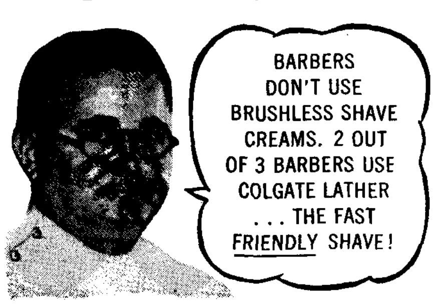
DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER"


BARBERS DON'T USE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAMS. 2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER . . . THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

Signed John Hindenberger
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1. QUICKER because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. SMOOTHER because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.

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buy and was grimly determined to find out.

They dined in a quiet restaurant of Information's choice. There was neither too much music nor too much dancing. The food was excellent and a dry champagne found its way slowly and pleasantly to their heads. And presently Roger Selwyn had come to that point at which a man tells a woman he has never known anyone quite like her.

"You are like the Oracle of Delphi," he said. "I ask you foolish questions and you give me wise answers."

Information had long since guessed almost all that there was to know about him. But, that being disposed of, he found himself going on, under a curious compulsion to share his thoughts and recollections with her.

"I used to love San Francisco better than any other city," he said. "I still do. Here a man feels altogether careless about tomorrow, and adventurous."

INFORMATION had to confess that she herself sometimes suffered from a similar rapturous spirit of not caring what happened, but fortunately for herself had been born into the world with a New England conscience and a hard head. She was a sea captain's daughter. That was why she had her tiny flat on Telegraph Hill. When she wasn't answering questions in the Omnium she would sit at her window and watch the ships come and go. But nowadays there were so few ships. It was a pity.

"I can remember," said Roger Selwyn, "when there were still a few sailing ships. They were more beautiful than mountains covered with snow."

"If you liked San Francisco and ships and the sea so much why did you go to live in New Mexico?"

"It's a shameful story."

"Now," said Information, all attention, "we are getting somewhere."

"I had a date to meet up with some lads on the Barbary Coast. Passing through Chinatown I realized that for once in my life I had too much money on me—nearly five hundred dollars. If the night turned wild, as nights often did in those old days, I feared that I might lose my money. So I kept out a hundred dollars to spend and turned over the rest to a Chinese I knew for safekeeping."

"And so you went to New Mexico?" she said.

For perhaps the hundredth time that day he regarded her with amazement.

"But how can you possibly know?" he exclaimed. "It's exactly what I did. I remember meeting up with my friends and then a black man shook me by the elbow and said I'd better wake up because in fifteen minutes we would be in Gallup. I was in what seemed to be an upper berth of a sleeping car. I didn't have to dress. I hadn't undressed. I smoothed my hair the best I could and climbed down out of the berth and made for the smoking end of the car as fast as I could because everybody was glaring at me, especially the ladies, and it was an awful moment. I didn't even know that Gallup was in New Mexico. But it was. I had no luggage and no money."

"But you had money in San Francisco?"

"Four hundred dollars, but I didn't know how to go about getting it. You see, I knew the Chinese who had it when I saw him and I knew where his store was, but I didn't know his name or the number of the store."

"So you just called it a day."

Roger Selwyn nodded. "My mouth was dryer than New Mexico itself," he said. "And I called it a day. An hour later I was digging holes for fence posts at five cents a hole, and I've been in New Mexico almost ever since. I meant to get back to the coast, of course, as soon as I had earned the fare, but the boss had a daughter and one thing led to another."

"But this isn't your first visit to San Francisco since you left?"

"Oh, no. There have been business trips—half a dozen. But that Chinese *still has* my four hundred dollars. It was five or six years before I came back and somehow I didn't feel like looking him up and asking for the money. He *might have gotten to feel that it was* his and used it, and that would have been embarrassing all around."

"I've yet to hear of a Chinatown merchant betraying a trust," said Information. "The night is young. Let's look him up."

"It all happened thirty years ago," said Selwyn.

But Information's mind was made up.

Upon the corner where the Chinese's store had stood there was still a store but it was contained in a new building.

"There's the same kind of goods in the window," said Selwyn, "but it couldn't be the same store or owner."

"In San Francisco," said Information, "it might be."

They went in.

The face of the shopkeeper was round and smooth, his eyes slanted far and narrowly behind immense round glasses with dark rims. His age was not to be guessed. And at first glance he bore no resemblance whatever to the Chinese ensconced in Selwyn's memory.

But suddenly his eyes began to blink rapidly behind the glasses and his face took on an extraordinary look of pleasure and affability. He came from behind his counter and took Selwyn by the hand and shook it up and down for a long time.

"I limember you," he said. "You go out now; by and by you come back. You limember me?"

"Not until you began to laugh," said Selwyn. "I expect we've both changed a lot. Thirty years is a long time."

"You not change much," said the Chinese.

"That's what I keep telling him," said Information. "He looks much too young to have changed much."

THE Chinese's pleasure was delicious to see and it was quite a long time before he could stop chuckling and laughing, and sufficiently straighten his face to talk business. Then he said:

"Five years you not come back. I keep money in safe. Then I say: 'Money in safe no good.' "

"That's all right. Whatever you did."

"So I buy T and T."

"You invested the money?"

"Money in safe no good. I buy T and T. Heap safe."

From the back of the shop he produced some sheets of rice paper neatly stitched together. Upon these sheets were columns of Chinese ideographs in black. With a well-kept forefinger the Chinese kept referring to these memoranda.

"By and by you no come, I sell T and T. I buy tobacco. By and by you no come, Big War come and I sell tobacco. I buy General Motor. By and by you no come, war finish, I sell General Motor, buy Liberty Bond."

Nothing could dissuade him from going over the entire history of his guardianship a number of times. The gist of the matter was that because of the Chinese's astute manipulations, Roger Selwyn's four hundred dollars had grown into the somewhat staggering sum of nearly eighteen thousand.

"I told you about how it would be," said Information.

"But it no more belongs to me," said Selwyn, "than it belongs to the man in the moon."

He leaned heavily upon the counter. It was a breath-taking happening the more you thought of it.

"Listen," he said at last, "I would like my four hundred dollars, and that is all. But I will take them out in trade. This young lady—Miss—er—Miss Information—is fond of jade. As for the rest of the money—I understand that at this time all the Chinatowns of America are taking up collections for China—"

The Chinese nodded vigorously.

"China," he said, "need plenty money now. No can have too much."

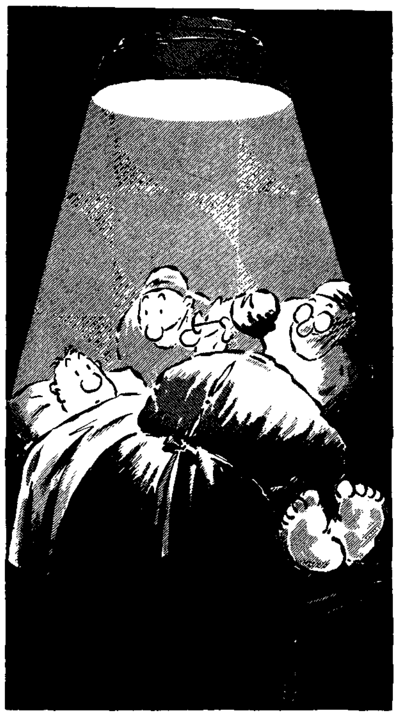
"Then," said Selwyn, "sell the securities that you are holding for me and send the money to China."

He had the thought that China was the only big potential storehouse of common honesty left in the world.

When at last they took their leave and passed out into the night, they were filled with wonder.

"And so," said Selwyn, but there were tears in his voice, "I not come back and he buy T and T."

The night was no longer young and after one more long drink he drove her to the ramshackle apartment house in which she lived on Telegraph Hill. In the breast of each there had developed an immense liking and respect for the other. Selwyn wished to kiss Information good night, but his nerve failed him.



"Oh, good morning! Did we wake you?"

JAY IRVING

"Well," he said awkwardly, "I'll be seeing you."

It was one of those prophecies that come true. And when the Omnium opened on the following morning Roger Selwyn was one of those who waited patiently for the lowering of the blue rope. But it was a long time before he could manage a word with Information alone. And as usual she answered his question before it had been asked.

"Yes," she said, "and you know I'll be delighted. How about the same place and the same time?"

Selwyn passed out of the store, treading lightly, his head high.

In her ability to read what was in the minds of others Information was unusual. There were moments also when she showed a highly developed gift of prophecy. And so, during the luncheon hour, she found her way to the manager's office.

"Anything the matter?"

"I'll say not," said the prophetess. "I've come to give notice."

Strange Honeymoon

Continued from page 17

Judith said, without looking at him: "You never get tired of 'going places,' do you, Alan?"

"No."

"Don't you get a bit fed up, doing the same things—visiting the same spots—night after night?"

"Perhaps I should, but the answer is still No."

"Why?"

"No fair. I'm the one who's supposed to ask 'why?' in answer to any question that has no answer."

"Skip it, then. I didn't mean to intrude."

"You never do. That's why you're so perfect."

He moved closer and put his finger under her chin, forcing her head back so that her eyes looked into his.

"Let's go out: Just you and me."

"I'm tired. Honest."

"Don't bother to dress. We'll just jump in the car—"

"You're sweet, Alan. Sweet and generous." She forced herself to speak in a lighter tone. "But generosity can be carried too far. You've done your duty. Now get yourself a can of red paint, and go out and use it."

ALAN telephoned from a drugstore. He said, "Well, if it isn't Angel—in the flesh."

"Mister, you don't know how true you speak."

"What are you doing?"

"Getting ready for bed."

"Change your mind. I'm on my way."

"Are we going places?" Her voice had brightened.

"We are going to do that very little thing. Street dress."

"I'll be ready when you get here, Alan."

And she was: bright and eager and radiant. She kissed him warmly and said, "I get all the breaks."

"And how you do. Tell me also that it's an unexpected pleasure."

"That wouldn't be a lie, you mug. I thought that this was your domestic night."

"It was. But I'm descended from feline forebears. After a long evening in the house, I've got to go out and prowl."

"Was it that bad?"

"It was nice. No foolin'. But turning in at midnight makes absolutely no sense." He gave her an approving glance. "What's keeping you home alone?"

"Gene is busy. So I've been listening to the radio and reading magazines. Improving the brain and giving the body a vacation."

"Could you stand the strain of going goofy with me?"

"You talk so tempting. Where do we go?"

He said, "There's a six-day bike race on at the Garden. Grab the hat and coat and we'll travel!"

THEY seated themselves in a box at the Garden. At the moment of their arrival, the riders were pedaling furiously around the saucer.

Alan settled back in his seat. "Plenty of action," he said, "for a beginning."

Angel said, and her voice sounded strained: "Look over in the next box."

Alan looked. Joe Carter was sitting there, big and formidable. His eyes were focused intently on Alan, and the young man fidgeted. Angel said, "I don't like it."

"Don't be silly," Alan said. "That guy can't start anything here."

"No-o . . . but he can do a heap of thinking."

"Did you ever hear the lines, 'Sticks and stones may break my bones, but looks will never hurt me?' "

"It's 'words,' not 'looks' . . . and there's too much going on in that head of his. He gives me the creeps."

"This doesn't make sense."

"Just the same, I'm nervous. Let's get out."

He looked at her in surprise. "I thought I knew you better than that. . . ."

"Be yourself, Alan. That mug is hunting for trouble."

"All right. He won't find it. I'm a pacifist."

Angel begged, "Please, Alan . . . let's go."

"Where?"

"Anywhere that Joe Carter isn't."

Alan shrugged. "If it'll make you happier. But I feel rather silly, running away from nothing."

"You men," she said, "all brain and no sense."

She rose, pulled her coat closer about her throat, and he followed. They passed close to Joe Carter, and Alan tried not to meet the man's eyes, but he confessed to himself that the glance he received was not precisely reassuring.

They walked through the arcade and onto Eighth Avenue, where the winter wind hit them. Angel shivered, though not entirely with cold. Alan asked, "Where now?"

"Could we take a drive? With the heater on?"

"You've read my mind again."

THEY found the car, Alan slipped behind the wheel and they started slowly across town. They reached the 59th Street bridge and crossed to Long Island. Once out in the open country, Alan lightened the pressure on the accelerator and permitted the car to slow down. He asked, "Out here, in the great open spaces—aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"No. And let's don't talk about it any more."

"Good gal." He took his right hand from the wheel and put his arm around her. She sighed, and relaxed. "That's better, Alan."

"I aim to please."

"Your aim is usually pretty good." She was silent for a moment or two, and then: "You're a queer duck."

"In how many ways?"

"O-oh . . . a good many. But one in particular."

"Which one?"

"About me."

He laughed. "I'm queer because I like you?"

"That's not it. You ask nothing and tell nothing."

"It's the Sphinx in me."

"Other guys," she said, "either get fresh or want to marry me."

"I'm married," he said, "so that leaves me only one alternative."

"You talk a good game. But your follow-through is lousy."

He threw back his head and laughed. "Look, honey," he said, "you're the grandest girl I know, and two-to-one the best looking. I'm a lucky lad to be with you."

"What's in it for you?" She was more blunt than she intended.

"Fun," answered Alan. "Isn't that enough?"

She hesitated a moment before answering. "Sometimes," she said at length, "gentlemen drive me crazy."

"I'll confess that it *is* a handicap at times."

Her shoulder was tight against his, her hand covered the hand he had slipped

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around her waist. She said, "I'm feeling sentimental as hell."

Alan pulled over to the side of the road and reduced his speed. "I wish that car would pass. The headlights bother me."

But the other car did not pass. When Alan slowed almost to a stop, so did the other car. Angel turned impatiently and stared through the back window. When she spoke again, her voice seemed strained.

She said, "How fast can this car go, Alan?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. Seventy. Eighty, maybe."

"Let's find out. Give her all she's got."

"What's eating on you?"

"Plenty," she said tensely. "That car is trailing us. There's a man in it."

"So what?"

"The man," said Angel, "is Joe Carter."

ALAN'S toe pressed down on the accelerator, and the car leaped forward into the cold February night. He watched the speedometer climb swiftly to thirty, then forty, fifty, sixty. But the blinding glare from the headlights of the other car continued to reflect into his eyes from his own rear-view mirror.

There was no question now that he was being pursued, and little doubt that Angel's identification of the pursuer had been correct. The thought that Joe Carter had trailed him, and was in that car, was far from reassuring.

"Still on our tail?" he inquired, not daring to move his eyes from the broad ribbon of concrete that stretched out ahead.

"Yeah. And plenty close." Angel was trying valiantly to be brave. She asked, "Where are we?"

"I don't know. Just somewhere on Long Island."

"We can't be far from a town, Alan."

"That's a reasonable guess."

"Get to one fast. And then stop."

"Meaning that Mr. Carter won't get rough under bright lights?"

"Correct. But step on it, Alan . . . *we're creeping.*"

"Take a look at the dashboard."

"Sixty-five," she acknowledged. "But it isn't fast enough."

Alan wondered what Joe Carter was planning. Obviously, the man hadn't followed them just for the drive.

Angel asked sharply, "Don't I see lights ahead?"

"I think so. Way ahead."

"See how fast you can get there."

Alan jammed the accelerator pedal against the floor. The road seemed to pile up out of the night and come rushing to meet them. But it was more than apparent that Carter had plenty of speed in reserve. The second car was creeping up, swerving slightly toward the middle of the road.

Angel said, "*He'll be alongside in a few minutes.*"

"I know . . ." Alan's voice was astonishingly calm. "Mind doing me a favor, Angel?"

"Call it."

"Make yourself tiny."

"He — he couldn't shoot — at this speed."

"It still won't do any harm."

Then Joe Carter was alongside and his headlights no longer bounced back from Alan's rear-view mirror. Alan wanted to look, but dared not take his eyes from the road ahead. At this terrific speed, his car was skittish. A single jerk on the steering wheel and he knew what would happen. He realized that he must hold to the road and hope for the best. He noticed that Angel had followed instructions and was huddled down in the seat beside him. He hoped she hadn't noticed that Carter was already alongside.

And then, while he was still thinking clearly—while he was still wondering—it happened. It happened unexpectedly, permitting him no time to reflect upon what he could or should do in such an emergency. It was an old trick, but one new to Alan, a maneuver that relied for its success on the instinctive reaction of the victim; that depended on the certainty that the driver of any car will swerve suddenly to avoid collision.

Joe Carter's machine swerved sharply across the path of Alan's car. It was an abrupt move and a dangerous one. There was no time for thought, no single instant in which to weigh consequences. Alan's reaction was mechanical. He swung to the right to avoid the apparently inevitable collision, and he was going seventy miles an hour when he did it.

His car skidded. For just the briefest fraction of an instant he lost control. He saw something tall and black rushing out of the night to meet him. He heard a crash, a wrenching of steel, a scream from Angel, the sound of breaking glass, and then his car leaped into the air, seemed to hang there for an awful instant, and then to somersault and bounce and somersault again. And in that moment he caught a glimpse of Joe Carter's machine. It seemed to have slowed down, as though its occupant might be inspecting the effect of his handiwork.

"Well, what'll youse have—a wassail bowl?"

GEORGE PRICE

It was all over in the fraction of a second: the wrenching, the grinding, the scream, the stark terror, the somersaulting of the car. Then the final crushing impact . . . and oblivion. . . .

ANGEL'S first conscious reaction was wonder as to how she had come to be thrown from the car. She was lying on the ground, on the far side of a drainage ditch. She was bruised and suffering and incredibly cold. But it was not until she saw the black mass that had been Alan's car that the whole thing came back to her.

Alan! Carter's maneuver. The horrible spinning and turning . . . and then the crash. She saw that her clothes were ripped and torn and she wondered crazily enough why it was that people's clothes were always torn in automobile crack-ups. Her whole body ached, and she was afraid that she might be injured internally. Then all fears for herself vanished before her terror about Alan.

The wreck of the car was black and formless. Angel climbed to her feet, swayed unsteadily, and then lurched toward the car. She could still see the lights of the town they had been approaching—the town that would have afforded sanctuary in another five minutes or so. Her heart was pounding and *her nerves were crawling.* She walked around the car, calling "Alan . . . Alan . . ." and receiving no answer, hearing no sound. She leaned against the car, which was lying on its side, and listened for any sound from within. There was none.

SHE clambered onto the wreckage, and fancied that she saw a black shape huddled beneath the steering wheel. That must be Alan . . . and her throat was tight as she tugged at the door—which had jammed. She put her hand inside and touched Alan's face. It was damp, and she knew that if she could have seen—the dampness would have been crimson.

She knew a moment of panic. Then she was calm again. She struggled desperately to get into the car, to reach him with more than her finger tips. He was hurt. He was bleeding.

He was probably dead.

From far down the road, from the direction of the town, she saw a car approaching. She left the wreck, and clambered across the drainage ditch. She stood in the middle of the highway, directly in the path of the onrushing car: young, frightened, disheveled, bruised. Her lips were moving wordlessly, and she was thinking. . . . "Not that . . . please God . . . not *that* . . ."

The car stopped. Two men got out. One of them looked at Angel, and then at the wreck of Alan's car, and he said, absurdly enough, "Has there been an accident?"

But Angel did not answer. She was climbing back across the drainage ditch and saying over and over and over again: "Hurry . . . please hurry . . . oh, hurry . . ."

Somehow, they dragged Alan out of the car, and one of the men turned a flashlight on him. His face and neck and shoulders were crimson, and where there was no blood the skin was dead white. They mopped the blood away as well as they could, and one of the men said, "I reckon he ain't dead—just kinda bunged up," and Angel kept touching his bruised face with a bit of filmy handkerchief and saying, "Oh, my darling . . . my darling . . ." and the two men looked at each other and nodded, and one of them said, "Reckon we better git him to the hospital."

It was all a nightmare to Angel after that: a nightmare of fear and of horror and of jangling nerves. The two strangers were strong and gentle, but Angel *had the fear that they were hurting the* unconscious Alan, and when they put him in the back of their car, Angel sat beside him, holding him close and whispering all the things she had never dared to say before.

There was the white, shiny, immaculate little hospital: a grim emergency receiving room, and a severe and efficient little intern, and Angel kept saying, "Do something . . . for God's sake, do something. . . . That's Alan Hughes. . . ." and then someone said that Dr. Singleton was in the building, and evidently that meant a great deal, because they all looked respectful, and Angel made them get Dr. Singleton. He was a tall, slender, competent man with the long, sensitive fingers of the skilled surgeon, and it was he who gave crisp orders that resulted in Alan's being wheeled into the operating room, and it was Dr. Singleton who came out a few minutes later, and dropped a kindly hand on Angel Fremont's shoulder and said, "He's cut and bruised, but right as rain. No bones broken. . . ."

And it was Dr. Singleton who, the next moment, called out: "Miss Ryan! This girl has fainted."

AND when Angel came to, they had to tell her again and again that Alan was not severely hurt: that there was no cause for alarm. A few days in bed perhaps. . . . It was difficult to absorb good news after the ghastly fear that had eaten on her. But then they were so bright and cheerful about things, and they let her see Alan, and he grinned at her and described an arc with the palm of his right hand in front of his face, and said, "We do the damnedest things, don't we?" and that made her cry, and then she heard him saying, "We're going home."

"Alan! No!"

"Doc says that I'm okay. I don't even need an ambulance. We'll hire a car."

"But you're hurt."

"Sure—but not bad. I feel dopey, if you want the truth—from that shot of morphine they gave me. . . ." He said, "Mind calling Judith?"

She went to the telephone at the end of the hall and rang Alan's home number. She heard Judith's voice, heavy with sleep:

"Mrs. Hughes . . . ?" That seemed so ridiculous, but she said it.

"Yes."

"This is Angel Fremont."

"Yes . . . ?" Angel knew that the girl at the other end sensed something wrong —and was frightened. So she tried to control *her own voice. She said:*

"I'm on Long Island with Alan. There's been an accident. He's hurt."

"How badly?" Judith's voice was sharp and clear, and Angel thought, "She's scared. She must love him . . ." but she said, "The doctor says it's nothing serious. Alan wants me to bring him home."

"I'll come for him right away. . . ."

"I can get a car and drive him in, Mrs. Hughes. It'll save a lot of time. But he wanted me to ask you first."

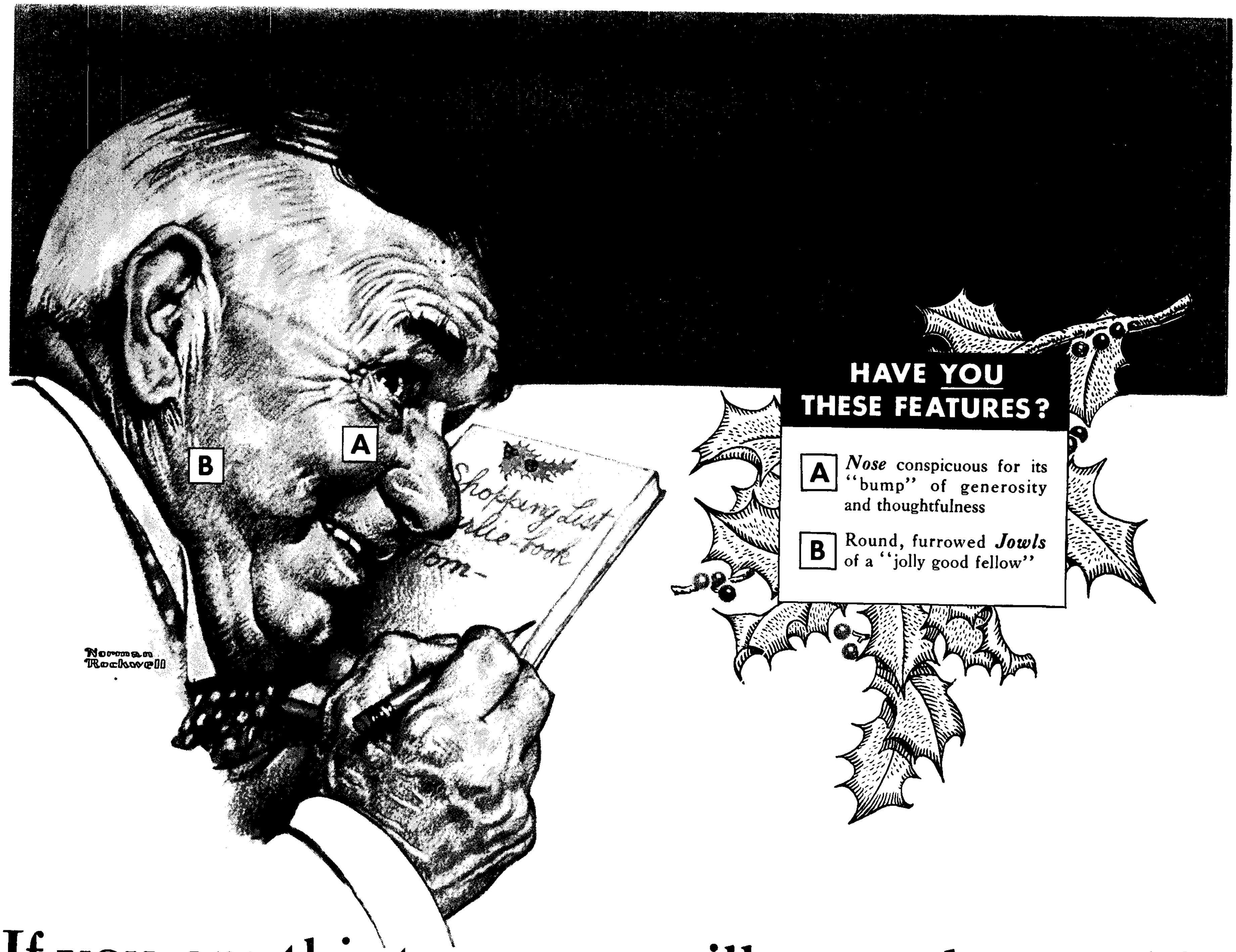
"Please. And tell him how sorry . . . I know you'll take care of him—"

"I sure will. You just sit tight. Honest, there's nothing serious. And we'll be there in an hour. . . ."

Angel turned away from the telephone and walked down the white-tiled corridor toward Alan's room. She went inside and stood by his bed.

She said, "I'm taking you home, Alan. To your wife."

(To be continued next week)


A
B
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Charlie-Tom
Tom-
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DOUBLE-RICH FROM THE HEART OF THE BLUE GRASS

Hollywood Sweepstakes

Continued from page 21

and shadows all made pictorial sense.

She was given a small part in a little number called Eight Girls in a Boat and then they decided to make a Flash Gordon serial. They make those serials in no time at all and for no money at all. They tossed her into it and forgot about her. The people who plunk their two bits down on the line in the small towns didn't forget about her, however. They sent in baskets of fan mail and the executives had to take a look at the picture. Now Miss Jean seems to have a real chance to go somewhere. Quiet, reserved, studious and not at all hard to look at, Jean Rogers is very apt to get her name in very big electric lights.

Shirley Ross made up her mind to be a film star when she was a spindly legged kid in the Hollywood High School. She figured the whole thing out. She knew that it was silly to make the conventional rounds of studios or to register at the Central Casting Agency. She would get a job singing with an orchestra and sooner or later some producer would swoon at her obvious talent and break two glasses and knock over a headwaiter in his eagerness to get to her with a fountain pen. She went to the University of California at Los Angeles where she excelled in singing and dancing, much to the detriment of her calculus and French. Then she quit to get a job with an orchestra that played at the Coconut Grove.

Everything was going according to schedule. This was the place where producers went for relaxation or something. Plenty of producers were there every night but Shirley didn't catch their eye. Shirley, to put it mildly, was a floperoo. She was awkward and she didn't know how to handle a microphone and all in all she was very unhappy. Instead of sulking she got herself another job singing at a place where the producers didn't go for relaxation.

"Half the time I sang to myself and to the orchestra," she says now with voluble frankness. "But I was learning all the time. I lost my stage fright. I learned how to hit a note without having to strain for it obviously. I learned how to carry my hands—not so easy, that."

Then the orchestra was surprisingly moved into the swank Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. Shirley was all right this time and she wasn't a bit surprised when one night an M-G-M executive did come up, not with a fountain pen and contract but with an offer of a screen test. She took the test and did reasonably well. Later she moved to Paramount and she did right well in the Broadcast of 1938. In her last picture she did a number with Bob Hope that drew raves from the critics. Now Miss Ross is on her way. She is a determined lass and there is no reason why she shouldn't eventually attain real stardom.

In a Sea of Pretty Faces

Lynn Carver was the daughter of a mining engineer who traveled a great deal through the Southwest. Lynn caught her education on the run. However, when her family finally moved to Los Angeles the youngster had a few bright weapons with which to storm the picture citadel. She had a quiet Southern accent, a fairly good singing voice, and a mass of auburn hair. She made one very useful friend in Hollywood, Polly Ann Young, sister of Loretta Young. The Young family has long had a reputation for helping deserving youngsters. Polly Ann arranged for a test at M-G-M. Some girls fight Hollywood for years before they can get that far. M-G-M thought enough of her test to give her a chance in Penthouse, which starred Myrna Loy. She did all right, too, but Hollywood is filled with girls who do just all right. Lynn was intelligent enough to realize that she was only another pretty face in a sea of pretty faces. She took her hard-earned pennies and went to New York to study singing.

She worked hard, learned a lot and then, no longer just another pretty girl, returned to Hollywood. They gave her a good part in Maytime. Strangely enough she didn't sing. She did well enough, however, to warrant a long-term contract and from now on it's up to her and Lady Luck.

CALL AGAIN!
SIMMON'S
PARKING LOT
Huffine

"I had to sell it. They can't get it out"

D. HUFFINE

Now we come to my own candidate in this lottery, a charming, intelligent girl named Caroline Fisher. Not even people in Hollywood have heard of her as yet, which is not surprising because she still has to appear in her first picture. Miss Fisher's story is quite unlike that of any other girl in filmtown.

As a youngster, Caroline and her brother Richard were ardent players. They did their acting in the family garage with the neighborhood kids as the audience. This was in Roger City, Michigan. Very early in life Caroline had decided that the theater was to be her career. Meanwhile she attended school and later worked at commercial photography. She and her brother dreamed of owning their own theater, preferably a country theater where they could experiment to their hearts' content. Finally they found such a place at Fish Creek, Wisconsin, a summer resort. With the help of their parents and a few other hardy souls, they bought a place and remodeled a large barn into a theater. Caroline was the business manager for the project. They had no money at all, so she went out and peddled subscriptions for the summer season. This was even before she had the rights to a single play.

She collected about eight hundred dollars and then collected a few actors and actresses. Their first play was Hay Fever, and Caroline played the lead; Brother Richard directed. The public liked it, too, and liked subsequent plays they presented. They rehearsed a play four days and then presented it three days. It was hard but glorious work to one who loved the theater. The second year the company expanded. It had both an indoor and an outdoor theater now. They were called the Peninsular Players and people came from Milwaukee and even from Chicago to watch their performances.

Caroline and Richard ran the whole show. They designed and often painted the sets. They trained players and, by teaching others, they taught themselves. Richard wrote a play which they produced. Suddenly the project caught on tremendously. Its fame spread all over the state and financial worries abruptly stopped. The third season ended and Caroline took a trip to Chicago. She was twenty-one.

She met Producer Wesley Ruggles and Ruggles, who had heard of the Peninsular Players, asked her about the Fish Creek Little Theater. Ruggles was entranced by her story. He was captured by the driving energy and the vital intelligence of this youngster. He visualized her before a camera. Ruggles knew that this girl had it. And he knows his business.

Caroline almost forgot the casual meeting with Ruggles. She had absolutely no ambition along the lines of film work. The theater and the Peninsular Players were her life. Ruggles didn't forget her, though. He offered her the strangest contract perhaps ever offered a potential Hollywood actress. He knew that it would be impossible to persuade her to give up the summer theater. He inserted a clause in the contract to the effect that she would never have to work in a picture during summer.

And so Caroline Fisher came to Hollywood under personal contract to Wesley Ruggles. He thinks that she has a great future in pictures, but he is waiting for the right part. Miss Fisher has not run through the rather absurd publicity paces demanded by the studio praise-makers.

"I'm an actress," she says simply and sensibly enough. "If I am to get anywhere it will be by my own talents, not by silly stunts. I'm anxious to get to work, but meanwhile I study and I plan for our next summer's work. My brother and I are planning the season by long distance."

Remember the name—Caroline Fisher. Ruggles is willing to bet on her future. And Wesley Ruggles is smart.

Lass from Gee's Creek

Now I'll bet you never heard of a little place called Gee's Creek, Missouri, but I'd also like to bet you will someday. Martha Scott was born there and Martha Scott is a lassie who is on her way. Of course she struggles under one almost unsurmountable handicap—she is a real actress. No one knew that she was an actress until the curtain had been up for eight minutes the opening night of Our Town last year.

The opening of what was to be the Pulitzer Prize play was quite an event in our town. The brilliant Thornton Wilder wrote it and the popular Frank Craven was to star in it. However, when the critics filed out that evening most of them were talking of the young lady who had played Emily Webb in the play. It was a difficult part and she did a beautiful job. There was no reason why anyone should have been surprised. After all, Martha had learned her trade. She began at the University of Michigan, which had a fine dramatic course presided over by capable Valentine B. Windt.

After that she played for the Ann Arbor Repertory Company but her first real big-league job was with the Detroit Civic Theater which had once sheltered such embryo stars as Katharine Cornell and Ann Harding. The Chicago World's Fair was good to Martha. Thomas Wood Stevens had the idea of presenting condensed versions of Shakespeare to Fair visitors. Martha played in just about everything that Shakespeare ever wrote. Oh, she was learning her trade all right. Then came her big chance in Our Town and she grabbed it daintily but firmly.

After that it was merely a matter of picking the picture company she liked. They all wanted her and eventually she signed with David Selznick. She has beauty, intelligence, great charm and she can act. She looks like an awfully good bet in our Hollywood Sweepstakes.

We've picked these girls pretty much at random. We might just as well have picked others. Trying to pick out future stars is like trying to pick a future Kentucky Derby winner out of a bunch of two-year-olds. Maybe none of our girls will get any farther than they are now. But somewhere in Hollywood are the Myrna Loys, the Norma Shearers of the future. Maybe by accident we've stumbled on some of them. So at least let's wish the gals luck, long ermine wraps down to here, tennis courts, swimming pools and long-term contracts.

Murder for Christmas

Continued from page 22

of looking at it. It's defeating the ends of justice."

Hercule Poirot said, "Justice is a very strange thing. Have you ever reflected on it?"

Sugden stared at him. He said, "You're a queer one, Mr. Poirot."

"Not at all. I follow a logical train of thought. But we will not enter into a dispute on the question. It is your belief, then, that this demoiselle from the milk shop is not speaking the truth?"

Sugden shook his head. "No," he said. "It's not like that at all. As a matter of fact, I think she *is* telling the truth. She's a simple kind of girl and I think if she were telling me a pack of lies I'd spot it."

Poirot said, "You have the experience, yes."

"That's just it, Mr. Poirot. One does know, more or less, after a lifetime of taking down statements, when a person's lying and when he's not. No, I think the girl's evidence is genuine, and if so, Horbury *couldn't* have murdered old Mr. Lee, and that brings us right back to the people in the house."

HE DREW a deep breath. "One of 'em did it, Mr. Poirot. One of 'em did it. But *which?*"

"You have no new data?"

"Yes, I've had a certain amount of luck over the telephone calls. Mr. George Lee put through a call to Westeringham at two minutes to nine. That call lasted under six minutes."

"Aha!"

"As you say! Moreover, *no other call* was put through—to Westeringham or anywhere else."

"Very interesting," said Poirot, with approval. "M. George Lee says he has just finished telephoning when he hears the noise overhead—but actually he had finished telephoning nearly *ten minutes before that.* Where was he in those ten minutes? Mrs. George Lee says that *she* was telephoning—but actually she never put through a call at all. Where was *she?*"

Sugden said, "I saw you talking to her, Mr. Poirot?"

His voice held a question, but Poirot replied, "You are in error!"

"Eh?"

"*I* was not talking to *her*—she was talking to *me!*"

"Oh—" Sugden seemed to be about to brush the distinction aside impatiently; then, as its significance sank in, he said:

"*She* was talking to *you*, you say?"

"Most definitely. She came out here for that purpose."

"What did she have to say?"

"She wished to stress certain points: the un-English character of the crime; the possibly undesirable antecedents of Miss Estravados on the paternal side; the fact that Miss Estravados had furtively picked up something from the floor last night."

"She told you that, did she?" said Sugden with interest.

"Yes. What was it that the señorita picked up?"

Sugden sighed. "I could give you three hundred guesses. I'll show it to you. It's the sort of thing that solves the whole mystery in detective stories. If you can make anything out of it, I'll retire from the police force!"

"Show it to me."

Sugden took an envelope from his pocket and tilted its contents onto the palm of his hand. A faint grin showed on his face.

"There you are. What do you make of it?"

On the superintendent's broad palm lay a little triangular piece of pink rubber and a small wooden peg.

His grin broadened, as Poirot picked up the articles and frowned over them.

"Make anything of them, Mr. Poirot?"

"This little piece of stuff might have been cut from a sponge bag."

"It was. It comes from a sponge bag in Mr. Lee's room. Somebody with sharp scissors just cut a small triangular piece out of it. Mr. Lee may have done it himself for all I know. But it beats me *why* he should do it. Horbury can't throw any light on the matter. As for the peg, it's about the size of a cribbage peg, but they're usually made of ivory. This is just rough wood—whittled out of a bit of deal, I should say."

"Most remarkable," said Poirot.

"Keep 'em if you like," said Sugden kindly. "*I* don't want them."

"*Mon ami,* I would not deprive you of them!"

"They don't seem anything at all to you?"

"I must confess—nothing whatever!"

"Splendid!" said Sugden with heavy sarcasm, returning them to his pocket. "We *are* getting on!"

Poirot said, "Mrs. George Lee, she recounts that the young lady stooped and picked these bagatelles up in a furtive manner. Should you say that that was true?"

Sugden considered the point.

"No-o," he said hesitatingly. "I shouldn't go quite as far as that. She didn't look guilty—nothing of that kind—but she did set about it rather—well—quickly and quietly—if you know what I mean. *And she didn't know I'd seen her do it!* That I'm sure of—she jumped when I spoke to her."

Poirot said thoughtfully, "Then there *was* a reason—but what conceivable reason could there have been? That little piece of rubber is quite fresh—it has not been used for anything—it can have no meaning whatsoever, and yet—"

SUGDEN said impatiently, "Well, you can worry about it if you like, Mr. Poirot. I've got other things to think about."

Poirot asked, "The case stands—where, in your opinion?"

Sugden took out his notebook. "Let's get down to *facts.* To begin with there are the people who *couldn't* have done it. Let's get them out of the way first—"

"They are?"

"Alfred and Harry Lee. They've got a definite alibi. Also Mrs. Alfred Lee, since Tressilian saw her in the drawing room only about a minute before the row started upstairs. Those three are clear. Now for the others. Here's a list. I've put it this way for clearness."

He handed the book to Poirot.

AT THE TIME OF THE CRIME

George Lee was—?

Mrs. George Lee was—?

David Lee was playing piano in music room (confirmed by his wife).

Mrs. David Lee was in music room (confirmed by her husband).

Miss Estravados was in her bedroom (no confirmation).

Stephen Farr was in ballroom playing phonograph (confirmed by three of staff who could hear the music in servants' hall).

Poirot said, handing back the list, "And therefore?"

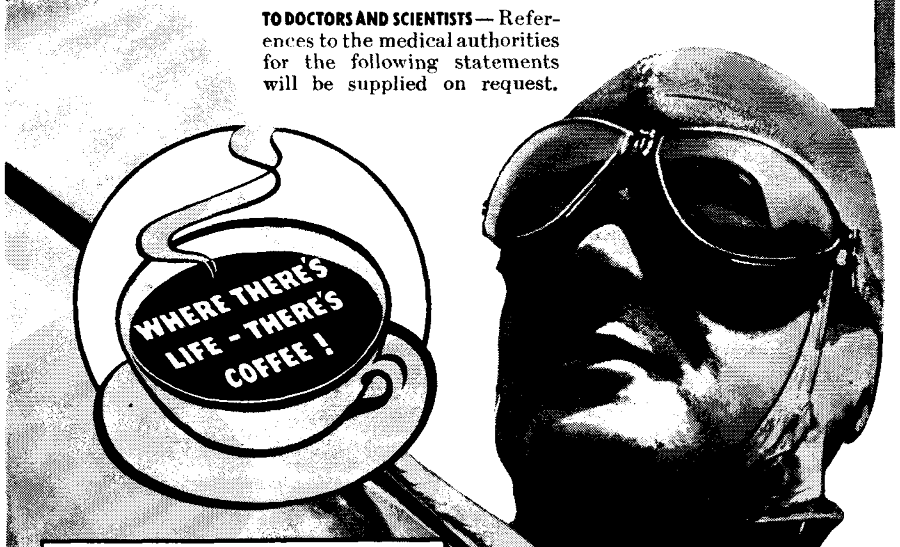
"And therefore," said Sugden, "George Lee could have killed the old man. Mrs. George Lee could have killed

TRUE-or False?

Artemus Ward, 19th century American humorist, once wrote, "The trouble with Americans is they know so many things that ain't so." Maybe Mr. Ward was thinking of coffee . . . because you hear so many fables, falsities, superstitions, and so much general nonsense about it. Here are a few truths—and falsities. How's your knowledge?

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE? Put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below—then compare your answers with those at the end of each statement of the facts.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS—References to the medical authorities for the following statements will be supplied on request.


WHERE THERE'S LIFE - THERE'S COFFEE!

COFFEE MAKES ASPIRIN WORK FASTER, BETTER.* **True?** ☐ **False?** ☐

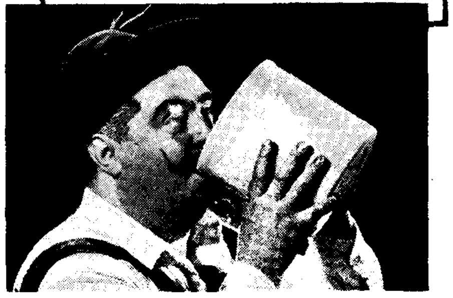
Aspirin, or any similar analgesic, does its work faster and alleviates pain in less time if followed immediately by a cup of good, hot coffee. Remember that next time you have a racking headache or other pain.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

COFFEE IS NEVER DRUNK BY AVIATORS.* **True?** ☐ **False?** ☐

Because coffee induces mental alertness, fights off fatigue, and helps maintain a high level of concentration and attention, good, strong coffee is the favorite drink of airmen. And of everybody else who seeks the same mental and physical fitness.

Statement in the headline above* is False.



YOU CAN DRINK 20 GALLONS OF COFFEE A DAY.* **True?** ☐ **False?** ☐

A case reported in a Viennese medical journal in 1931 described a man who drank an average of 20 gallons of coffee a day. Circulation was not impaired, blood sugar value not increased, no gastric dilation, excellent capacity for concentrating.

Statement in the headline above* is True—but we don't suggest you try it.

To make good coffee use enough—a heaping tablespoonful for each cup!

COFFEE DOES NOT KEEP YOU AWAKE.* **True?** ☐ **False?** ☐

Coffee exhilarates. Steps up the tempo of your mind and body. You're alive, awake, alert. But after two hours have passed, coffee's pick-up ceases with 97 out of every 100 people. You can sleep like a baby, as far as the coffee you had two hours earlier is concerned. Good news to folks who like their after-dinner coffee—and plenty of it.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

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him. Pilar Estravados could have killed him and *either Mr. or Mrs. David Lee could have killed him,* but not *both.*"

"You do not, then, accept that alibi?"

Superintendent Sugden shook his head emphatically. "Not on your life! Husband and wife—devoted to each other! They may be in it together, or if one of them did it, the other is ready to swear to an alibi. I look at it this way: *Someone* was in the music room playing the piano. It may have been David Lee. It probably *was,* since he was an acknowledged musician, but there's nothing to say his wife was there too *except her word and his.* In the same way, it *may* have been Hilda Lee who was playing that piano while David Lee crept upstairs and killed his father! No, it's an absolutely different case from the two brothers in the dining room. Alfred Lee and Harry Lee don't love each other. Neither of them would perjure himself *for the other's sake.*"

"What about Stephen Farr?"

"He's a possible suspect because that phonograph alibi is a bit thin. On the other hand, it's the sort of alibi that's really sounder than a good cast-iron, dyed-in-the-wool alibi which ten to one has been faked up beforehand!"

Poirot bowed his head thoughtfully. "I know what you mean. It is the alibi of a man *who did not know that he would be called upon to provide such a thing.*"

"Exactly! And anyway, somehow, I don't believe a stranger was mixed up in this thing."

Poirot said quickly, "I agree with you. It is here a family affair. It is a poison that works in the blood—it is intimate—it is deep-seated. There is here, I think, hate and knowledge. . . ."

He waved his hands. "I do not know—it is difficult!"

SUPERINTENDENT SUGDEN had waited respectfully, but without being much impressed. He said, "Quite so, Mr. Poirot. But we'll get at it, never fear, with elimination and logic. We've got the *possibilities* now—the people with *opportunity.* George Lee, Magdalene Lee, David Lee, Hilda Lee, Pilar Estravados and I'll add Stephen Farr. Now we come to *motive.* Who had a *motive* for putting old Mr. Lee out of the way? There again we can wash out certain people. Miss Estravados, for one. I gather that as the will stands now she doesn't get anything at all.

"If Simeon Lee had died before her mother, her mother's share would have come down to her (unless her mother willed it otherwise), but as Jennifer Estravados predeceased Simeon Lee, that particular legacy reverts to the other members of the family. So it was definitely to Miss Estravados' interests to keep the old man alive. He'd taken a fancy to her; it's pretty certain he'd have left her a good slice of money when he made a new will. She had everything to lose and nothing to gain by his murder. You agree to that?"

"Perfectly."

"There remains, of course, the possibility that she cut his throat in the heat of a quarrel, but that seems extremely unlikely to me. To begin with, they were on the best of terms, and she hadn't been here long enough to bear him a grudge about anything. It therefore seems highly unlikely that Miss Estravados had anything to do with the crime—except that you might argue that to cut a man's throat is an unEnglish sort of thing to do, as your friend Mrs. George put it."

"Do not call her *my* friend," said Poirot hastily. "Or I shall speak of *your* friend, Miss Estravados, who finds you such a handsome man!"

He had the pleasure of seeing the superintendent's official poise upset again. The police officer turned crimson. Poirot looked at him with malicious amusement.

He said, and there was a wistful note in his voice, "It is true that your mustache is superb. . . . Tell me, do you use for it a special pomade?"

"Pomade? Good Lord, no!"

"What do you use?"

"Use? Nothing at all. It—it just *grows.*"

Poirot sighed. "You are favored by nature." He caressed his own luxuriant black mustache, then sighed. "However expensive the preparation," he murmured, "to restore the natural color does somewhat impoverish the quality of the hair."

Superintendent Sugden, uninterested in hairdressing problems, was continuing in a stolid manner, "Considering the *motive* for the crime, I should say that we can probably wash out Mr. Stephen Farr. It's just *possible* that there was some hanky-panky between his father and Mr. Lee, and the former suffered, but I doubt it. Farr's manner was too easy and assured when he mentioned that subject. He was quite confident—and I don't think he was acting. No, I don't think we'll find anything there."

"I do not think you will," said Poirot.

"And there's one other person with a motive for keeping old Mr. Lee alive. His son Harry. It's true that he benefits under the will, but I don't believe *he was aware of the fact.* Certainly couldn't have been *sure* of it! The general impression seemed to be that Harry had been definitely cut out of his share of the inheritance at the time he cut loose. But now he was on the point of coming back into favor! It was all to his advantage that his father should make a new will. He wouldn't be such a fool as to kill him now. Actually, as we know, he *couldn't* have done it. You see, we're getting on; we're clearing quite a lot of people out of the way."

"How true. Very soon there will be nobody left!"

SUGDEN grinned. "We're not going as far as that! We've got George Lee and his wife, and David Lee and Mrs. David. They all benefit by the death, and George Lee, from all I can make out, is grasping about money. Moreover, his father was threatening to cut down supplies. So we've George Lee with motive *and* opportunity!"

"Continue," said Poirot.

"And we've got Mrs. George! As fond of money as a cat is fond of cream, and I'd be prepared to bet she's heavily in debt at the minute! She was jealous of the Spanish girl. She was quick to spot that the other was gaining an ascendancy over the old man. She'd heard him say that he was sending for the lawyer. So she struck quickly. You could make out a case."

"Possibly."

"Then there's David Lee and his wife. They inherit under the present will, but I don't believe, somehow, that the money motive would be particularly strong in their case."

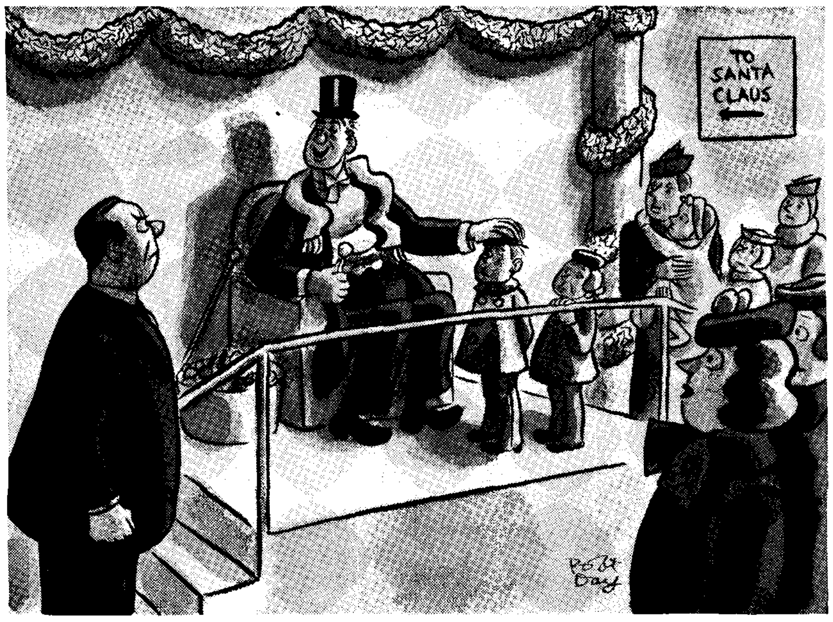
"No?"

"NO. David Lee seems to be a bit of a dreamer—not a mercenary type. But he's—well, he's *odd.* As I see it, there are three possible motives for this murder. There's the diamond complication, there's the will, and there's—well—just plain *hate.*"

"Ah, you see that, do you?"

Sugden said, "Naturally. It's been present in my mind all along. *If* David Lee killed his father, I don't think it was for money. And if he was the criminal it might explain the—well, the blood-letting!"

Poirot looked at him appreciatively.



"I rushed here straight from a party and didn't have time to change"

ROBERT DAY

"Yes, I wondered when you would take that into consideration. *So much blood*—that is what Mrs. Alfred said. It takes one back to ancient rituals—to blood sacrifices, to the anointing with the blood of the sacrifice. . . ."

Sugden said, frowning, "You mean whoever did it was mad?"

"*Mon cher*—there *are* all sorts of deep instincts in man of which he himself is unaware. The craving for blood—the demand for sacrifice!"

Sugden said doubtfully, "David Lee looks a quiet, harmless fellow."

Poirot said, "You do not understand the psychology. David Lee is a man who lives in the past—a man in whom the memory of his mother is still very much alive. He kept away from his father for many years because he could not forgive his father's treatment of his mother. He came here, let us suppose, to forgive. *But he may not have been able to forgive.* . . . We do know one thing—that when David Lee—"

He broke off. Hilda Lee had come out of the house and was standing looking along the terrace.

Hilda Lee said simply, "I wanted to find you, M. Poirot."

Superintendent Sugden had excused himself and gone back into the house. Looking after him, Hilda said, "I didn't know he was with you. I thought he was with Pilar. He seems a nice man, quite considerate."

Her voice was pleasant, a low, soothing cadence in it.

Poirot asked, "You wanted to see me, you say?"

She inclined her head. "Yes. I think you can help me."

"I shall be delighted to do so, Madame."

She said, "You are a very intelligent man, M. Poirot. I saw that last night. There are things you will, I think, find out quite easily. I want you to understand my husband."

"Yes, Madame."

"I shouldn't talk like this to Superintendent Sugden. He wouldn't understand. But you will."

Poirot bowed. "You honor me, Madame."

Hilda went calmly on, "My husband, for many years, ever since I married him, has been what I can only describe as a mental cripple."

"Ah!"

"When one suffers some great hurt physically, it causes shock and pain, but slowly it mends, the flesh heals, the bone knits. There may be, perhaps, a little weakness, a slight scar, but nothing more. My husband, M. Poirot, suffered a great hurt *mentally* at his most susceptible age. He adored his mother and he saw *her* die. He believed that his father was morally responsible for that death. From that shock he has never quite recovered. His resentment against his father never died down.

"It was I who persuaded David to come here this Christmas, to be reconciled to his father. I wanted it—for *his* sake—I wanted that mental wound to heal. I *realize* now that coming here was a mistake. Simeon Lee amused himself by probing into that old wound. It was—a very dangerous thing to do. . . ."

POIROT *said, "Are you telling me,* Madame, that your husband killed his father?"

"I am telling you, M. Poirot, that he easily *might* have done so. . . . And I will also tell you this, that he did *not!* When Simeon Lee was killed, his son David was playing the Dead March. The wish to kill was in his heart. It passed out through his fingers and died in waves of sound. . . . That is the truth."

Poirot was silent for a moment or two, then he said, "And you, Madame, what is your verdict on that past drama?"

"You mean the death of Simeon Lee's wife?"

"Yes."

Hilda said slowly, "I know enough of life to know that you can never judge any case on its outside merits. To all seeming, Simeon Lee was entirely to blame and his wife was abominably treated. At the same time I honestly believe that there is a kind of meekness, a predisposition to martyrdom, which does arouse the worst instincts in men of a certain type. Simeon Lee would have admired, I think, spirit and force of character. He was merely irritated by patience and tears."

Poirot nodded. He said, "Your husband said last night, 'My mother never complained.' Is that true?"

Hilda Lee said impatiently, "Of course it isn't! She complained the whole time to David! She laid the whole burden of her unhappiness on his shoulders. He was too young—far too young—to bear all she gave him to bear!"

Poirot looked thoughtfully at her. She flushed under his gaze and bit her lip.

He said, "I see."

She said sharply, "What do you see?"

He answered, "I see that you have had to be a mother to your husband when you would have preferred to be a wife."

She turned away.

At that moment David Lee came out of the house and along the terrace toward them. He said, and his voice had a clear, joyful note in it, "Hilda, isn't it a

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glorious day? Almost like spring instead of winter."

He came nearer. His head was thrown back, a lock of fair hair fell across his forehead, his blue eyes shone. There was about him a youthful eagerness, a carefree radiance. Hercule Poirot caught his breath. . . .

David said, "Let's go down to the lake, Hilda."

She smiled, put her arm through his and they moved off together.

As Poirot watched them go, he saw her turn and give him a rapid glance. He caught a momentary glimpse of swift anxiety—or was it, he wondered, *fear?*

Slowly Hercule Poirot walked to the other end of the terrace.

He murmured to himself, "As I have always said, me, I am the father confessor! And since women come to confession more frequently than men, it is women who have come to me this morning. Will there, I wonder, be another very shortly?"

As he turned at the end of the terrace and paced back again, he knew that his question was answered. Lydia Lee was coming toward him.

Lydia said, "Good morning, M. Poirot. Tressilian told me I should find you out here with Harry, but I am glad to find you alone. My husband has been speaking about you. I know he is very anxious to talk to you."

"Ah, yes? Shall I go and see him now?"

"Not just yet. He got hardly any sleep last night. In the end I gave him a strong sleeping draft. He is still asleep, and I don't want to disturb him."

"I quite understand. That was very wise. I could see last night that the shock had been very great."

SHE said seriously, "You see, M. Poirot, he really *cared*—much more than the others."

"I understand."

She asked, "Have you—has the superintendent—any idea of who could have done this awful thing?"

Poirot said, "We have certain ideas, Madame, as to who did *not* do it."

Lydia said, "It's like a nightmare—so fantastic—I can't believe it's *real!*"

She added, "What about Horbury? Was he really at the cinema as he said?"

"Yes, Madame, his story has been checked. He was speaking the truth."

Lydia stopped and plucked at a bit of yew. She said: "But that's *awful!* It only leaves—the family!"

"Exactly."

"M. Poirot, I *can't* believe it!"

"Madame, you *can* and you *do* believe it!"

She seemed about to protest. Then suddenly she smiled ruefully. She said, "What a hypocrite one is!"

He nodded. "If you were to be frank with me, Madame," he said, "you would admit that to you it seems quite natural that one of his family should murder your father-in-law!"

Lydia said sharply, "That's really a fantastic thing to say, M. Poirot!"

"Yes, it is. But your father-in-law was a fantastic person!"

Lydia said, "Poor old man. I can feel sorry for him now. When he was alive, he just annoyed me unspeakably!"

Poirot said, "So I should imagine!"

He bent over one of the stone sinks. "They are very ingenious, these."

"I'm glad you like them. It's one of my hobbies. Do you like this arctic one with the penguins and the ice?"

"Charming. And this, what is this?"

"Oh, that's the Dead Sea—or going to be. It isn't finished yet. You mustn't look at it. Now this one is supposed to be Piana in Corsica. The rocks there, you know, are quite pink and too lovely where they go down into the blue sea. This desert scene is rather fun, don't you think?"

She led him along. When they had reached the farther end she glanced at her wrist watch.

"I must go and see if Alfred is awake."

When she had gone Poirot went slowly back again to the garden representing the Dead Sea. He looked at it with a good deal of interest. Then he scooped up a few of the pebbles and let them run through his fingers.

Suddenly his face changed. He held up the pebbles close to his face.

"Sapristi!" he said. "This is a surprise! Now, what exactly does this mean?"

THE chief constable and Superintendent Sugden stared at Poirot incredulously. The latter returned a stream of small pebbles carefully into a small cardboard box and pushed it across to the chief constable.

"Oh, yes," he said. "They are the diamonds all right."

"And you found them where did you say? In the garden?"

"In one of the small gardens constructed by Madame Alfred Lee."

MAIL EARLY
WRAP SECURELY
NEXT WINDOW
JOIN THE U.S. MARINES
ASK THE POSTMASTER FOR FULL INFORMATION
Ned Hilton

"I want full information about joining the marines"

NED HILTON

"Mrs. Alfred?" Sugden shook his head. "Doesn't seem likely."

Poirot said, "You mean, I presume, that you do not consider it likely that Mrs. Alfred cut her father-in-law's throat?"

Sugden said quickly, "We know she didn't do that. I meant it seemed unlikely that she pinched these diamonds."

Poirot said, "One would not easily believe her a thief—no."

Sugden said, "Anyone could have hidden them there."

"That is true. It was convenient that in that particular garden—the Dead Sea as it represents—there happened to be pebbles very similar in shape and appearance."

Sugden said, "You mean she fixed it like that beforehand? Ready?"

Colonel Johnson said warmly, "I don't believe it for a moment. Not for a moment. Why should she take the diamonds in the first place?"

"Well, as to that—" Sugden said.

Poirot nipped in quickly, "There is a possible answer to that. She took the diamonds to suggest a motive for the murder. That is to say, she knew that murder was going to be done though she *herself took no active part in it.*"

Johnson frowned. "That won't hold water for a minute. You're making her out to be an accomplice—but whose accomplice would she be likely to be? Only her husband's. But as we know that he, too, had nothing to do with the murder, the whole theory falls to the ground."

Sugden stroked his jaw reflectively. "Yes," he said, "that's so. No, if Mrs. Lee took the diamonds—and it's a big if—it was just plain robbery, and it's true she might have prepared that garden specially as a hiding place for them till the hue and cry died down. Another possibility is that of *coincidence.* That garden, with its similarity of pebbles, struck the thief, whoever he or she was, as an ideal *hiding place.*"

Poirot said, "That is quite possible. I am always prepared to admit *one* coincidence."

Superintendent Sugden shook his head dubiously.

Poirot said, "What is your opinion, Superintendent?"

The superintendent said cautiously, "Mrs. Lee's a very nice lady. Doesn't seem likely that she'd be mixed up in any business that was fishy. But, of course, one never knows."

Colonel Johnson said testily, "In any case, whatever the truth is about the diamonds, her being mixed up in the murder is out of the question. The butler saw her in the drawing room at the actual time of the crime. You remember that, Poirot."

Poirot said, "I had not forgotten that."

THE chief constable turned to his subordinate.

"We'd better get on. What have you got to report? Anything fresh?"

"Yes, sir. I've got hold of some new information. To start with—Horbury. There's a reason why he might be scared of the police."

"Robbery? Eh?"

"No, sir. Extorting money under threats. Modified blackmail. The case couldn't be proved, so he got off, but I rather fancy he's got away with a thing or two in that line. Having a guilty conscience, he probably thought we were on to something of that kind when Tressilian mentioned a police officer last night and it made him get the wind up."

The chief constable said, "H'm, so much for Horbury! What else?"

The superintendent coughed, "Er—Mrs. George Lee, *sir.* We've got a line on her before her marriage. Was living with a Commander Jones. Passed as his daughter—but she *wasn't* his daughter. . . . I think, from what we've been told, that old Mr. Lee summed her up pretty correctly—he was smart where women were concerned, knew a bad lot when he saw one—and was just amusing himself by taking a shot in the dark. *And* he got her on the raw!"

Colonel Johnson said thoughtfully, "That gives her another possible motive—apart from the money angle. She may have thought he knew something definite and was going to give her away to her husband. That telephone story of hers is pretty fishy. She *didn't* telephone."

Sugden suggested, "Why not have them in together, sir, and get that telephone business straight? See what we get."

Colonel Johnson said, "Good idea."

He rang the bell. Tressilian answered.

"Ask Mr. and Mrs. George Lee to come here."

"Very good, sir."

As the old man turned away Poirot said, "The date on that calendar, has it remained like it is since the murder?"

Tressilian turned back.

"Which calendar, sir?"

"The one on the wall over there."

The three men were sitting once more in Alfred Lee's small sitting room. The calendar in question was a large one with tear-off leaves, a bold date on each leaf.

Tressilian peered across the room, then shuffled slowly across till he was a foot or two away.

He said, "Excuse me, sir, it has been torn off. It's the twenty-sixth today."

"Ah, pardon. Who would have been the person to tear it off?"

"Mr. Lee does, sir, every morning. Mr. Alfred, he's a very methodical gentleman."

"I see. Thank you."

Tressilian went out. Sugden said, puzzled, "Is there anything fishy about that calendar, Mr. Poirot? Have I missed something there?"

With a shrug of his shoulders Poirot said, "The calendar is of no importance. It was just a little experiment I was making."

Colonel Johnson said, "Inquest tomorrow. There'll be an adjournment, of course."

Sugden said, "Yes, sir, I've seen the coroner and it's all arranged for."

(To be continued next week)

College Hero

Continued from page 15

caught at Bill and shook him like an electric charge. "Owstin and I are dancing tonight at the Count's—won't you come?"

"No, thanks." He stood up. "I'm pretty tired. It was a long drive. You'll excuse me." He knew his curt speech was akin to rudeness. It seemed to make little difference now, because he had been wrong from the start.

He went away from the table without looking back. Lilli sat upright in astonishment at his abruptness and there was disappointment in her face. Austin saw it; a thin reflective line appeared between his eyebrows.

BILL woke up when, hours later, Austin came into their room. "Hello. Have fun?"

"Yes. Charming girl."

"As if I didn't know. I'm in love with her."

"Little sudden, isn't it?" Austin said lightly.

"I know it. I'm a fool."

After a long pause Austin said thoughtfully, "Maybe I'm one, too."

"Sweet Peter!" said Bill.

"Funny, isn't it?"

"I can't hear you," Bill said. "This is a fine business. Let's get out of here tomorrow and go to Kitzbuhel."

"The snow's better here. . . . Her father got over the border two jumps ahead of the Nazis. Lilli's applied for permission to join him in France. All the family's money is in a French bank." Bill said nothing and then Austin added, "Her father can't touch it because it's in her name. And maybe they won't let her leave."

There was something in Austin's voice that Bill obscurely disliked; he couldn't give it a name; so he accepted it as envy that Lilli should have so quickly reposed her trust in Austin.

They were out early in the morning and there was no sign of Lilli. Neither mentioned her, and Bill tried to ignore the desolation of her absence. Together they went up the dome of Little Valuga and it felt good to be on skis again. Bill had to strain to keep up with Austin's effortless climbing, and when they came to the top of the hill, Bill said: "Whoosh!" and sat down on his crossed poles. After a pause he said casually: "Where's your little playmate?"

"Wanted to sleep late." Austin's laconic tone matched Bill's.

"You wouldn't mind if I left you here and ran over to St. Anton for a few days—"

"What about Lilli?" Austin said swiftly.

"What about Lilli?" Bill echoed.

"Think she'd be sorry to see you go."

Bill said shortly, "I have a picture of that." And when Austin said gently, "Let's not break up our friendship over a girl we scarcely know, kiddo," Bill was touched and he felt the old draw to this man . . . it did not occur to him that he was now entirely supporting Austin, who meant to keep it so.

They grinned, and Austin, relieved, pushed off and schussed the steep pitch, standing upright in the Norwegian fashion, leaning far forward. Bill came after him, less sure, less graceful, in the deep Arlberg crouch. Austin had already started to climb again as Bill came to the bottom and attempted a stop Christie. It was not very successful, he realized, as he picked himself out of the snow. He began to blush when he saw Lilli standing a few yards away.

"Good morning, Fräulein," he said hurriedly. "Austin's up there, climbing the practice slope—" He pointed with a pole. But Lilli scarcely looked that way. She said: "So."

"So what?"

"You were rude last night, and are rude again this morning."

"Wait a minute, Lilli. Last night I bowed out because you made it clear that I was a fifth wheel. Why talk about it any more?" Bill offered her a cigarette and lighted it for her.

In the frosty air the smoke was indistinguishable from their breath. "It is not fun to fight against you, Bill. You are Owstin's friend. He speaks well of you. You know him well?"

Assuming she wanted information, Bill answered her calmly. "We went to the same college. He was a sort of hero to us underclassmen. His parents have been dead for years. He's on leave from some kind of job in Wall Street." Then he said with an effort, "I don't think you'd be making a mistake, Lilli."

Puzzled, she started to touch his hand as he turned up the slope. "Please, Bill, I do not understand that last sentence."

"Let it go. I can't say it in German, anyway."

They joined Austin at the top. She smiled brightly at him and, watching her, Bill again felt his world quivering out of focus.

All morning they worked out on the practice slope; then, at lunch, they found a measure of gaiety because Austin chose to be amusing. He sat indolently in his chair, his movie-actor's head with its exact, bronze features tilted toward Lilli as if he were sure this was the most appealing angle. In contrast, Bill realized he must be homely. His own face was just an everyday face, with the kind of eyes and mouth that seemed to look for something to laugh at; as for his brownish hair—nothing short of an iron helmet could make it lie as sleek as Austin's.

Bill and Lilli were left alone at their table in the coffee room when Austin excused himself and went off to the ski shop. She looked at Bill.

"He is extraordinary, is he not?" she said.

"Yes . . ." Bill said.

Anxiously she said, "Do not be dispirited, Bill. I had thought Zurs would please you."

"Zurs is fine," he said. "I like it a lot."

"But you are lonesome here," she persisted. "A girl, perhaps?"

He looked straight at her then. "Yes. A girl." It hurt him to see her smile at that. Very softly she said, "That is good. Why are you not with her, Bill?"

FEELING panicky, he got up. "She doesn't know I'm alive." In another moment he would have reached across the table and caught her hand, to hold her there while he told her what it was like to be the friend of a friend, to love a girl who liked your company so she could talk about another man.

For the next two days Bill saw very little of Austin and Lilli; he practiced alone and ate his meals early. Every night Austin came in very late, remarking casually that he had been dancing with Lilli, or off for a sleigh ride, or even skiing in the moonlight.

The last time this occurred Bill sat up in bed and lighted a cigarette. His voice seemed thick when he said: "I've had enough of this. I'm shoving off in the morning for St. Anton."

Queer . . . he thought he saw a shade of alarm in Austin's face as the other said: "Swell. I want to talk to Schwartz in the school over there."

"No, you stay here."

"What for?"

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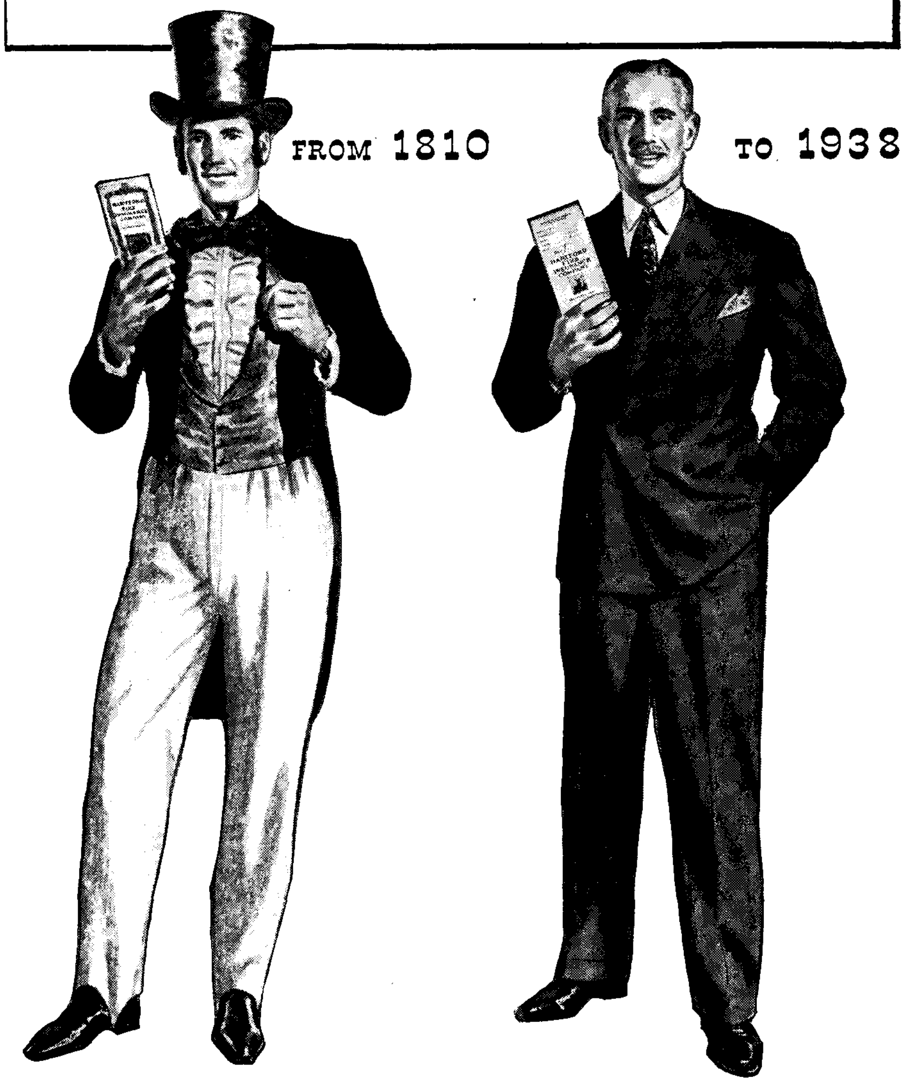

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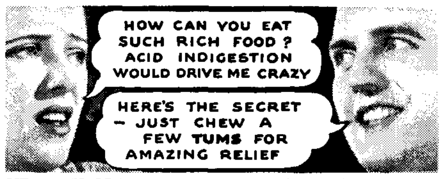
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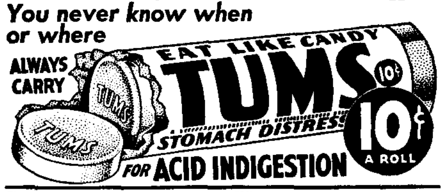

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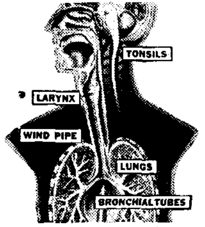

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"I don't know." Bill was embarrassed. "Snow's always better here and you want to get in a lot of practice."

"What about you?"

"Skiing's so much effort," Bill said. "I'm a little bored with this place. No, I'll pick you up on the way back."

Carelessly Austin said, "Of course, there's Lilli."

"Oh—Lilli. Yes," Bill remembered her, "well, say goodby to her for me, will you?"

"I thought you were pretty excited about her."

"Shut up about it, will you! I'm not blind—"

"All right," Austin said. "But cut out this St. Anton business then. I'm supposed to teach you some skiing, and I'm not going to stick around this hole alone. If you go, so do I. That's final."

There was a vague haze between them, like the beginning of anger. Bill felt it was wrong somehow, because this was Austin Bailey whom he had always admired so much, because they were friends. Austin seemed to hold his breath until Bill said:

"Okay, forget it."

But in the morning there was an incident that distressed him, providing Bill with an unwelcome sense of uneasiness bordering on suspicion. Austin had left the room when Bill got up and when he went through the lobby the manager signaled him . . . Austin had drawn two hundred marks from the desk clerk, telling him to put it on their bill. Would Herr Reynolds mind signing for it?

Bill signed, because there wasn't anything he could do about it, but he began to wonder if he was being played for a sucker. He went upstairs and tossed a few things into a rucksack and came back downstairs.

At the sound of small boots clattering across the wood floor he turned and saw Lilli. She waved and called out to him. There was consternation in her eyes as she saw the rucksack. "Why, Bill, where are you going?"

"Yes, where *were* you going?" It was Austin, just coming out of the coffee room behind.

Bill's face tightened. "Nowhere," he said. "Nowhere but St. Anton."

"That's a coincidence," Austin remarked. "So am I." He looked at Lilli. "As a matter of fact, I was just about to ask Lilli to run over with us—"

"How wonderful!" she cried.

"Yaah," said Bill. "I've changed my mind. You take my car."

Austin said, "We really don't want to go there anyway, do we, Lilli?"

She stared at them both in perplexity. Then she began to smile. Slowly she said, "This is a better joke, Bill. Let's stay here. It will be more fun. Much more fun."

BILL gave up. They had breakfast and then they climbed the Madloch to the north of the village. Bill and Lilli only went halfway, leaving Austin to climb to the summit alone; they kicked off their skis and sat down on a rock ledge to wait for him.

"Bill Reynolds, why do you always run away?"

"Do we have to go into that again?"

"Yes, I think we do," she said.

So long did he remain silent that she finally asked: "Is it because you are such great comrades—is it that you have a great resentment for me as an—interloper?"

"No," he said. "No, Lilli, that's not it."

Passionately she cried out, "Why won't you tell me? Why must you stay so cold and distant? Do you hate me so?"

"Hate you?" he whispered blankly. "Hate *you,* Lilli?" He sat there on the rock viciously jabbing the snow with the sharp pointed ski pole until he could say, impassively: "I know how Austin feels about you, that's all."

"*Gott!*" She spoke quickly. Then, watching him keenly, she pressed him, "And you know how I feel, *too?*" She had spoken so gently that he missed the meaning in her voice, and only nodded.

"I am made to humiliate myself, Bill." Her voice was low, troubled. "You will not make me explain."

"I don't get that," he said.

"You make me come to you to ask for friendship. You make me tell you that already there is—I do not know how it should be said—for you, also, a place in my heart."

Bill stood up. He felt a sort of freedom because she had effectively extinguished the half-hopes that thinly flickered within him. Quietly he said, "Thank you, Lilli. I understand that."

SHE got up quickly, but her protest died in the exuberant hail that came down the mountainside: "*Track!*" Austin appeared above them on the windswept slope. It was hard-packed and fast and in slow motion he lifted one ski and turned it in the opposite direction until it was parallel to the other, but pointing back up the mountain. Then he lifted and turned the other, so that he was making the run backward down the thirty-degree pitch.

He passed them in a flurry of snow, his skis hissing in the waltzing rhythm of reversed tempo turns. . . . "*Wunderbar!*" Lilli breathed. Neither of them had ever seen anything like it. Fifty yards below them Austin commenced to spin, faster and faster like a whirling top, and as suddenly straightened out and dropped from sight over the far ledge. In sheer excitement Bill and Lilli struggled into their bindings and sliced down after him.

Bill was not in their league. He stemmed to a stop and, turning, went down the gentle slope and back to the village. By the time he came into the coffee room he had closed his mind against them; his eyes were very bright and cold.

After a while—five aromatic *gluehweins* later—they came in and sat down with him. Austin was saying, "Don't worry about it, Lilli. I have an idea—"

"What's wrong?" Bill asked. He knew he ought to be tight but his mind seemed very clear.

Lilli nervously lighted a cigarette. "I have a fear that *they* do not intend to permit me to leave Austria. . . . It's Papa's birthday." Her voice faltered and she turned her head away for a moment; then, "He's all alone in Paris."

Bill thought how nice it would be to say what he thought about *them*—it would only add to her trouble. He said, "Can't I do something?"

She seemed not to hear him. "I must get out. I must!" Her voice was flat, desperate. "Everything is in my name and Papa cannot touch it. I will be 'detained,' and *they* will claim it for the state. . . ."

Violently Bill said, "A French bank wouldn't hand it over!"

"That is so," she said dully, "but this is only the Paris branch of the *Oesterreiche* syndicate."

"If you were married to an American citizen they would be less likely to try to hold you here," Bill said. "If you married an American they probably wouldn't even attempt to claim your money."

"Bill!" Austin leaned across the table; his voice was sharp. "You are all wrong about that. Anyway, this is my show."

"How stupid of me," Bill said. He got up, feeling tightness around his jaw. Austin got up, too, and they went out of the coffee room, leaving Lilli to stare after them in bewilderment.

Austin touched his arm. "Look here, I didn't mean to be rude, and I'm sorry about it, Bill." Bill didn't answer. He just waited, feeling nothing toward this man any more. It surprised him to know he no longer cared about Austin Bailey. He had gone through the stage of being disappointed in a boyhood idol, and now there was nothing left.

Urgently Austin said, "Can you let me have a couple hundred dollars, Bill? I need it right away and I'll pay it back to you—"

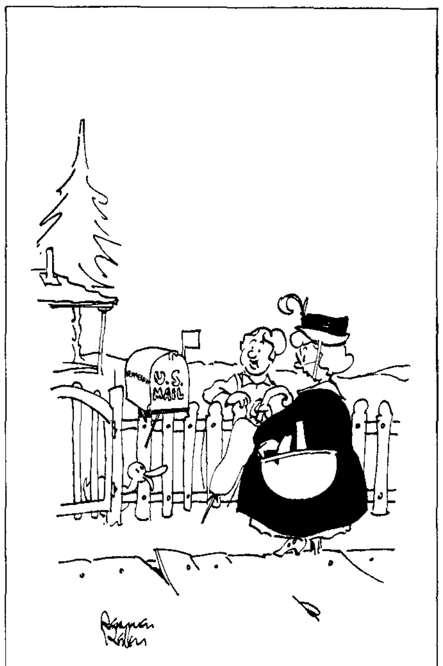
"What about that two hundred marks you got this morning?" Bill asked.

"I—that was—" For the first time Austin's composure splintered. He reddened and his usually lofty expression showed a second of fright. . . . "It was a gambling debt. I had to pay it, Bill. You know I'll be good for it."

"No," Bill said quietly. "I don't know." He was only going on instinct now.

Anger left Austin's face white. "You miserable—nonentity," he said contemptuously and went back into the coffee room. Bill turned around and walked over to the manager who stood by the desk. "Why did you ask me to sign for that money the clerk gave Herr Bailey?"

Anxiously the manager said: "But he is your guest, is he not?" And when Bill nodded, the manager shrugged. "I assumed that as usual Herr Bailey's host would pay the bills. It is always this way, from the first time Herr Bailey stopped here."



"The new mailbox keeps the bills from blowing all over the yard"

REAMER KELLER

"That's what I wanted to know."

The alternatives were clear. Bill could go to Lilli and warn her that Austin Bailey was nothing but a cadge, a ski gigolo. That would fix Bill himself up fine, all right. She'd just love to hear that. . . . On the other hand, he could go away from here. But the thought of leaving Lilli gave him an anticipatory taste of what life would be like without her.

HE COMPROMISED by letting it ride a while longer. Retracing his steps, he went back to the coffee room and when he came to their table Lilli looked up with quick pleasure and said: "I've been scolding Owstin, and now I must scold you, for fighting."

Grinning, he said, "I'll behave," and she gave him her hand, saying: "Would it not be nice to forget our troubles and go up to Madloch again?"

"Thanks," Bill said, "but I'm tired and I thought that if you'd go dancing with me at the count's tonight, I'd take a nap this afternoon."

"I'd love it, Bill!" she told him. He bowed shortly and went to his room.

The lights were on but outside darkness pressed against the windows when

Bill wakened. Austin had his luggage packed and he was taking it to the door. "Going somewhere?" Bill said lazily.

"Yes." Austin looked insolently at him. "I'm going to get married. And tomorrow Lilli and I will be in Paris. So—" he said sardonically, "you get your money back." He went out and closed the door.

Stunned, Bill slid off the bed and got back into his ski boots. His mind refused to make sense—it kept telling him that Austin and Lilli were going to get married tonight. But Austin was simply a slick parasite and Lilli just couldn't . . . well, Lilli, tender and lovely, with soft golden hair and eyes blue as cornflowers, Lilli, whom Bill would never forget if he lived to be six hundred, was in love with Austin Bailey.

He kept coming back to that shocking, numbing dead end. On the bureau was a pile of litter emptied from Austin's pockets, and as Bill mechanically swept it into the wastebasket, a crumpled telegram rolled out on the floor. Unthinking he picked it up and smoothed the creases. It was in German and meant nothing to him. Then his eye caught the heading: Fraulein Lilli von Hanneschorn, Hotel Lorunser, Zurs am Arlberg—

Puzzled, Bill rammed it into his pocket, but the fact that Austin should have a wire addressed to Lilli was of small import compared to the major catastrophe.

There was a gay crowd in the coffee room and Bill found a bench against the wall and ordered *gluehwein*. He drank it quickly although the glass was so hot it hurt his fingers; he had another one and just sat there, missing her terribly . . . in the corner sat a young villager with his eyes closed, his flute trilling clearly the haunting anthem of the Arlberg, now gay, now melancholy.

Someone put an envelope on his table. In it was a brief note: "Bill—Austin has discovered the presence of agents in Zurs whose purpose it is to arrest me. He believes it possible to cross the frontier after we are married tonight. I wanted to see you, but there was no time, not even for one dance, but I shall never forget that you asked me. Lilli."

Agents . . . to arrest Lilli . . . Austin discovered . . . *How?* Again Bill examined the crumpled telegram. It was marked "Wien 1741;" that meant it had been handed in at Vienna at five forty-one this afternoon, roughly two hours ago. Somehow none of this added up to Bill, the tone of her note, this wire in Austin's possession, his uncanny knowledge of her danger.

HE HANDED the telegram to the desk clerk. "Recognize this?"

The clerk said instantly, "But, yes, Herr Reynolds. It iss the news for which the little fräulein vaited so long. It iss from the lawyers in Vienna, saying that the government grants permission for the fräulein to leave this country at once—and for goot!"

"You're not making any mistake about that?" Bill demanded.

"*Nein,* Herr Reynolds! I myself received the message over the wire. Herr Bailey was at the desk and he kindly offered to deliver it—"

Everything fell into place in Bill's head. There was no more bafflement, nor frantic speculation. He was cold, resolved. "Did Bailey order out my car?"

The clerk shook his head. "He left word that he and the fräulein were going skiing—"

Bill dashed to his room for cap and gloves and a strong flashlight. Five minutes later he was out in the blizzard, moving rapidly toward Little Valuga. The new snow was rapidly obscuring the old tracks, and there were no fresh marks of skis having turned off the road toward the practice hill, so he continued on through the village to the north, where his flashlight picked out the recent tracks of two skiers climbing the Madlochspitze. The slope was hard and fast, for the wind blew the new flakes down into the valley below; even with the skins on his skis it was a laborious, heartbreaking climb. . . .

. . . Later the clouds broke and there was a moon, and as he came higher, the strong cold wind tried to push him down the mountain, but he plodded on, very tired now, and stopping more often for rest. . . . Up and up, and now his legs were no longer alive, but merely dead weights he was sentenced to carry by his own stubbornness, and when he came out among the peaks and saw where the tracks led, he stood for a time looking at the sky and the valley of Zurs below.

All about him the mountains reared in splendid, cold and silent magnitude; four treacherous miles away lay the village of Lech, and in that direction they had gone to find a minister. Bill could go down the mountain and drive from Zurs in a few minutes; that might be too late. Or he could plunge on from here, into a gigantic expanse of snow and ice unknown to him. He was scared, and admitted it, but knew, without dramatizing himself, that if he lived he would find Lech in time—

OF THAT next hour he never remembered anything but terror and ecstasy, so sharply merged in the same second he could not separate them; but at last, he felt a wild exultation as he came out of a ravine, did a perfect Royal Christie and headed down the last open slope toward the toylike village twinkling below.

The burgemeister's house is always the biggest, he thought, and knocked on the door, having stood his skis against the wall beside two other pairs. A bald fat man in native dress opened the door and Bill walked in and over to the table where Lilli and Austin were sitting. His fingers were very stiff with cold but he managed to get the telegram out and put it in front of her.

So dizzy with fatigue was he that he could not be sure of what happened next, but then he was lying on a horsehair sofa with something sticky and strong like kuemmel burning his throat; and Lilli was kneeling beside him with what looked a lot like tears on her face. He tried to sit up and locate Austin, because there was something he owed the Hero of Hanover, but Lilli pushed him down, whispering: "He is gone, for good, Bill."

Then she kissed him and he just lay there thinking it was her turn to do some work, and wondering why she wasn't weeping for her disillusioned love. He must have said something about that, because he heard her whisper: "Dear stupid Bill! It was always you, from the first minute on the Flexenstrasse. But I thought you were too impetuous and spoke carelessly of things I cannot treat that way—"

"Lilli—" he began unsteadily.

"And after that, I thought you disliked me for coming between you and —*him!*" She said that vehemently, and again he tried to speak: "Listen, sweet—"

"Hush," she said, "don't talk. I must explain. My first duty was to my father and when Austin lied about the telegram, I had no choice. . . . Bill, tell me Austin made no joke when you fainted. He just laughed and said, 'He must have been in love with—' "

It was Bill's turn to laugh, and shake her shoulders. "Will you keep quiet long enough to let me say it myself?" he demanded.

Their faces were so close there was only shadow between.

"If you say it very quickly," she whispered.

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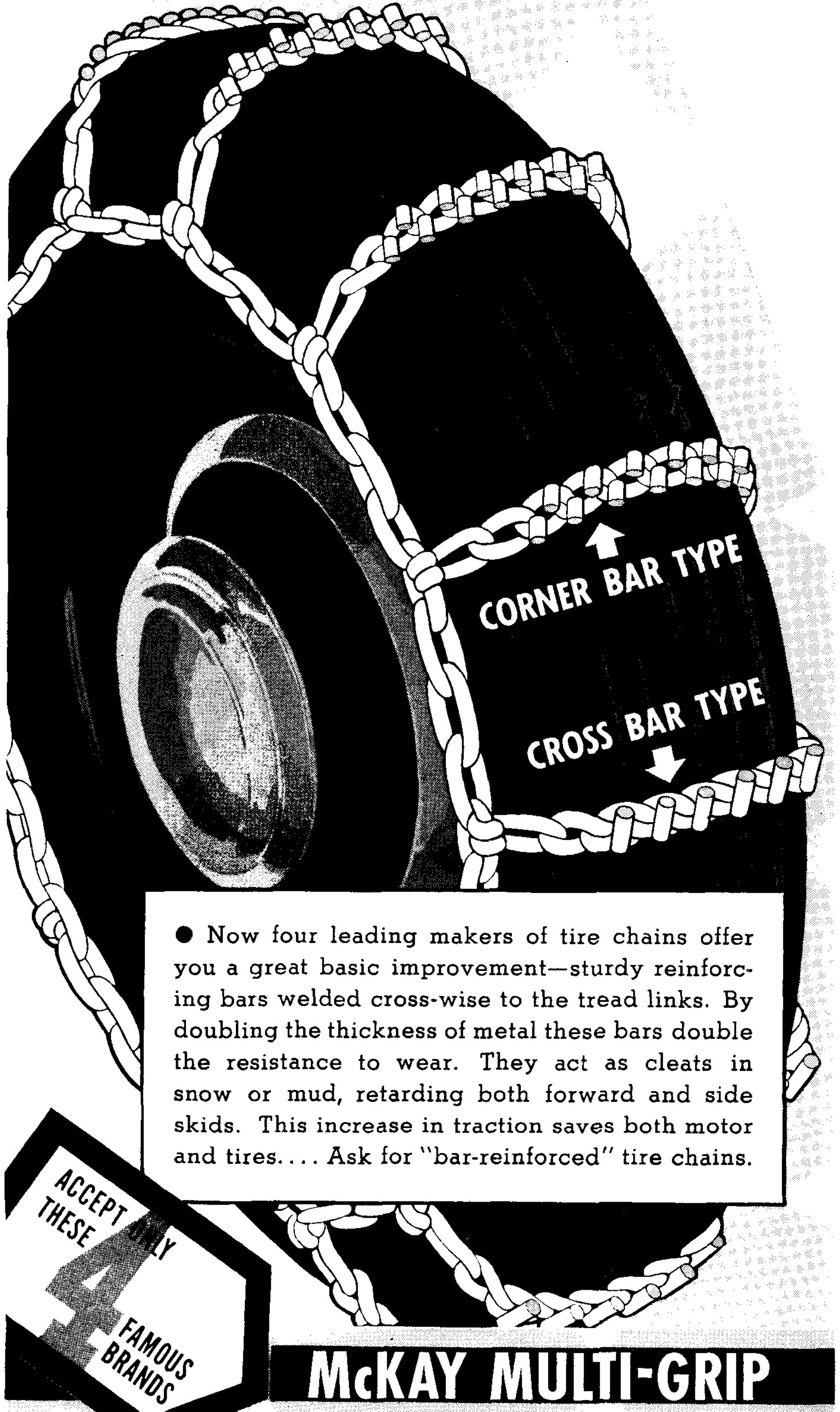
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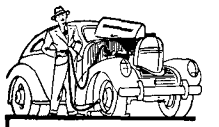

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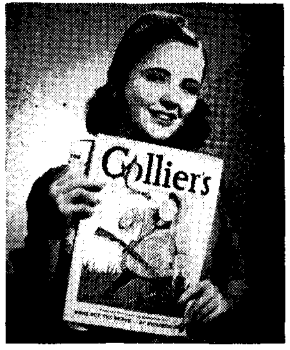

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Death to the Killer

Continued from page 18

Everywhere men began looking for similar substances which would work on other bacteria. Whole lives were used up chasing what appeared to be a will-o'-the-wisp, and more than twenty years passed before another researcher met any outstanding success in the inviting field of chemiotherapy—cure with chemicals.

Then, in Elberfeld, Germany, Gerhardt Domagk found the magic stuff from which sulfanilamide is derived. This is the new drug that has saved thousands of lives in the past two years. It murders the murderous streptococci, causers of strep meningitis, childbed fever, and erysipelas, the skin disease; and works on gonorrhea and to some extent on one type of meningitis. It was natural that researchers should try sulfanilamide on anything and everything. By doing this they opened up a new approach to pneumonia.

You can give pneumonia to a dog or a monkey by shooting the disease's microbes into the windpipe of these animals. But the white mouse is the best research animal. These stupid, endlessly willing creatures are cheaper and more susceptible to the disease. And they die more quickly. The researcher simply rakes back the belly fur of the mouse and shoots the bacteria into his peritoneum—the lining of the abdominal cavity. Within a few hours there is one less mouse in the world.

A Secret in Sulfanilamide

Thousands of mice got thousands of doses of pneumonia microbes and thousands of doses of sulfanilamide. The researchers naturally hoped that it would protect. It didn't. A mouse given a shot, or a mouth dose, of sulfanilamide at the same time that it got its death-dealing jolt of pneumococci lingered on for several days. But eventually it died just the same. Domagk's drug wasn't the answer. Obviously. Yet there was that funny fact about it—why did it delay death?

Maybe somewhere within the magic of sulfanilamide lay still more magic—magic which would kill the greatest of the microbe killers.

This was all the clue a large British drug-making house needed. Although it isn't the writer's function to give free advertising, good work should be recognized. The firm's name was May & Baker. Very well, said directors of this commercial house to its chemists, somewhere in sulfanilamide lies hope. Go to work on it. Tear it to pieces and build its atoms up in new patterns. Keep it up until we tell you to stop. Maybe we can find something to crack the shell of that tough-boy microbe.

It took the great Ehrlich years to plow through 605 arsenic compounds before he found No. 606, which would work on syphilis. Modern equipment and modern methods speeded the work at Messrs. May & Baker. Within a few weeks a steady stream of new compounds had begun to emerge from the laboratories. The number rose: 100 . . . 300 . . . 400 . . . 600 . . . Some were violent poisons and were discarded, but there were 64 that held out some hope—hope that exploded when they failed to protect mice from the violence brewing in their abdomens.

Finally, compound No. 693 was completed, an innocent-looking white crystalline stuff. It bore a jaw-breaking name, interesting only to chemists: 2–(*p*–Aminobenzenesulfonamido) Pyridine. For simplicity, it got the working name of M. & B. 693.

Like 64 hopeful-looking false alarms before it, it was shipped to Dr. Lionel E. H. Whitby, pathologist at Dudley Road Hospital in Birmingham, for testing on animals. Whitby, endlessly patient, once more started on the routine he had gone through so many times before. First he would shoot a mouse full of enough microbes to kill anywhere from 10,000 to a million of the little rodents. To prove itself, No. 693 had to be victorious in the free-for-all with this almost-sure death. Whitby poked stomach tubes, *no larger than a pencil lead,* down the throats of the infected animals, and poured the crushed and moistened pills into their stomachs. He had to be sure that they coughed up none of the 693. A second batch of mice got only the microbes, and none of the drug that would protect—*maybe.* This job done, Whitby settled back to watch results.

As expected, the mice that did not get this new stuff began to topple over. The other mice should have died, too. But they didn't. Contrarily, they went right on living! Living, despite the sure death inside them. Living despite the fact that similar mice in similar previous experiments had died. The unbelievable had happened. But the job was by no means finished.

Whitby rushed on. How many types of pneumonia would 693 work on? Would it fight all 32 known types? It appeared to give almost complete protection for types 1, 7 and 8. Type 1, recall, is the most prevalent of all the pneumonias, accounting for something like a third of the cases of this disease. With other types 693 appeared to lessen severity to a marked degree.

Was 693 toxic? Was there any likelihood of its poisoning mice or men. Whitby poured the stuff into mice until they died and came back with the answer here. One part of drug for 60 parts of body weight represented the lethal dose. That appeared safely inside toxic limits. When translated into human weight, it meant that three pounds of the medicine would be necessary to bring on death in an 180-pound man. The new stuff was less toxic than sulfanilamide. It developed that one fiftieth of the lethal dose was enough to protect mice from the microbes.

In every test he devised for the alluring 693 it stood its ground. When, doctors inquired, would that 693d compound be ready for human beings? Soon, Whitby replied.

Rules for the game of life and death were drawn—old rules, to be sure, but none the less dramatic for their age. Half the patients in the experiment would get routine treatment. The other half would receive routine treatment and in addition would receive M. & B. 693.

The Critical Experiment

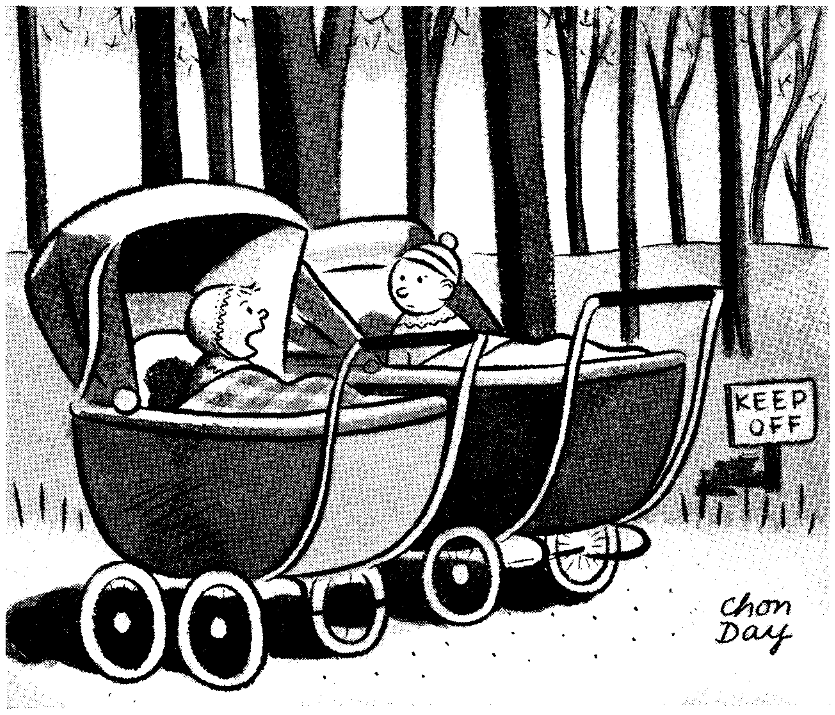
Such an experiment is hard on the nerves of any doctor. If the new drug being tested appears to work on one group, it is difficult to withhold it from another; to sit back, watching death which might be avoided creep relentlessly on. Yet such things must be done if a true assay of the value of any new drug is to be made.

No effort was made at Dudley Road Hospital to sort patients. Those entering one day went into Group A; those of the following day into Group B, etc. There were 100 people in each group. Ages ranged between 8 and 68, and all degrees of severity of illness were represented.

There is always a disposition among doctors to be wary of any drug in pneumonia that appears to give quick and dramatic results. There is always the chance that it is being administered just as the patient approaches the crisis. Rapid recoveries are the rule after the crisis has been passed successfully. And such recoveries may be mistakenly attributed to the drug.

To check on this point the conductors of the clinical work, Doctors Evans and Gaisford, would withdraw 693 from patients. Almost invariably they had an immediate relapse. When 693 was restored they improved. So there appeared to be no mistake this time.

Each four hours, at first, they would get the half-grain tablets with the faintly bitter taste. Toxic symptoms and fever unmistakably subsided; and it was immediately apparent that there were not nearly so many deaths in the 693 group as in the other. Yet there were a few deaths. Possibly, reasoned Evans and



"I'd be six years old if it weren't for this Administration" CHON DAY

Gaisford, even these could be avoided if larger doses of the drug were used. Whitby had indicated with his mice that large dosages were more effective than small ones. Very well, why not try big jolts of the drug; give it to the patients as soon as they arrived at the hospital?

Once this new procedure was inaugurated medical miracles began to happen. A lady 67 years old responded to the drug within 24 hours and had an uneventful convalescence. The chart of a man of 57 bore this notation: "In extremis on admission." He, too, recovered. So did scores of others.

The whole story wasn't told until the final tally of mortality statistics was completed. Twenty-seven per cent of the patients who got routine treatment died. In the 693 group there were only eight deaths—an eight per cent mortality. And six of the deaths occurred before Evans and Gaisford began using larger doses of the drug. On the basis of those figures 693 had reduced pneumonia mortality seventy per cent!

A series of children's cases came next. In a group of forty youngsters there were only two deaths—a mortality of five per cent. Both of these casualties suffered from pneumococcal peritonitis as well as lobar pneumonia.

This hopeful word went out and all over England doctors began using 693. Examine the case of a little girl, seven years old, who was treated last summer. On admittance to the hospital she was wildly delirious with pneumococcic meningitis. That child should have died—this disease generally being regarded as 100 per cent fatal. Yet three days later she was rational and within another five days was obviously on the road to recovery. Two similar cases of dramatic recoveries from pneumococcal meningitis have been recorded.

Elaborating an Idea

The job of finding why 693 was working such wonders fell to Dr. Alexander Fleming, bacteriologist at the University of London. Understand something of the problem that faced Fleming. A chemical that will destroy bacteria inside the body may have one of two actions: it may directly kill invading bacteria or it may somehow slow their reproduction rate. Once the reproduction rate is retarded the body's protective forces—particularly the phagocytes—have a chance to get to work. Phagocytes, carried by the blood, simply fold themselves around the intruding microbes and digest them.

First Fleming removed these fighters on the side of life from samples of human blood. Next he added 693 in approximately the concentration it would reach inside the body of a patient undergoing treatment. Then he added contaminating microbes. He mixed this stew, smeared flecks of it on microscope slides, and put the slides in an incubator warmed to a temperature favorable for microbe reproduction. Next day Fleming examined these slides and found innumerable little green dots—colonies of pneumococci. That indicated that the drug itself did not directly kill the microbes, although counts on colonies did show that it slowed the reproduction rate.

Fleming then went on to use a mixture of whole blood—blood containing fighting factors—the drug and the microbes. He used various concentrations of the drug, hoping to find what concentrations were needed in the body. This time the microbes died, the rate of their death being largely dependent on the concentration of the drug. Somehow it appeared that the fighting combination of 693 and the warriors within the blood dissolved the shells and did the job.

Fleming's next step opened up an idea that has yet to have a clinical trial. To get the significance of this step, one must first understand something of the pneumonia serums that have been available for a number of years.

These sera—a distinct one for each type of pneumonia—are made by shooting millions of heat-killed pneumococci into horses. The blood of the horses builds pneumonia-fighting factors and these are drawn off and processed into serum. This material, when properly administered, is capable of cutting pneumonia deaths something like forty per cent.

Serum isn't widely available for a number of reasons. In the first place, a doctor must know which of the 32 breeds of pneumonia he is fighting before he knows what serum to use. This means that there must be a convenient laboratory to "type" the microbes contained in the patient's sputum.

A Bright and Rosy Future

Wasn't it possible, Fleming reasoned, that this material, when used in conjunction with 693, would make a far more potent weapon against death than either one used singly? Such an idea had proved true in the type of meningitis that is caused by another berry-shaped microbe, the meningococcus. In the latter case, serum was used in conjunction with sulfanilamide. To test his idea Fleming drew blood from people just recovering from pneumonia. This blood, he knew, would be rich in protective factors. When this was processed into serum he mixed it with 693 and tried it on cultures of pneumococci. All the organisms were quickly and surely killed. It seems reasonable to suppose that such a combination would have similar effect within the body. But this has yet to be given clinical trials.

From all reports so far available 693 appears to be the most potent weapon yet devised to fight pneumonia. It requires no expensive typing laboratory and appears to be effective to some extent at least on all types of pneumonia on which it has been tried. It is cheap enough to be within reach of everyone. Clinical work is already going forward in the United States, and the British animal work is being checked. When these reports are finished the drug should be generally available to the medical profession. What name it will bear is yet to be determined; but sulf-pyridine appears to be the favorite at the moment.

No one would be foolish enough to maintain that a curative drug represented the complete answer to any disease. At best, such drugs represent merely a means of resuscitation—a means of warding off death which otherwise would occur. The other half of the problem is to perfect a vaccine that will prevent the disease in the first place. In the case of diphtheria, medical men are armed with both these tools; and armed with them they have been able nearly to eradicate this ancient baby snatcher. Work is in progress at the moment on a vaccine against pneumonia. Developed by Dr. Lloyd Derr Felton of Johns Hopkins, this protective vaccine is being made at the Army Medical School's vaccine station in Washington.

Felton hopes this substance, as yet unavailable to the public, will reduce cases of pneumonia one half, and will reduce deaths to one fifth.

Should Felton's vaccine prove out, it would mean that only twenty people should die of pneumonia where one hundred are dying today. But give that twenty the glowing protection that M. & B. 693 has been affording in England and another fourteen lives would be saved. This would mean a 94 per cent reduction of present pneumonia mortality. And it would mean that at last the greatest of all microbe killers had yielded to the combative efforts of man.

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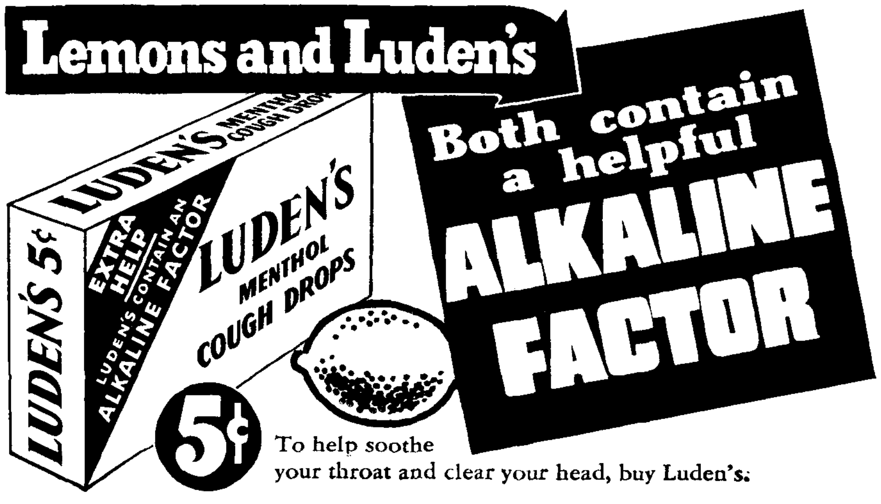

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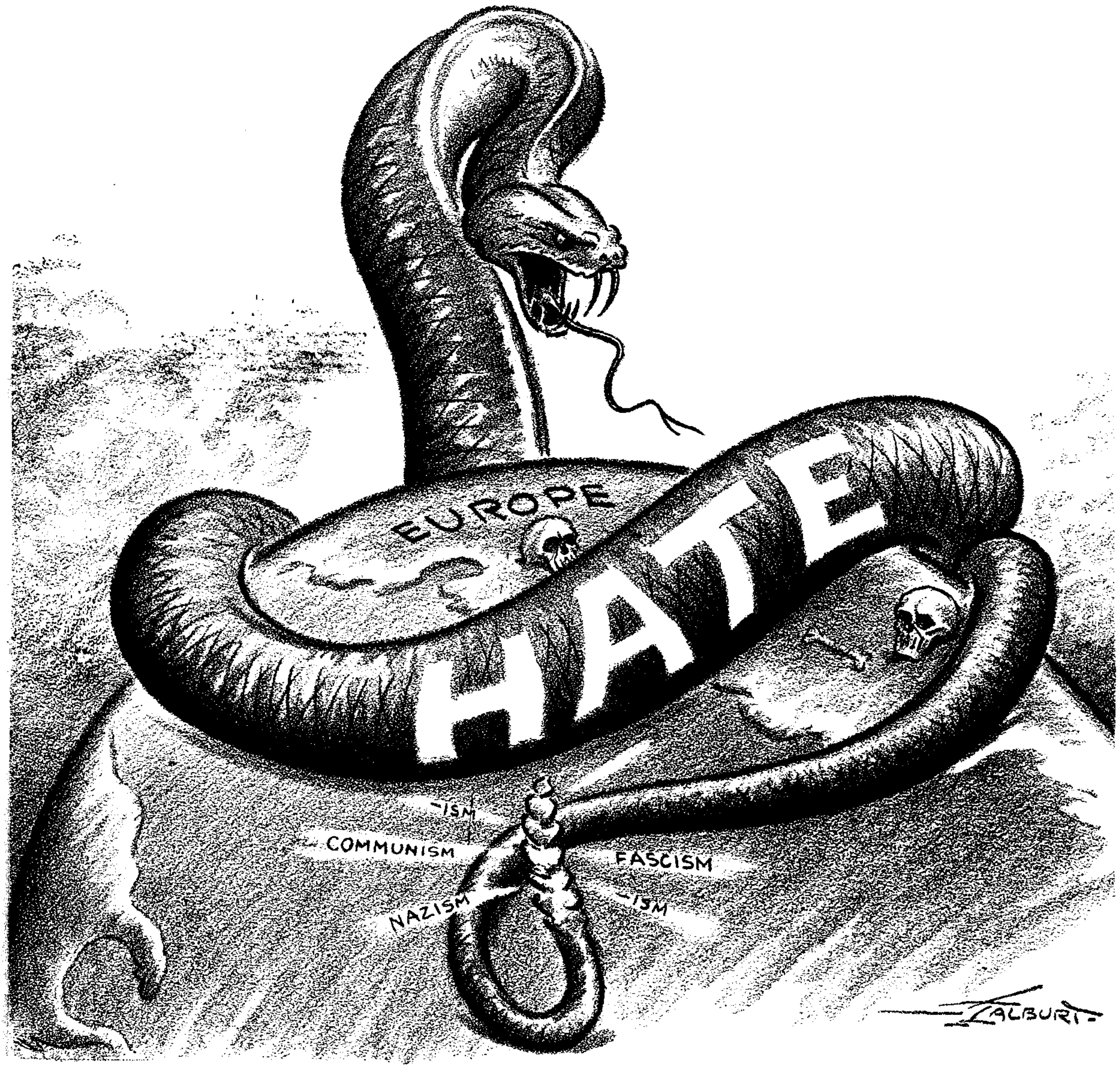


What's Ruining Europe?

WHAT is at the bottom of Europe's troubles — troubles variously labeled Nazism, Communism, Fascism, anti-Semitism, pan-Germanism, and so on and so forth?

We think they all result from hatred. Hatred of the older kind—of nationality for nationality, of Gentile for Jew, of Jew for Gentile. And hatred of the newer kind—of workingman *and* white-collar worker for capitalist. Of the two kinds of hatred, we'd say the newer kind, class hatred, is by far the more potent in the Europe of today.

It is these hatreds which have, for one thing, channeled vast revenues into unproductive armaments and, for another, wrought destruction of billions' worth of property—in Russia's twenty-one years of convulsions following the Russian revolution, in the Italian upheavals that finally tossed Mussolini out on top, in the German mob assaults on Jewish property, in the ferocious Spanish civil war.

If this apparently universal European hate were merely nonprofitable, it wouldn't be so bad. There are, indeed, worthy and constructive kinds of hate—hatred of evil, for example—and it would be tough on the human race to lose all capacity for hating. But this present-day European hate is destructive as well as profitless—so destructive that it may yet smash Europe into ruins inhabited by savages, into garbage dumps picked over by throwbacks.

Well, where did this virulent European hate come from? It so happens that the class hate which is doing by far the most to rend Europe today came from an amiable and humanity-loving old gent who died thinking he had given the world a system for curing all its economic troubles. This dear old soul was Karl Marx (1818-83), whose four-pound book "Capital" (first volume published 1867) is the cornerstone of present-day Socialism and Communism.

Marx, lovingly giving his system birth in the British Museum, let fall some thoughts about how workers' and employers' interests are eternally opposed, and how a bitter class struggle must inevitably come to pass, the workers to win just as inevitably, and to rule from then on through a dictatorship of the proletariat. Marx airily disposed of the middle class by sentencing it to be ground out of existence between workers and capitalists—though the middle class, very perversely, has been growing larger in all capitalistic countries ever since Marx's time.

Marx himself said, later in life after his theories had built up a cult, that he was still a Socialist but was no Marxist. The trouble was that his disciples had seized on his class-struggle moonings and were using them to instill hatred in every worker they could reach. Hate for society as constituted . . . hate-inflamed determination simply to wreck the capitalists and the middle classes . . . hate-blinded refusal to see that in wrecking the capitalists the workers historically certainly wrecked themselves, too, along with the cities, railroads, highways, machines and all the other expensive fruits of ages of human evolution.

Thus Marxism bit deeply into the masses of Europe—much more deeply than it ever has bitten here.

When Marxism became an actual threat to various European governments weakened by the World War, it bred its equal and opposite reaction—Fascism. Fascism feeds its belly on factional hate just as Marxism does, and adds nationalist and race hates to its diet.

For more than two generations, then, the winds of hate have been sowing in Europe. As we see it, a horrified and fascinated United States and Great Britain are today watching Europe harvest the whirlwind. No need to list instances here; for details, as the radio newscasters say, see your morning newspaper—any morning newspaper.

It happens that we are adopting some so-called Socialist ideas in this country—TVA, for example, and work relief, and government-subsidized housing, slum clearance, merchant marine, air lines. Marxist ideas aren't all bad, and some of them have been made to work reasonably well in England, France and the Scandinavian countries—not to mention the United States.

But how about boycotting, at practically any cost, the class-hate part of Marxism? To be specific, how about boycotting persons who try to spread class hates, organizations that peddle them around, politicians who try to capitalize on the economic resentments of any economic group of us and publications that preach class hate.

For more than two generations Europe has been a laboratory for the testing of this kind of hate as a constructive force in the world. The laboratory itself now appears to be burning up.

Let's adopt the obvious conclusion—that the class-hate experiment has been a tragic failure; that class hate, far from producing anything of any human use or value, will poison the person or the nation that takes it to heart.

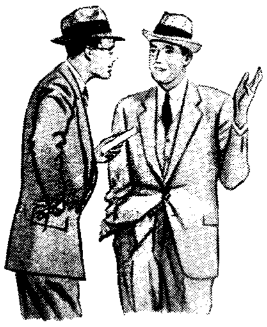
Let's go on devoting our efforts, as most of us have done since there was a United States, to hacking away at our economic and social problems good-humoredly and co-operatively, keeping always in mind that we have only one world to live in and that nobody knows everything or has a 100% cure for what ails us.

This man knew all the answers ... do YOU?

FRANKLY, our curiosity got the better of us.

You see, we wanted to find out how much most men really *know* about whiskey—so we set out to ask a few questions at random. It didn't take us long to find a man who knew all the answers.

Tune in on our conversation. It may lead you to just the whiskey you've been wanting:



1.

SAID WE: "What one quality is shared in common by fine champagne, sherry, and Paul Jones Whiskey?"

2.

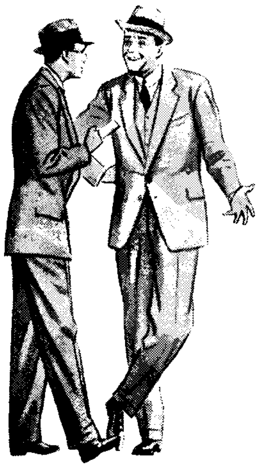
SAID HE: "Why, they're all DRY."

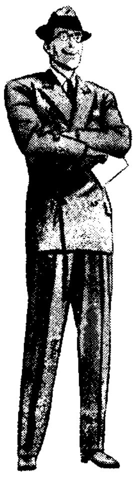
3.

SAID WE: "Right! But what do you mean by a DRY whiskey?"

4.

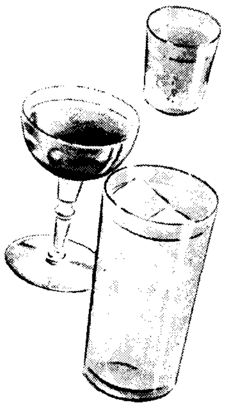
SAID HE: "Well, it's a whiskey without a trace of sweetness."





5.

SAID WE: "And what would you say is the best way to appreciate the crisp quality of DRYNESS in Paul Jones Whiskey?"

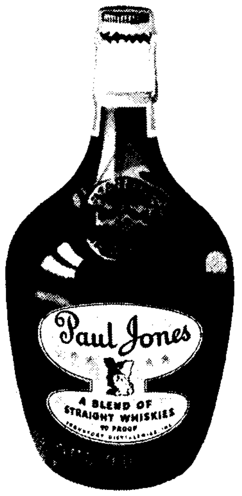


6.

SAID HE: "That's a funny question! It all depends on whether you prefer your whiskey *straight* ...or in a *cocktail*...or in a *highball*. A DRY whiskey, like Paul Jones, wins my vote all three ways!"

7.

SAID WE: "Your answers couldn't have been better if we'd written them ourselves! Can it be that you're prejudiced in favor of Paul Jones?"



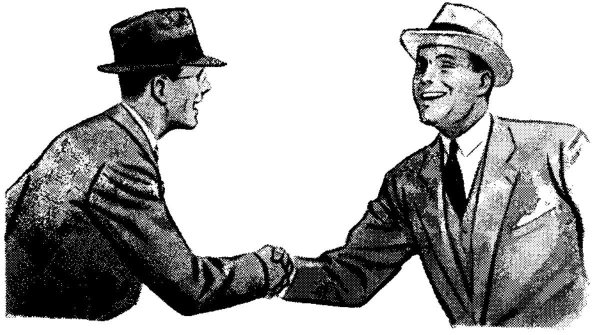
Paul Jones
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
90 PROOF

8.

SAID HE: "I certainly am—and I'll tell you why: I honestly think I know something about fine liquor. And believe me—if you only realized how that quality of DRYNESS points up the flavor of a fine whiskey, you'd be prejudiced in favor of Paul Jones *yourself!*"

9.

SAID WE: "We *are!* And thanks for your time!"



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